The Masterpieces of the Exhibition

THE

MASTERPIECES

OF THE

CENTENNIAL INTERNATIONAL

EXHIBITION

VOLUME I

A.M.J. Mueller Sc

Columbia

FROM THE ART GALLERY, INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1876.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

The

MASTER PIECES OF THE

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

1876

The Art Gallery

GEBBIE & BARRIE, PUBLISHERS, PHILADELPHIA.

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MASTERPIECES

OF THE

CENTENNIAL INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME I

FINE ART

BY

EDWARD STRAHAN

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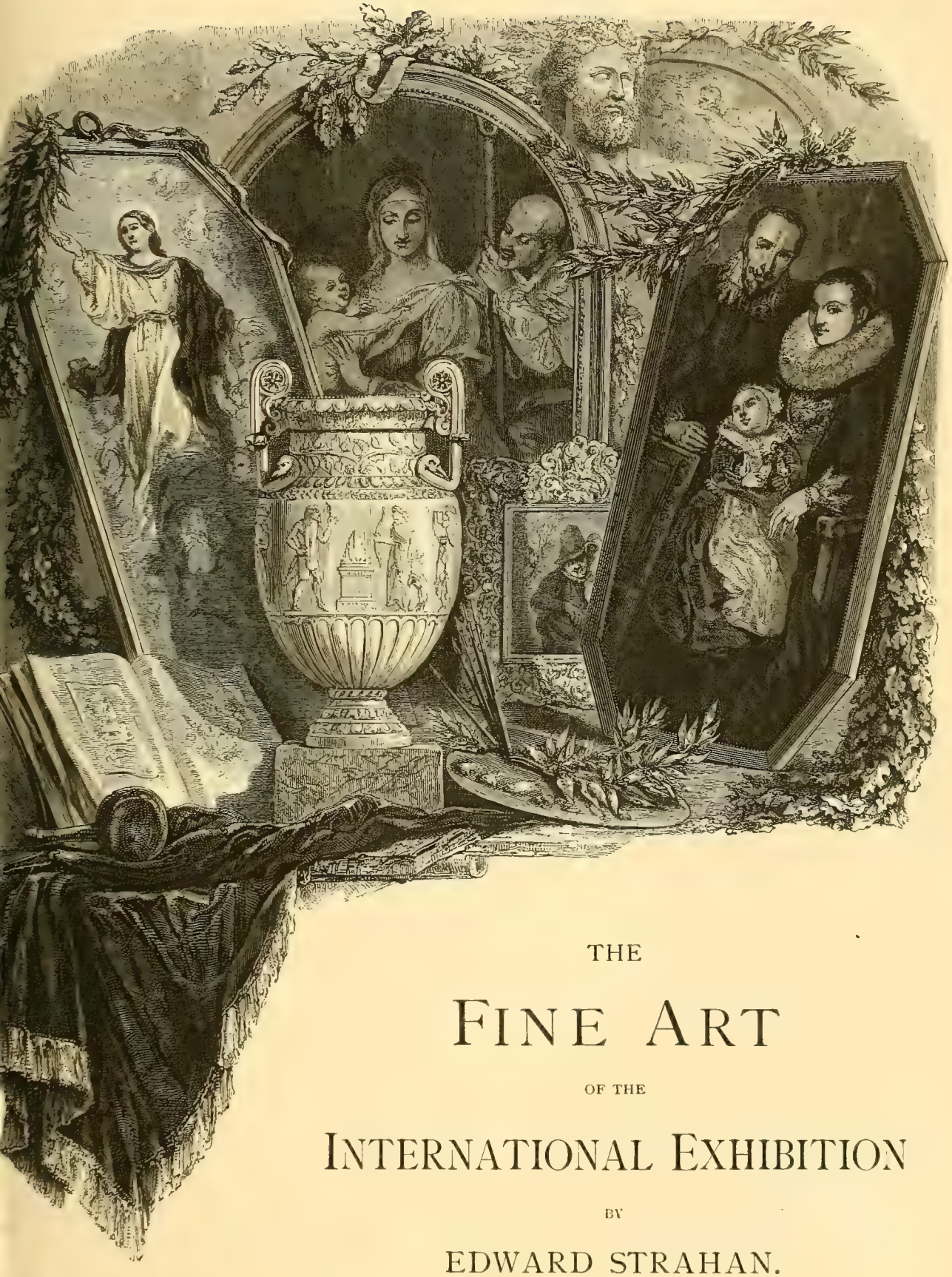

THE

FINE ART

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

BY

EDWARD STRAHAN.

Vol. I.

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THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1876.

THE people of the nineteenth century find themselves inheritors of the great classical revival of the beginning of that century. An American, WEST; a Frenchman, DAVID; and a German, MENGS, led the æsthetic taste of the civilized world in 1800. Every art-school, as has been well observed, starts from a pagan revival or renaissance. There is, as it were, a fund of the vital principle in Greek sculpture and Roman mural painting and Attic vase-painting which immediately goes to work and fortifies a fresh school of *plastic*, just so soon as any accident brings the work of the ancients prominently before people's attention. At different times the resuscitation of Greek specimens creates the career of Nicolo in Pisa, of Leonardo in Milan, of Michael Angelo in the Medici gardens, of Raphael when he enfranchises himself from Perugia, of Poussin on leaving France, of Albert Dürer on reaching Venice, of Velasquez in Spain, of Rubens in Antwerp, as well as of our triad of painters, Mengs, West and David. David, then, in France, and West, in England, were restoring classical art with all their force at the beginning of this country's career.

But what *is* art? A convenient definition, one which Taine the critic is fond of using, we owe to one who never meddled with paints or marble, who was not, correctly speaking, either a painter or a sculptor, yet who helped on the cause of art in his day with an energy of practice and a blaze of enthusiasm which has rarely been equaled before or since. This was Benvenuto Cellini, the immortal *jeweler* of the sixteenth century; and he says in effect that

H. Makart, Pinxt. *Van Ingen & Snyder, Engrs.*

Caterina Cornaro Receiving the Congratulations of Venice.

the aim of art is "to produce a representation of a beautiful human figure, with correctness of design and in a graceful attitude." If we can approve *this* definition, and keep it in mind, it will greatly simplify our estimate of the men and works we shall have to examine during our excursion in the paths of modern art. It is a definition that would have been approved, without much modification, by both the able artists who started our century for us. David found the French captivated by the shepherdess-pictures of Boucher and Fragonard. He found them insisting that art was clouds, art was gauze, art was roses, art was hearts and darts, art was Cupids and nymphs disporting in the sky, art was idiots in white satin who pretended they were herdsmen, art was amorous ladies and sexless creatures in silken breeches vacantly giggling in flowery gardens, art was the beauties of the *Parc aux Cerfs*, the ephemeral etchings of Madame de Pompadour, the sweet, liquid Elysium of Watteau. David met this warm, steamy, enervated tide of feeling, and said coldly, "*Art is the representation of beautiful human figures, with correctness of design and in noble attitudes;*" and by uttering this theory with perseverance and distinctness he completely stifled a whole national school of painting and sculpture, set in motion an influence that is perfectly distinct in his country to this day, and spliced again a cord that was being frittered and fretted away by the French of his time—the cord, I would say, that united the art of France with the great classical *line* of art; for the fine arts, if we take this direction of them and consider it the central direction, stretch back in one unbroken thread through Italy and antiquity. There is not the slightest break—from David to his master, Vien, who expressed some recognition of classical correctness at a time when the shepherdesses were all in favor, and antique art was a bore, who spent much of his time in Rome, and who was beggared by the Revolution—from Vien to Poussin, who tried his best to make an Italian of himself, and was glad to clean the brushes of Domenichino—from him to the grand masters, Raphael, Leonardo, Angelo, who indeed married Clerical Art (the art of the churches) with their left hands, but gave their right hands and their whole hearts to the pagan renaissance of their day, and whose schoolmasters were the Greek statues which the spade then turned out hour by hour in the teeming soil of Italy—from Italy to Italy's political captive and intellectual conqueror, Greece, and from Greece to her mysterious old oracle, Egypt. There is not the slightest

logical hiatus from Egypt four thousand years ago to David in 1800, and from David to Ingres and Gérome, if we take this clear definition of classical art, that it is "*the representation of beautiful human figures with correctness of design and in noble attitudes.*"

Aurora: J. A. Bailly, Sc.

If we take any other definition we shall find the thread very short. If we say it is Christian asceticism, we shall indeed see it most profoundly expressed by Dürer and Fra Angelico, but it is doomed to come to a sudden end when the hot vital flame of the pagan renaissance touches the thread. If we call it mere composition and light-and-shade—*picturesqueness*, in fact—it shows what wonders it can do under Rembrandt, but is unable to assert itself in any long coherence or history; if we call it *landscape* sentiment, we find it goes back but a little way, and under Hobbema and Ruisdall soon drowns itself in a Dutch canal; if we call it *still-life*, it reaches its highest development among the Dutch flower-painters, and buries itself, as Edmond About says, in a Rotterdam tulip. These specialties make very large claims now-a-days, and have influential schools—flower-painting and "still-life," among the vase-painters and panel-decorators!—"picturesqueness," among the etchers and workers on the illustrated press!—Christian acerbity, among the pre-Raphaelites!—and landscape, among the hosts of practitioners. To talk to any of these specialists, alone by himself, you would fancy there was no other kind of art. But the art of tradition and history is the art which

Cellini loved with all his passion and all his turbulence; and this is the art of "*representing a beautiful human figure with correctness of design and in a graceful attitude.*"

Under this tradition, beautified from old Greece and ennobled from Egypt, Art has completely filled the south of Europe with a bland, lambent, civilizing wave of feeling. Classical art, coming from Egypt and Etruria, invaded Italy with a hundred thousand marble statues; dived under the soil, and reappeared in Raphael; spread eastward to Venice, to revel in the luxury there; took a northward turn, and inspired Correggio in Parma and Rubens in Flanders; and so, modified according to race and clime, visited the grave hidalgos, and overshadowed the easels of Murillo and Velasquez; came finally to France, and found a witty nation industriously worshipping artificial flowers. Here, in the person of David, it struck down frivolity as with an arm of marble, and prepared the foundations of the greatest school of art at present existing. Thus is art homogeneous and continuous in the south of Europe.

All the while there was, lying in the cold water, and separated from the European continent by an apparatus of chopping, perpendicular waves which the best sailors have not often been able to regard without nausea—an island, which it is impossible for us to regard with indifference, because it is our parent. This island was called Albion, Angle-land or England. It had always given the Continent a great deal of trouble. Cæsar went over and made it partly an Italian island; Saint Austin went over and made it partly a Christian island; William of Normandy went over and made it partly a French island; none of which reforms are to our purpose until Benjamin West in 1763 put on his broadbrim and went over and helped to make it an island of painters.

The history of England, in relation to European civilization, has been most singular. Although insulated by the sea, England has never been willing to remain detached from the great mental movements of Christendom. Full of originality and the instinct to express herself, she mingled forcibly with all the politics of the Continent; she visited and colonized savage shores in every part of the globe, until to-day, bursting out of Britain to stretch herself over India, she is, as Disraeli says, an oriental rather than a European power. The moment printing was invented she took her place at the head of modern letters; but in Art her development was extremely fitful and peculiar.

Let us not for an instant surmise that the Saxon or Gothic mind is incapable of art; the cathedrals of Germany and England show a race artistically equal—at the time when *cathedrals* were the expression of art—with the Latin race. But England, at the great revival of oil-painting, was found in a very strange attitude. Conscious of noble deeds and personal worth, fond of visiting but remote from visitors, she needed above all things the *portrait-painter*. For

'Your Good Health!'

a long time, instead of forming her own celebrators, advertisers, commemorators—whatever we choose to call them—she summoned them from the ends of the earth. Zucchero was sent for from Italy to paint Queen Elizabeth, as Holbein had been sent for from Augsburg to paint Henry VIII; Vandyck was tempted from Antwerp to paint Charles I, as Lely was, from the virtues and the sugar-cured hams of Westphalia, to paint Nelly Gwyn. At the close of the last century, however, one *great native name* in portraiture had risen into

full renown: Reynolds had represented with superb talent the heroes of the Augustan age, and he was an Englishman. Unsurpassable in portrait, Reynolds

Van Ingen & Snyder, Eng.

Return of the Herd.

Peter Moran, Pinx.

was a tyro in all else; if he tried an ideal scene, it would be good in so far as it depended upon the attributes of portraiture, and entirely wanting in force

for its *other* attributes. Beside him and his rival in portraiture, Gainsborough, and the splendid satirist, Hogarth, the artists of the country were hardly noticed; there was nobody fit to assert seriously and effectively the principles of classical art, and there never had been—nobody able to paint the grand English battles, nobody capable of placing a Christian lesson in fresco, with any beauty, in the domes of the churches. Dazzled by the splendor of Reynolds's genius, and drilled by the influence of all the English tradition, which had been pouring imported portraitists into the land for full three hundred years—"*Portraiture*," said the people, "is Art, and Art is Portraiture." "Not quite so," said West, in effect, as he stepped quietly upon the scene: "*Art is the representation of human beauty, ideally perfect in design, graceful and noble in attitude.*"

That was what West had to say; that was the eternal burden of his preaching. He was a man of influence and success in his day, and England would have done well if she could have carried out her academic education on his line. Not a great man, nor a perfectly successful follower of Beauty, he was eminently sane and sensible. He invented the *camera obscura;* he had the pleasure of making Reynolds wince, by venturing to paint "The Death of Wolfe" with the innovation of modern uniforms, instead of Roman garments. His whole course of work was a standing rebuke to the undisciplined fancies of Fuseli. As for portraiture, he cheapened that by painting very poor likenesses himself. It is safe to say that he gave the nation more ideas in the way of balanced composition, elegance, sound training, and conception of the great thoughts of the renaissance, than she had had up to his time. Under his presidency the Academy was a safe school for the study of *human beauty*, of *accomplished design* and of *grace in attitude*. Unfortunately, however, what he could teach and what he knew was not quite represented in what he wrought. His works are left; his teaching is forgotten. His influence was a strong one for half a century; but the English nation could not long rest in the spirit of his teachings, and the school of West, after correcting Fuseli, extinguishing Barry, and giving a fair start to Allston and Trumbull, fell into utter despair, and blew out its brains in Haydon. English art took up the *anecdotic* vein of Hogarth, which was followed with ability by Wilkie and Mulready. Its landscape school, invented by Wilson, became accomplished in Constable, incommensurable in Turner. On the death lately of Maclise—a rather weak,

distorted reflection of Paul Delaroche—the last classic tradition seemed to die out. The prominent men of the moment, like HUNT and MILLAIS, are experimenters, *chercheurs*. Except LEIGHTON, there is scarce any one capable of putting up a correct frescoed figure in an archway of the Kensington Museum. The development of the nation, taking another of its strange caprices, has gone over to industrial art. There is not an Englishman now living whose endeavor could be said to be, in Cellini's sense, to represent *a beautiful human figure, with correctness of design and in a graceful attitude.*

That was the way in which our century of art was started for us in the two foremost countries of the world. West and David, in their day, met on equal terms, and West received an ovation in the Louvre. Both are bywords of a slight contempt in the mouths of unthinking persons now, but not in those of considerate men. They found it their business to take their two nations by the shoulders, break off old habits suddenly, and set them in the eternal way of art, the one way that has produced great works in time gone by—the study of *beautiful human form, correct design, graceful composition.* They wished to knit the career of their countries to the great fabric of art which has come unbroken from antiquity. The corresponding influence was exerted at the same time on Germany by RAPHAEL MENGS, who walked with all the accuracy at his command in the footsteps of RAPHAEL SANZIO. *He* painted with the search for classic beauty, and he founded the Dresden Gallery of antique statuary. That was the spirit of 1800—a *revival of classicism.* West's light went out completely in England and this country; but in France, the torch brandished by David was never quite suffered to drop to the ground. His principles are assiduously practised at this moment; and France, let us confess, is the first art-producing country to-day.

It has taken some little time thus to set up these two worthies firmly on their legs. But it seemed worth while to do so, because a period has now supervened when painters trade on very limited specialties, making reputations out of some small attainment that would only be a fraction of the discipline of a thorough-going classic artist. But, as we have just said, the traditions of David still form an equipment for various painters of reputation in the country he adorned. It must not be supposed, however, that David was quite alone. There is a whole group of artists belonging to the epoch of the French Revo-

lution, whose works compare together with a certain harmony. There was GÉRARD, whose "Cupid and Psyche" is a painting that suggests some pure, cold group of ancient sculpture; there was PRUDHON, whose faces caught the subtle, penetrating smile so often represented in the works of Correggio. Of Prud-

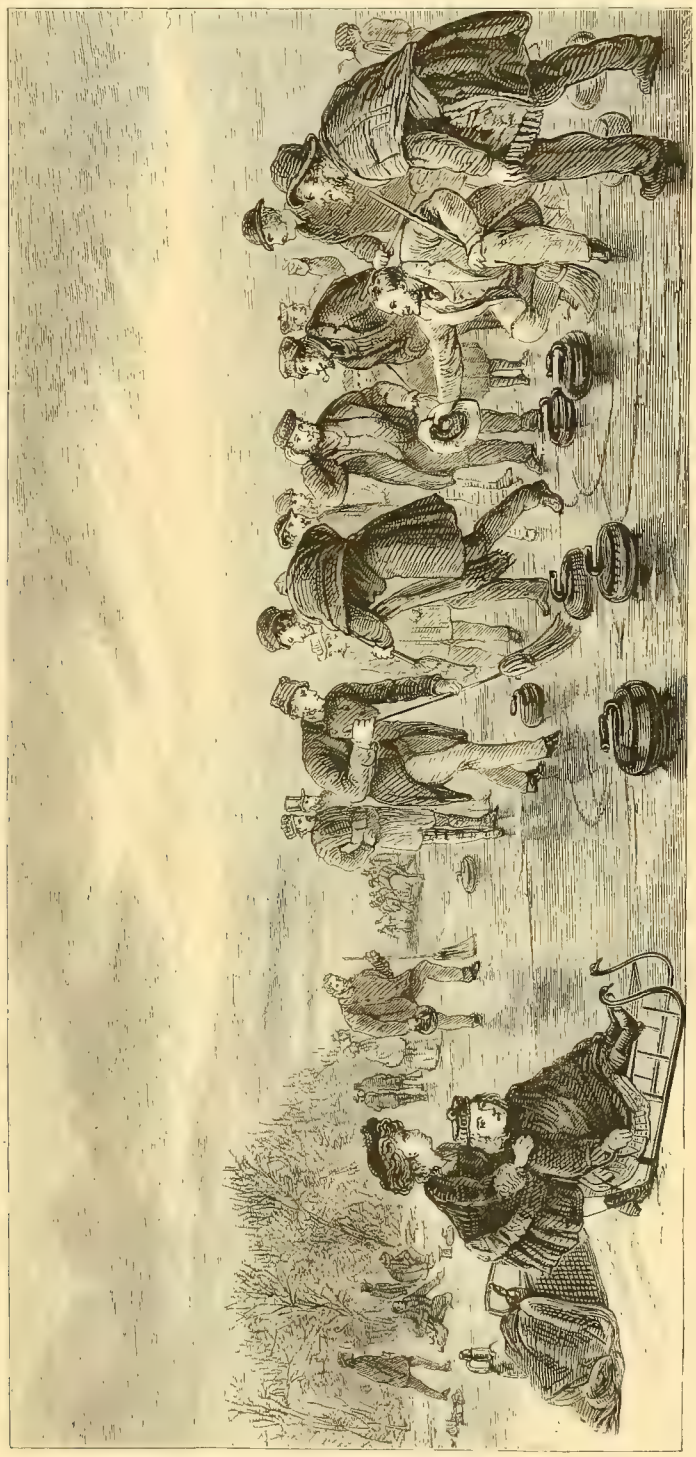
The Last Struggle.

J. W. Linderbach, Eng.

W. M. Brackett, Pinx.

hon's women, a critic has said, they are grisettes, of the Restoration period, but designed by a painter of Athens; and there was GIRODET, a ripe and classic draftsman, but afflicted in his coloring with a tinge of green; of whose famous Bible scene delineating the Flood, Thackeray remarks that it is a venerable man in a green Deluge, clinging to a green tree in a green old age.

The way in which DAVID'S time connects with our own time may be quite



Curling in Central Park, New York.

simply explained. Only lately, in 1867, died the most faithful of his pupils, the great painter INGRES. We know of no specimen of Ingres in this country

except lithographic studies of his figures; but who that has seen it can forget his dignified "Apotheosis of Homer," painted for a ceiling in the Louvre, but replaced by a copy on account of its singular value. In this great composition, amidst Homer and his fellow-bards, sit two woman-forms, supposed to represent the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The sacred anger of the warlike *Iliad*, the deep fatigue of the travel-tossed *Odyssey*, are something memorable; they look like grand primitive nymphs, conceived in the same spirit that designed the vast Fates of the Parthenon. These two female forms, in their austerity and uncontaminated beauty, remind us strongly of *Delaroche's* woman-spirits, depicted in the central part of his principal work, "The Hemicycle." The figures by Delaroche we refer to are those intended for *Greece*, *Rome* and *Fame*. In Delaroche we have nearly the same largeness of style as in Ingres—Titan women, each filled and inspired with a single idea. We look at the women of Ingres—such as we have named and such as his exquisite *Fountain* (or *La Source*)—at the women of Delaroche, finding in them a something that is not of our time, a something learned from the plain, grand Past, and we say, For this thank master David. Observe, there is a certain advance in these figures beyond the loftiest thoughts ever reached by David; but the direction is the same; it is not that a disciple is never to get beyond his teacher. David, in all he did, kept much of the rigidity, the uncomfortable determination never to be caught napping, which always marks the schoolmaster. But shall not the pupil, crowned with honor and sympathy, keep up a veneration for the wise and cautious old pedagogue?

We will just mention some others in whom we believe the school of David to be kept up or produced. DELAROCHE—his works, his *Death of Elizabeth*, his *Execution of Jane Gray*, his *Princes in the Tower*, his *Hemicycle*, are quite familiar from engravings—kept the accent of David quite as plainly as he did that of his master, Gros. The clean drawing of David has cast an influence on the *Hebe*, the *Beatrice* and the *Marguerite* of ARY SCHEFFER; it has not been for nothing in the elegant work of GLEYRE—you remember his pictures, the *Separation of the Apostles*, the Pompeian girls washing an infant, and resembling ivory statuettes, in the gallery of Mr. Johnston, of New York; and above all, his masterpiece, one of the loveliest dreams ever fastened upon canvas, the scene where an old poet sits alone on the shore, while past him floats a boat

J. Chartran Pinx.

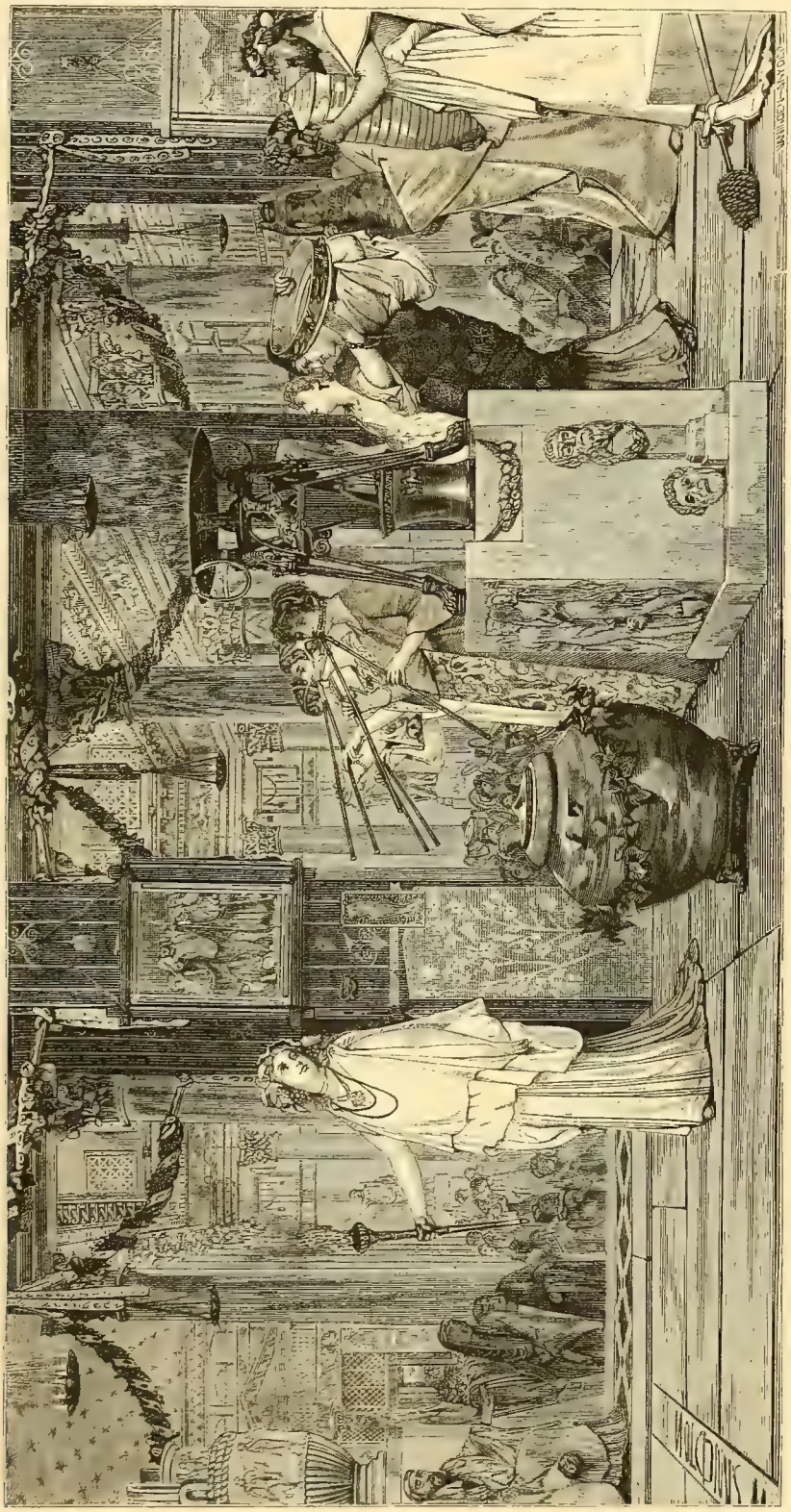
in which all the muses are singing. It lingers in the highly-finished work of LÉOPOLD ROBERT, whose fame rests chiefly on his *Fishermen of the Adriatic* and the other pendants of that fine group of three pictures, where the life of modern Italy is treated with the balanced harmony of antique bas-reliefs. It is shown most clearly in the classic work of GÉRÔME and all his school—he and they the most legitimate descendants of David; yes, in the noble and sculptural composition of the *Death of Cæsar;* in the *Gladiators hailing Vitellius in the Amphitheatre*, in the *Alcibiades*, the *King Candaules*, and all that line of paintings of the most eminent living classicist, a clear ray of illumination from the age of the renaissance is visible. Another painter, who has not forgotten this academic influence, though he takes vast liberties in making use of it, is Couture. His masterpiece, the *Decadence of the Roman Empire*, is a vast coloration of Veronese-gray, spotted here and there with rich blots of brilliancy, like ribbons on a plain dress. The figures are life-size, and subjected, without slavish fidelity, to the rules of classic design. Another classicist, of singular chaste elegance, is FLANDRIN. His frescoes in the old church of Saint Germain-des-Près are masterpieces of thoughtful simplicity, while he is most analytical in portraiture, and his likeness of Napoleon III makes the emperor look like the very serpent of wisdom. CABANEL is a classicist in about the same degree as COUTURE, though in a different way. His feeling of grace is very exquisite, to an almost effeminate degree; his conception of Venus is tender as a rose-leaf, soft as marrow, without any notion of the dignity of a Queen of Love. His *Florentine Poet, Nymph and Faun*, and *Aglaia* are exquisitely beautiful. BAUDRY is a painter almost the equal of Cabanel; his *Fortune and the Infant*, at the Luxembourg, is a luscious piece of flesh-modeling; and his interior decorations of the new opera-house are exceedingly choice. BOUGUEREAU and MERLE are pseudo-classic in taste, exhibiting to the full that preponderating search for elegant form which shows that the classic graft has taken firmly, and altered the nature of the sap in the whole tree. Their style, shows, too, that waxy smoothness adopted by the prize scholars who have been sent to Rome, in imitation of Raphael and of Angelo. When such scholars return to Paris they are called *Italians*, and wear their nickname often for ever. Their pictures, if they go on showing the recollection of the antique rather than a feeling for modern life, are called *academic studies*, or *académies*, whatever they may rep-

resent. HÉBERT, with his lovely, consumptive Italian girls, devoured by the *malaria;* and BONNAT, with his healthy, rich transcripts of peasant life in Italy, are a pair of admirable painters, whose works, however, can seldom be found in this country. And so the influence of the antique dies gradually away, over a line of artists of great personal force and originality, like the great DECAMPS, or like JULES BRETON, who paints the poetry of pastoral life so tenderly, or like MILLET, who paints its grime, its cark and care. In these painters there is but a faint reflection of the Greek, or of the dictum of Benvenuto.

The reader may have been surprised at our tracing a resemblance to David in Ary Scheffer, in Cabanel; but these resemblances seem like identity itself

Cinderella.

when we think of the contrasts offered by the *rebels* to his school. Think of DELACROIX, with his turbulent riot of color and form. It is the property of an academy, we may say, to succeed not only by its successes but by the reactions against it. Victor Hugo would not have been so great a dramatist but for the protest he felt against the classic stage. So Delacroix was forced by classicism into his full power and glory of counteraction. The classical painters indeed seem to stand together in a mass, when we compare them with Delacroix, or with COURBET, who paints with massive, vulgar strength the life of the senses; or with MANET, who was told in despair by his master, GLEYRE, "*You will be the Michael Angelo of bad art!*" or with the landscape specialists, like *Rousseau, Dupré*, PASINI, and BELLY; or with the incident-painters, the *reporters*



The Vintage Festival.

L. Alma Tadema, Pinx.

or *journalists* of the brush, who have painted on every battle-field, from VERNET in Africa to YVON in the Crimea.

VIBERT and ZAMACOIS are anecdotic or incident painters of another sort, the latter now deceased, all too early. His dwarfs and courtiers and monks, his matchless *Education of a Prince*, show how his thoughts and genius survive him, still lively and alert. The *last* great promise to go out in death was REGNAULT, who seemed to have the world of art at his feet. As Zamacois came from Spain to fight the Prussians, so did REGNAULT participate in the glory and sadness of the war. In the last sortie from Paris, when the order was given to fall back, his undaunted spirit caused him reluctantly to obey, and linger for "one shot more," which cost *him* his life, and *us* the young and talented artist.

Tennyson lately, in dedicating to the Queen his completed collection of "Idylls," took occasion to speak of "art with poisoned honey stolen from France," an allusion which it would be hard for him to justify, because very little of the French art-method, whether it be poisonous or not, has ever got into England in any way. But the laureate has an old grudge against the French nation, which he cannot allude to without the least little delicate aquiline curl of a sensitive nose; and perhaps, after all, he was not speaking of the fine arts, to which he seems never to have paid any attention, but of dramas or romances. We are about to leave art in France, at any rate, whether dangerous or not, and say a few words about a new art-development which is attracting attention under the name of the Roman school. It must be called the Roman school because the practitioners are Spaniards. The geographical name is a poor one at any rate, and we had better allude to the school as the members themselves designate it, as the school of the *spot*—the spot or blot, or, in the French language, the *tache*.

It is to be observed that one great and unexpected benefit of the French Academy has accrued in the education it has given to other nations. Paris has been of late years filled with strangers of every race, who have brought into the atelier some of their national artistic habits, and have looked at the model in a different way from the way of the French. Thus does a great academy receive the benefit of new suggestions in return for the routine benefit she confers.

Among these foreign students were Hollanders, recollecting the secret of the old Holland school, which sees nature in a succession of *taches*, which reckons the tree standing against the sky, the herd moving in the lush pasture, the distant windmill printed against the vapors of a watery climate, not as so many rotundities, but as blots against the groundwork; *that*, in fact, is the true impression made upon the optical sense, rather than the impression of relief or modeling, which is the result of experience and calculation. The Holland painters, in their masterly simplicity, often had the courage to paint nature precisely as they found it printed on the eye, as a composition of color-patches. Something of this kind had been going on in the history of Spanish art. Certain masters of Spain, by the exclusive study of "values," had arrived at a method of translating all the flash of open-air color upon the canvas. Values, you know, are the degrees and reliefs which one tint makes against another or against a deeper or lighter shade of itself. The Spaniard Zurbaran's painting is "melted," as the critics express it, "in a certain interior flame;" and GOYA's shadows are broad blotted suffusions. Now, a *classical* painter, like Poussin, looking at a group or at any kind of scene, pays special attention to the sweep and meaning of the *boundary-lines* dividing the objects. To dwell upon this and refine upon it, as the classicists do, is almost inevitably to forget the pursuit of *values*, the relief of shade upon shade. The new school trains the eye differently. Look, now, upon the scene as a simple mosaic of spots; get the exact tone, the precise degree of light or dark, the actual way in which one color relieves against or reflects from another; make yourself thoroughly impartial; a lady's face is before you: think of it as if it were a figure in a kaleidoscope, but study the shapes made by the high-lights against the planes of the features, and the precise boundary and tone of the shadow. A child is playing in a garden; study him as if he were a bouquet of roses, but place him in his exact relations of tone with the shrubbery and the sky. By watching in this spirit, you surprise nature at her secret tricks; you find how she gives emphasis to a tint by an extremely subtile contrast, by saving herself up for the point of greatest brilliancy and purest delivery of the color; you notice how objects placed together reflect mutually a thousand audacious hues. Now paint these things as a study of tints, and as a study of light and shade, getting each hue into place in its proper situation, size and outline, hardly knowing

whether you are painting a lady or a camel. You must not set down the tints you see in the open air, neither; they will not produce the effect of nature so. Painting is not materializing colors: it is translation; chiaroscuro is not matching values: it is translating them. To succeed in all this, you will have your hands pretty full; and you will have been a pretty good draftsman if, while attending almost entirely to your patches, you have produced a figure

Emily Sartain, Pinx. Van Ingen & Snyder, Eng.

The Reproof.

that will pass muster in drawing. If you succeed, you have turned out a study *à la tache*. Now, REMBRANDT could make a figure look bright by manipulating his shadows into that tremendous depth he uses. BOLDINI will make a figure look bright when relieved against a brilliant light-blue sky, and without putting a speck of black in his picture. Boldini, by-the-by, is driven to strange expedients in *translating* (that is the word, not rendering) the reliefs of nature. In

an example of Mr. Cutting's, the lady's satin dresses are set upon a local background as opaque and inky as the inkiest shadows sometimes employed by the

F. W. Lauderbach, Eng

New York Harbor: Moonlight.

Ed. Moran, Pinx.

Hungarian painter MUNKACSY. Painting "by the spots" need not be done in splendid colors either. The photograph is one of the best proficients of the

whole school, and the photograph works in monochrome. Nothing can exceed the calmness with which the photographs will blend and lose *outline* in the abandoned pursuit of *values*. Set photography to copying a number of persons scattered over a hill, getting berries or nuts. You probably cannot tell whether the objects in the picture are people or rocks, or incidents of the ground; but the *values* are relatively right; trust the camera for that. Photography has in this way been a foster-father to the school, and given it many a hint. Some of the practitioners are by no means colorists. MADRAZO paints under a veil, sometimes, of light blue or purple; perhaps he has been fond of watching the broadened, "unified" values in *moonlight*. Now when to proficiency in translating the *spots*, you intend to add proficiency in expression and character, a sense of beauty, and the plastic feeling for elegant form, you had better prepare yourself by being a great man beforehand. You must *draw* so easily and well that you scarcely think of it as you carelessly sketch with your felicitously-chosen colors; you must color so naturally and easily and happily that you know just what two colors to blend for your tint, and what the proportion, by a second nature. Of course, if you are working to get the richness and directness of nature's colors, you never mix more than two paints together; and you cannot go over and mend and pare your outline, for mixing the wet tints kills the color. The truth is, in practice, a good picture in this style must be made over and over again. It is thus that FORTUNY is said to have worked; he made a study in light and shade, or repeated studies in color, ruthlessly sacrificing all but the ultimate picture, when the patchwork of blots is struck on in just the right way, so as to be perfect in *color*, perfect in *values*, perfect in *relief*, and at the same time masterly in *expression* and *drawing*. The utterly careless-looking sketch of FORTUNY's you are looking at may have been tried for again and again, like throwing a handful of darts through a quantity of rings—only when all the rings are filled and all the darts are gone home is the task perfect. It was such results as this that REGNAULT had been studying in FORTUNY's Roman studio, when he wrote, as we find it in his correspondence from Rome, "Oh, Fortuny, you keep me from sleeping!" "Ah, Fortuny, ta m'empeches de dormir!" We will quote the words of a late French critic, in balancing the good and evil of the method in question: "These youthful inventors work in imitation of certain Spanish masters. They sacrifice to color

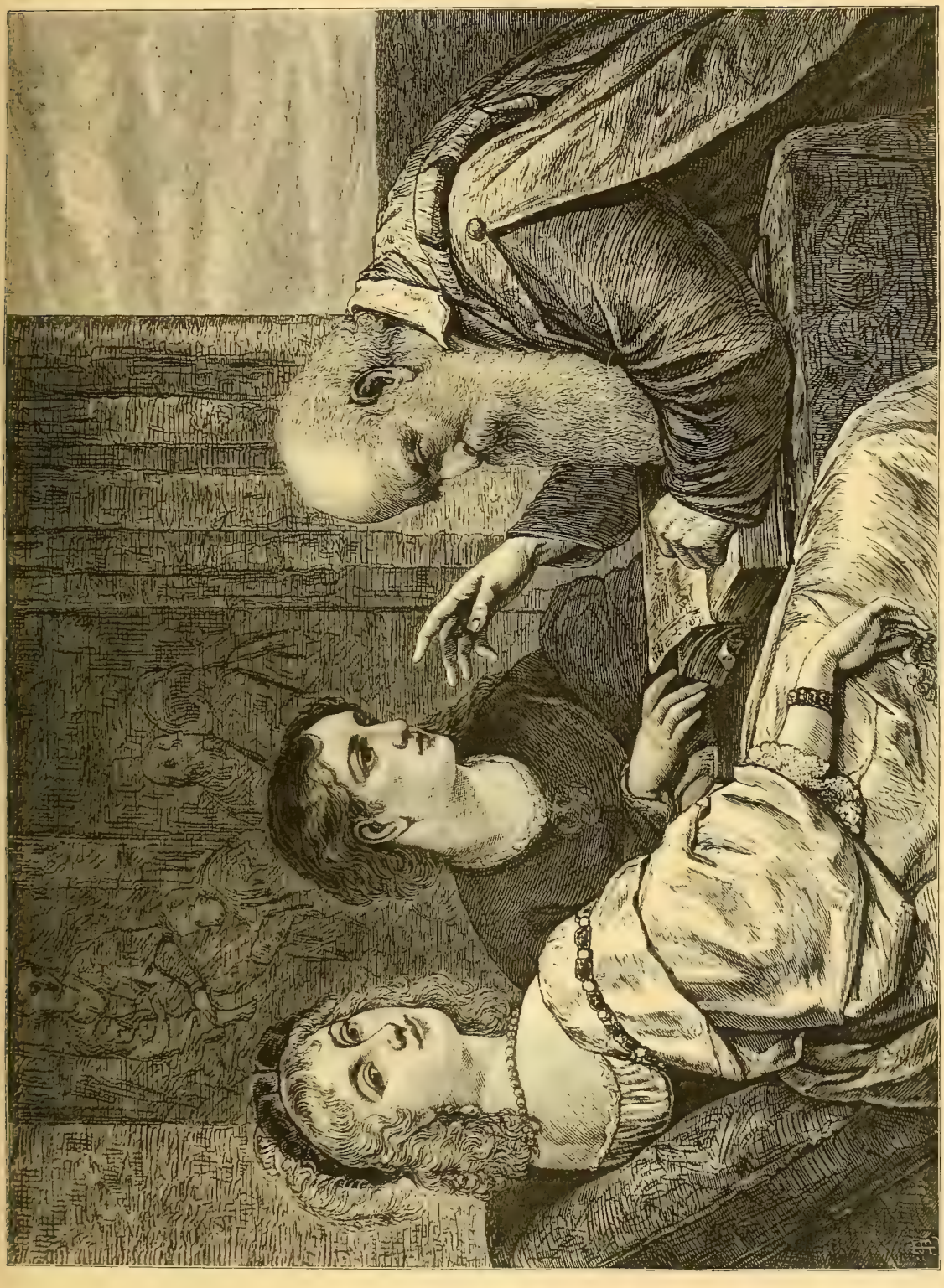
their drawing, their relief and their perspective, in hopes of preserving with greater freshness the tint, the *blot*, to use the conventional expression. It would be too foolish to argue about this determined exclusion of modeling and painting; we will not reckon up all the qualities which make of this art something quite differently undertaken, and which fill it with a new order of difficulties. It is a mania, and time will judge it, alas! quickly enough. Speaking for ourselves alone, we feel that we are the contemporaries, the accomplices of these improvisations played upon the pencil; they bring out with a few touches certain accents of modern, contemporary life, and we cannot help finding more or less attraction in them."

The Spanish-Roman mode of painting is an example of the kind of spurts which take place in the career of art, whose progress advances not so much by a uniform flowing movement as by a series of ebullitions. A young painter has been struck by some unnoticed aspect of nature, or by an old master's picture in a gallery; he talks about it in his club, paints a few novel-looking studies, excites the emulation of his friends, and behold the formation of a fresh sect! Thus the young Mariano Fortuny, having observed an effect of light in a Peter De Hooge, and a dash of color in a Herrera, was equipped for the revelation of the "splashy" school. Similarly, in England, thirty years since, it occurred very suddenly to Gabriel Rossetti and Millais that the masters who wrought before the time of Raphael were sincerer copyists of nature than the great Renaissance painters, and safer examples for a tyro to follow. They began to work according to their convictions, and formed the school of the "pre-Raphaelites."

The term pre-Raphaelite is a misnomer (besides its awkwardness of form), for the practitioners in question do not pretend to follow the technical methods of the artists who preceded Raphael. They simply emulate the faithfulness and literal fidelity of those pioneers, while they freely deal in subjects connected with our own more complicated civilization. They apply the keen literal eyesight of Perugino and Masaccio to topics which would have made Perugino and Masaccio stare. Their peculiarity is their minute copy-work after nature as they see it. This addiction has given some of them a curious leaning towards the minutiæ of natural objects. If Millais paints the drowning of Ophelia, we shall find Ophelia not so much the heroine of the scene as the

foliage of Ophelia's willow. The copy-work of nature is true beauty—nature not selected, nor cured of her irregularities and defects. Millais had rather copy an English girl's face for an Eastern scene than imagine an Oriental one; and this, artistically, is right enough. In his drawing of the "Pearl of Great Price," the good man who sells his all for the jewel is an Oriental, but his daughter standing by his side is a London housemaid. Other pre-Raphaelites, however, are more scrupulous than this; they must not only have a model to copy literally, but they will go to the ends of the earth to obtain the proper one. We have had described to us with minute and intimate good-fellowship the handsome young Jewish carpenter of Bethlehem, from whom Holman Hunt paints his conception of the Saviour. This is well; but Mr. Hunt goes much further: for his picture of "The Awakened Conscience" he painted his background in a *maison damnée;* and we grieve to think of the inconvenience to which he would put himself if anybody should give him an order to paint the casting out of Mary Magdalen's seven devils or the shearing of Samson's locks. There are certain respects in which the British pre-Raphaelites follow their exemplars to a degree of pernicious fidelity; the masters before Raphael never thought of imitating atmospheric effect; it was the Venetians, with their love of landscape backgrounds, and Rubens, with his Flemish traditions, and Velasquez, who developed to a high degree the soft breathable sense of air in a picture, and the film of atmospheric distance

The Little Samaritan



Sowing the Word.

D. Huntington, Pinx.

which we feel to stretch between ourselves and any scene we contemplate in nature. When a lover of pictures learns to appreciate this quality in a work of art he is always on the lookout for it, and always miserable if he misses it. But most of the pre-Raphaelites paint away in perfect serenity without it, as their models, Perugino and Lippi and Giotto, did in their time.

We in America have had a very imperfect opportunity to contemplate the works of the English school. Some few years back, an importation was made of important English oil-paintings, and many of our readers will remember how they used to admire them arranged at the old Academy of Fine Arts on Chestnut Street—the knightly grace of "Prince Hal," assuming the Crown, from the scene in Shakespeare, the minute carefulness of Holman Hunt's scene from the "Eve of Saint Agnes," and the pathos of "Romeo and Juliet in the Tomb," by Leighton. The attempt to open a commerce in English pictures, in quantity, has not been attempted since. Mr. Henry Blackburn, it is true, lately brought over a quantity of good examples of the British water-color school; but difficulties with the custom-house have prevented a repetition of the experiment. The English are high appreciators and devoted buyers of the worthier works of their own countrymen, and purchase them at rates which exclude competition from abroad, so that British pictures are confined to Britain with a strictness known to no other national school of art.

In noticing these successive upheavals in the geology of painting, it is impossible to omit allusion to the Munich school. Munich is to-day the most formidable rival of Paris as a centre of art, so far as its power to draw off the young students of America is concerned. About half a century ago Ludwig of Bavaria built the Glyptothek, or sculpture-museum, in the capital of his state, and this edifice was followed by an Odeon, a Pinathokek or picture-museum, and the Walhalla at Ratisbon. Cornelius, as Director, raised the Academy of Arts to a pitch of great eminence, and his successor, Kaulbach, continued to give the city prominence as an art-source, by his very imaginative and inventive but ill-colored works. It only remained for Piloty, in somewhat later times, to assert his claims as a colorist, for the school to unite every kind of importance as an educational nucleus. We shall revert immediately to Munich art in considering the talent of its pupil Maekart. It remains to notice, as the completion of the list of schools that have obtained

special attention here of late years, the Düsseldorf school, which burst upon America all in a mass a few years before the civil war, in the large collection of large pictures exhibited in Broadway, New York, and is already sunk in oblivion,—and the Belgian school, which has turned out, at its headquarters in Brussels, works by Leys, Alfred Stevens, Gallait and Knaus, worthy to rank with any productions of the time.

To revert to the Munich school: its most classical living practitioner is Karl Piloty, and its most adventurous offshoot is probably John or Hans Maekart. It is easy to recall specimens now-a-days to the recollection of almost any wide-awake person who "lives in the world," because the subjects at least of all good works are, by means of prints and photographs, so widely disseminated. Many readers will accordingly remember Piloty by such compositions as his "Assassination of Cæsar" and his "Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn."

His pupil, Maekart, has taken wider flights. He attacks nature on its decorative side, and paints works whose destination, like the works of the Venetian artists, is primarily that of making fine rooms look finer. We are here, be it noted, at the very antipodes of the pre-Raphaelite Englishman, the motive of whose work is to make the spectator think, to persuade him to be indifferent to apparent ugliness, and to chain his attention to some problem of character or intellect. The first works of Maekart's seen in this country were a large pair called "Abundantia," representing the riches of the sea and land respectively, brought over last winter, and exhibited for a season in New York. For splendor of ornamental effect it is safe to say that nothing to equal them has ever been imported to our shores. With a dazzled pleasure that excluded minute attention, the eye grasped a cluster of soft colossal female forms, playing with shells or fruits, displaying the richest lustres of blonde flesh and gorgeous tissues, and revealing here and there, by a happy ingenuity, the flash of the gold ground on which the figures were painted. These were works of his youth, executed for the dining-hall of a particular house, and not intended to be judged by the strictest rules of plastic accuracy. On examination the eye could detect many a lapse of drawing, which seemed, however, not so much a want of ability as a condition of voluptuous carelessness, and a desire to fasten the color and the impression in all its freshness immediately upon the canvas. To the painter's youth

likewise belongs his composition of "The Seven Sins." Another of his works is "The Cleopatra," another "The Triumph of Ariadne." His "Catherine Cornaro," of which we give, from the original in the 1876 International Exhibition, the only cut that the public has seen, and a very good one—is perhaps his masterpiece. It seems to be inspired by the happiest influence from Paul Veronese, and plays the same part as one of that master's crowded compositions in elevating the mind to a state of proud and noble happiness by the contemplation of an ideal festival-world bathed in heaven's own silver

In the Bay of Naples.

light. The subject is that fair Venetian who endowed Venice with the realm of Cyprus. Catherine Cornaro, a noblewoman of Venice about the middle of the fifteenth century, became the wife and widow of the Cyprian king, James de Lusignan. After ruling the island as queen for a quarter of a century, she at length conferred the island on her native country by abdication—certainly the queenliest gift that Venice ever received. The painter in dealing with the subject has pleased his fancy with the various sumptuous images evoked by this passage of history—the singular idea of a lonely lady governing the island consecrated to Venus from the earliest dawn of fable, and then by a feminine caprice of abnegation giving up her state and becoming once more a

Venetian republican. He accordingly represents her seated on a wharf, whence steps descend into the sea, and whither the argosies of Venice direct their sails. Maidens kneel at her feet to offer her flowers and treasure; a statesman like a Venetian doge stands at the right hand of her throne; her courtiers

G. W. Maynard, Pinx. *J. Rae, Eng.*

1776.

are women; forms of beauty surround her on every side; musicians peal out her praises through their instruments of gold. It is the pomp and wealth of the Renaissance in Venice. The appearance of this picture definitely secured for Maekart the esteem of his fellow artists, and made friends of some of his previous enemies, the critics. Among the latter, Bruno Meyer, who had

spoken very severely about some of the artist's earlier work, declared that Paul Veronese's paintings must have looked like this when they were fresh from the easel.

Another great pupil of Munich and PILOTY is here represented by Wagner's "Chariot Race," a picture already somewhat familiar to the American public by means of Moran's admirable etching of this masterpiece of modern genius. The admirers of the spirited etching have now the pleasure of beholding the original painting in all its beauty of color, and while dazzled with its action and splendor, will not forget the success of the American interpreter in his dashing engraving.

When Romulus induced the Sabine women to come to Rome, it was to see the chariot-racing that those ladies trusted themselves in the city of the "Sanctuary," and this, according to the legend, was the first circus, or exhibition for horse-racing, ever held. Another legend informs us that L. Tarquinius, about 600 B. C., commemorated his success in arms by an exhibition of races and athletic sports in the Murcian Valley, in which temporary platforms were erected by individuals for personal, family or friends' use. These platforms surrounding the course gave place, before the death of Tarquinius, to a permanent building with regular tiers of seats in the manner of a theatre; to this the name of "CIRCUS MAXIMUS" was subsequently given, but it was more generally known as *the* Circus, because it surpassed in extent and splendor all other similar buildings. A few masses of rubble-work in a circular form are now shown the visitor in Rome, as all that remains of the ever-famous Circus Maximus; and although there were a considerable number of buildings of a like nature in Rome, they are all destroyed now, with the exception of a small one on the Via Appia, called the Circus of Caracalla, which is in a good state of preservation.

In the chariot race, each chariot was drawn by four horses; four, six and sometimes eight chariots started at one time; the charioteer, standing in the car, had the reins passed around his back: this enabled him to throw all his weight against the horses by leaning backward; but this rendered his situation dangerous in case of an upset, occasionally resulting in serious accidents or death; to avoid this peril, if possible, each driver carried a knife at his waist for the purpose of cutting the reins.

The foremost driver in Wagner's picture has an air of mad hilarity and gratification in his face, and even in his whole bearing; and as he seems to wish to cast his eyes to see how much ahead he is of the driver on his left, who is imbued with carefulness and fixity of purpose, he little recks that one of his horses has reared in excitement, and may at any moment cause the loss of the race and imperil the lives of all concerned.

The enthusiasm of the Romans for the races exceeded all bounds. Lists of the horses with their names and colors, and those of the drivers, were circulated, and heavy bets made. The winning drivers were liberally rewarded with considerable sums of money, so that many of these charioteers, according to Juvenal, were very wealthy.

In Wagner's delineation of "The Chariot Race," he has embraced as many of the prominent features of an ancient circus as could artistically be brought within the canvas. To the left of us are the Emperor and his household; opposite to this imperial group, on the low wall, may be the president, or judge, and a number of spectators; near the ground of this low wall there is a grating: this undoubtedly is designed by the artist to indicate the proximity of the officiating priests' chambers. A portion of the pillar, on which were placed the conical balls, is behind this group, and a little further back is shown the cylindrical goal. The immense space between this and the Triumphal Gateway, and the great height of the building with its myriads of people, are not exaggerations, for according to very early writers this circus was several times enlarged until, at the time of Julius Cæsar, it was over eighteen hundred feet long (the length of the Main Building of the Centennial Exhibition), six hundred feet wide, and capable of containing three hundred and eighty-five thousand spectators. A further idea of the size of the Circus Maximus is formed by comparing it with the capacity of the Coliseum at Rome, which was capable of holding only about eighty-seven thousand people.

The mention of Piloty as a great master of great pupils, represented in this Exhibition, suggests another master represented by a pupil famous in the contributions already made to art, and worthily here represented in "The Vintage Festival," of which a very fine wood engraving furnishes a good interpretation on page 17—ALMA TADEMA, a Dutchman by birth, and a pupil of the late Baron Leys. His works are most agreeable and varied, and cer-

The Telegram of L. &c.

tainly more suggestive and instructive than pictures usually seen in public galleries, and they throw a light, evidently the reflection of a careful student,

G. Becker, Pinx. *Van Ingen & Snyder, Eng.*

Rizpah Protecting the Bodies of her Sons.

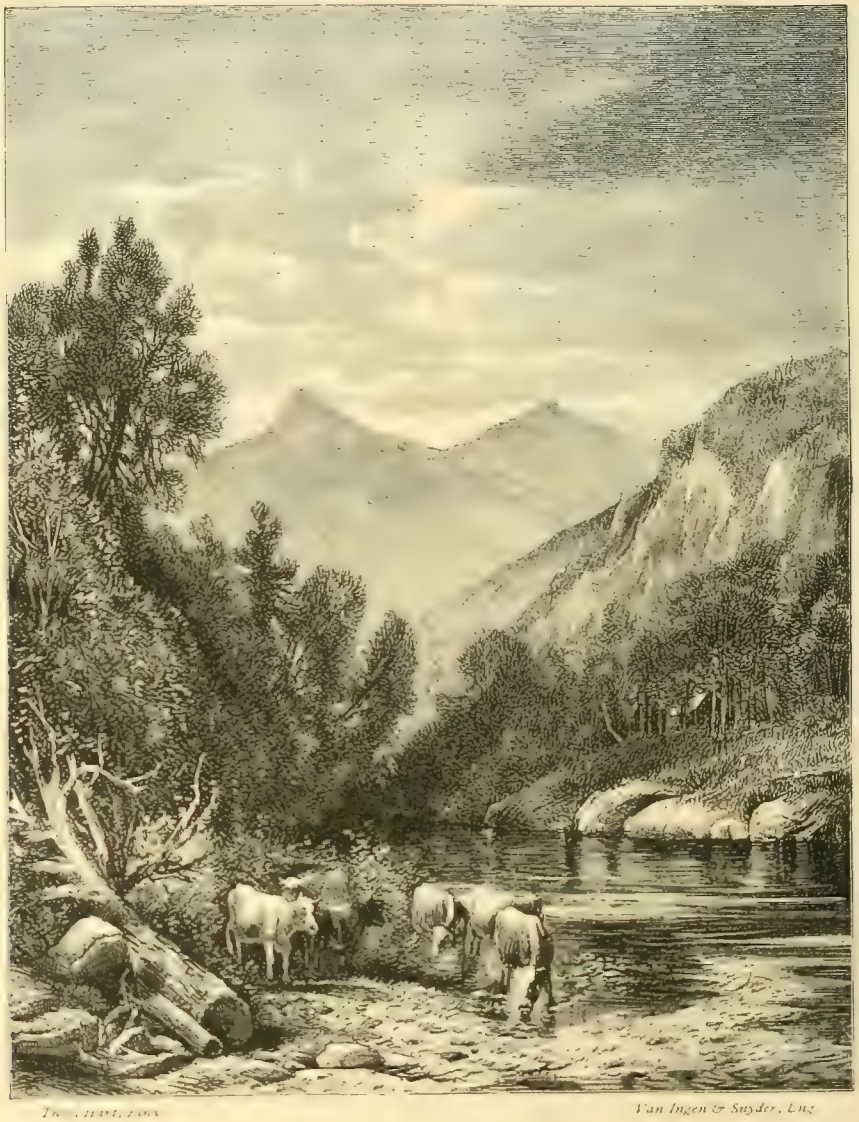
on the manners and customs whose eccentricity raised the cry of "O tempora! O mores!" from Cicero.

The painter of "The Vintage Festival," whose full name is LOURENS ALMA TADEMA, was born in Dronryp, in Friesland, and for many years resided in Paris, receiving medals in that city and in Brussels for the uncommon merit of his works. Since the Franco-Prussian war he has lived in London; the artists and art-lovers there have offered him that warm reception which their nation has ever accorded to foreign talent naturalizing itself among them, and which is at this moment enjoyed as well by Tadema's imitator, Tissot, as by the Americans, Boughton, Hennessey, Miss Lea, and Arthur Lumley, while its sincerity and cordiality remind us of the honorable treatment in England of Lely, Kneller, Vandyck, Rubens, and Holbein. Mr. Tadema is one of the most eminent living archæological painters; his works restore the antique life of Greece, Rome and Egypt with that fulness and accuracy of detail which his teacher, Baron Leys, conferred on mediæval subjects. He exhibits now at every annual display of the Royal Academy, and has contributed no less than six of his most important works to the English section of the International Exhibition. They are "The Vintage Festival," which we engrave, "The Mummy," "Convalescence," in oil-color; and "The Picture," "The Three Friends," and "History of an Honest Wife," in water-color—the last subject in fact being three pictures framed together on account of the connected theme. The "Vintage" (page 17) is of all these the most important. It represents the solemn dedication to Bacchus of the first fruits of the wine-press, selecting only the more elevated and dignified features of the ceremony—those deeply symbolic features, connected with the branches and fruits of the vine, the progress of the deity as a conqueror of the East, and his descent into hell, which touched the hearts of the early Christians, so that the Bacchic mystery was admitted as a type of the Christian, and the daughter of the first Christian emperor was buried in a casket enwreathed with Bacchic grapes and symbols, carved in enduring porphyry. In Mr. Tadema's exquisite picture we see the sacred procession winding into a Roman temple to offer homage to the planter of the vine. A beautiful priestess, crowned with grapes and holding a torch, advances toward the statue of the god at the left; turning her lovely face to the procession that follows her, she awaits the arrival of the offerings, while near the shrine some ardent

priests, with panther-skins tied around their throats, wave the cups of libation in ecstatic expectancy. Three flute-girls, with the double pipe bound to the mouth of each, a pair of dancers with tambourines, and a procession solemnly bearing wine-jars and grapes, advance along the platform, whose steps are seen covered with ascending worshippers and joyous Romans as far as the eye can reach through the colonnades of the temple. The perfect execution of a *pythos* or earthen wine-tub, enwreathed with the Bacchic ivy, and planted near the tripod in the centre of the scene, attracts attention. The grace and elegance of the chief priestess are positively enchanting. She forms as she stands a white statue of perfect loveliness, quite outdazzling the Bearded Indian Bacchus whose marble purity sheds a light around the shrine. The most unexpected success of the artist, however, is that sense of religious calm and solemn gratitude which he has managed to diffuse over a ceremony dedicated to such a power as the spirit of the grape. Everything shows that the *symbol* as accepted by the early Church was most prominent in his mind, and that he wished to represent the parallelism between the True Vine and its imperfect type. The worshippers, elated by a really religious rapture, proceed to the offering with all the decorum of the Christian *agape* or love-feast, and the ornaments of the temple—pictures and votive images—hang upon the columns precisely like the "stations" and ex-voto offerings of a modern Roman church. The technical qualities of the painting are admirable; the action and character of the figures are completely Roman; the texture of the different marbles is felicitously given, and the silvery flood of light and air deluging the temple successful in the extreme.

We would like to dwell with greater fulness on the works of this artist, both because he reveals and teaches so much, and because a certain austerity and simplicity in his style keep him a little above the comprehension of the vulgar. The limits of this work, however, have been strained to admit even so imperfect a glimpse of his merits, and we must pass to other subjects. We cannot quite omit mention, however, of "The Mummy," conspicuous by its strangeness and antique truth, in which the interior of an Alexandrian palace, filled with funereal preparations, is treated in oil with all the luminous limpidity of water-color; nor of "The Picture," in which a Roman painter's shop is realized for us; nor of "The History of an Honest Wife," a quaint and moving

story connected with the early Christianization of France. It is the peculiar distinction of Mr. Tadema to turn out in every picture a composition utterly unlike anything that has ever been painted before. The intense devotion of his mind to archæological research is rewarded by the unearthing of quantities



Van Ingen & Snyder, Eng.

Keene Valley, Adirondacks.

of truths so old that they have the air of novelty; the texture and pattern of ancient garments, the ornaments of buildings in mixed transitional periods, the habits of a vanished civilization, are made to flash on the eye like a revelation. Not a shoe, not a finger-ring, but is of the epoch represented; the monstrous

Jno. Constable, Pinx.

The Lock.

frizzled wigs of the latter empresses, the thick plaited ones of Egyptian kings, the tasteless cumber of Pompeian or Roman colonial architecture, are set down

remorselessly, with a love of the bizarre that sometimes verges upon caricature. With all this book-learning, his style is generally direct, limpid and transparent to a high degree; the simple sweetness of his coloring, and the soft tide of air that is felt to play easily through his interiors, are as perfect as in the work of the most ignorant painter of natural appearances, who ever confined his copy-work to his "impressions."

We have in Mr. Tadema the artist of the grand Teutonic blood conferring his talent upon the English race of his adoption. It is singular, ever since the "Tedeschi" poured into Italy and revolutionized its architecture, how constantly they have enriched the blood of other nations with their intellect and art. The Teuton is not very flexible, but whatever he learns to do becomes a fixed fact in the world. Not a country of Europe but has gained in stable progress from the intermixture of the Gothic strain, and in America he has come to stay, and plants himself at every foot of our advance like a sheet-anchor. German talent —in the person of Mr. Schwarzmann—has adorned the Centennial Park with buildings, arbors and bridges; German talent, in the same personification, has furnished to the group of Exhibition buildings its two finest examples—the utterly diverse Memorial Hall, with its classic arcades, and Horticultural Hall, with its ornate Arabian splendor. A German artist, Mr. Pilz, was the author of the two statues of Pegasus, in bronze, which restively perch, with clipped wings, in front of the Art Building, where are enshrined the treasures we have to consider. A German artist, Mr. Mueller, prepared for the dome of the same hall the colossal figure of "Columbia," in persistent metal, to welcome the nations to the feast of Industry and Commerce,—the international peacemakers. This statue, by-the-bye, although it has been sharply criticised, holds forth a salutary meaning in the easily-read symbols of its posture: the hand, presenting no sword, but the peaceful bays; the bowed head of salutation and welcome; the crown of savage feathers, adorning the forehead of a Cybele of the wilderness, whose diadem has not yet crystalized into towers. As we pause, before entering, in the shadow of the shielding wing of the monumental Pegasus, we behold the fostering fortitude of Teutonic art realizing, strengthening, solidifying, and constructing the shelter of industry for all the world. The Memorial Hall, before us, spreading its vistas of circular arches to right and left, is just such a patient restoration of Roman architecture as Von Klenze might have drawn

upon cardboard to show to his patron, Ludwig of Munich; and, crowning every pedestal and pinnacle with art of the same national parentage, we see the shadows of the Industries, of America, and of the gigantic mountain eagle, throwing themselves from the parapets above to the sward beneath.

The *silhouette* or outline of the crest of Exhibition Palaces is a very rich and varied one, whether seen from a nearer or a more comprehensive view. An American artist, Mr. E. D. Lewis, has been struck with the effect they make, in crowning Lansdowne Terrace, from the opposite side of the Schuylkill, and has painted a beautiful, sunshiny, autumn-tinted picture of the same, which forms one of the ornaments of the American art department. Mr. Lewis has often been praised by Hamilton, the great landscapist, for his ability in making a painting "look luminous." This he does by a simple system of contrasts, without any heavy Rembrandt shadows or Carravaggio blackness. Whatever scene his pencil touches seems to be caressed by a ray of light. Some time since he went to Cuba, and painted "The Queen of the Antilles" in a large brilliant composition, and the magic sunshine of the tropics seems to have clung around his pencil ever since. Mr. Lewis, born to uncommon privileges among the best part of the Philadelphia social mélange, might have excusably sacrificed some portion of his art-industry to the prosecution of drawing-room successes; but though a genial and agreeable society-man, ready for any parlor knight-errantry, he toils at his profession in a steady, prolific way that no poor brush-wielder laboring for his pay can possibly surpass.

The mention of this brilliant landscapist reminds us that the United States have long claimed to have one of the foremost among the existing schools of landscape art—enthusiastic patriots used to say, the very foremost. Our natural scenery is certainly the widest in range, and among the most picturesque in detail, possessed by any country of the globe, and should be the inspiration of a noble style of delineation. The proud eminence awarded by native judges to our school of scenery-painting began with Thomas Cole, whose poetical and imaginative way of introducing allegory into landscape was much to the taste of "fifty years syne." His pupil, Church, and the eminent Albert Bierstadt, came next into prominence, with what began to be called the "panoramic" school of landscape, and the public saw with amazement vast scenes on enormous canvases, that seemed to compete in dimensions with the original

mountains and forests whose portraits were represented. This is not the place to speak of the wonderful works of Church—canvases so large and so minutely finished that each may be called an accumulation of miniatures.

Mr. Bierstadt, having established his reputation by a fine study of a church-portal, in the Düsseldorf style, called "Sunshine and Shadow," found himself famous, and began to turn his attention to the Titanic scenery of our

F. Carona, Pinx. Van Ingen & Snyder, Eng.

L'Africaine.

far West, producing several very comprehensive and very striking pictures of the Rocky Mountains. To this class of subjects, which still forms the theme of his warmest predilection, belongs the scene of "Western Kansas," of which we present a careful steel engraving. It is one of the natural "parks" with which nature has bestrewn the American occident—scenes which, when man first bursts upon them, amaze him by their appearance of preparation and deliberate culture. Here is the tiny lake, with its trim island, such as kings construct

K. Dielitz, Pinx.

I and My Pipe.

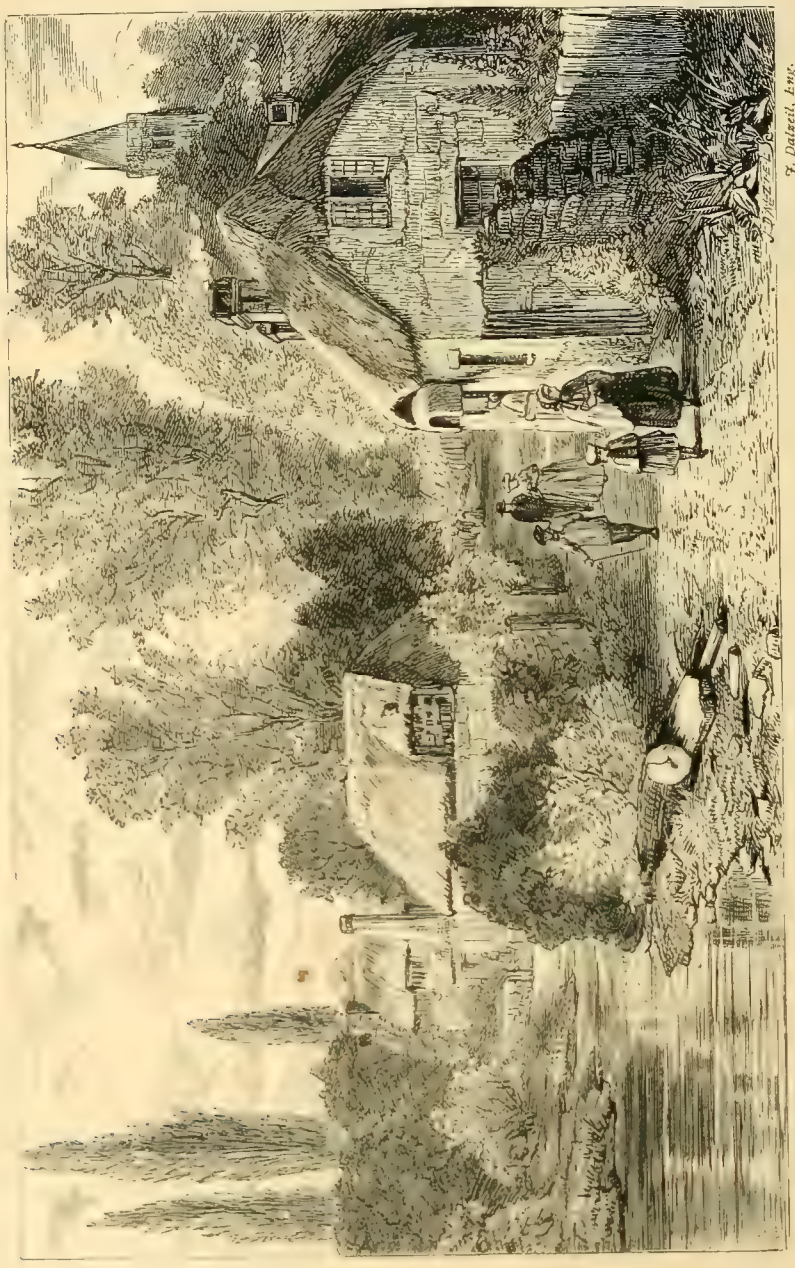
with dainty care for the grounds of their palaces. On the island, which is a natural bank of flowers, spreads an umbrageous and symmetrical tree—no spindling stem from the forest, but a well-rounded, broad, shadowy "park" tree; it is such a tree as Wordsworth describes in one of his prose prefaces, which being recommended to the owner as a profitable subject to fell for timber, the peasant replied, "Fell it! I had rather fall on my knees and worship it." And, indeed, worship is the natural impulse in the presence of one of these gigantic overshadowers of the earth; trees, as Bryant reminds us, were the first temples. Mr. Bierstadt's magnificent specimen makes a felicitous foreground incident for him; and others, only diminished by distance, spread far towards the horizon. The scene would be an English nobleman's game-preserve; but, advancing ponderously from the left, intrude the mammoth brutes that no game-preserve on earth contains, except the Indian's, and stamp it as the natural hunting-ground of the Native American. We see there the drinking-place of the bison, and the garden of the primitive red Adam. It is a fortunate thing that Mr. Bierstadt was able to spare so characteristic a specimen from his easel—though easel-pictures are hardly what this artist's gigantic works generally would be called—and that the world of strangers collected here on the Atlantic seaboard should be able to travel thus, on the magical broomstick of one of his colossal brushes, into the heart of the Great West.

What the Centennial visitor from the *outre-mer* is first apt to see, however, is New York harbor, not the grassy ocean of the prairie. An attractive painting by Mr. Edward Moran, of New York, copied in the large wood-cut on page 21, shows that superb and starry spectacle of the land-lights of America, which first causes the immigrant's eye to dance with hope and his heart to swell with ambition as he comes to conquer his opportunity among the free. Here is the city spread between the mouths of the Hudson and East rivers, here is the dull and ponderous fortification on Governor's Island, all pierced and pricked with twinkling lights like a fairy scene in the theatre. How many sturdy men have looked upon the inspiration of these lights with irrepressible tears! For how many has the pause at Sandy Hook, the debarcation at Castle Garden, meant success, opportunity, renown even, in contrast with the certain continuance of degradation in that darker and older world! The able and successful men we can reckon around us, the public men who have risen to command, have in a

surprising number of instances been taken from the ranks of those strong, muscular, serious, plain men whom we see idling around the walks of Castle Garden in the first day of their unaccustomed liberty, waiting to "take occasion by the hand." Such are the seed of the new earth. To-day they are of the million—to-morrow of the millionaires. To-day they are nobodies, rocked over the flashing waves of the Bay into the embrace of that twinkling crescent of lights: soon they are individuals, entities, sovereigns, with every chance to conquer the esteem of their kind by power, wealth, or intellect. This is the sort of legend that seems to be whispering forth out of the rippled waves and rolling moon of Mr. Moran's picture, a fine augury to greet the subjects of European monarchs as they face it. The painter, a man of self-made progress in art, belongs to a family of brothers who are all curious instances of inborn talent and perseverance conquering a success among the American people, so hospitable to ideas. Mr. Edward Moran and his brother Thomas have enjoyed the advantages of an Americo-British art-education: they have profited almost as much by the English artist Turner as by the American artist Hamilton. Thomas Moran,—about equally known by his fine "Yellowstone" scene in the Capitol at Washington, as by the remarkable book-illustrations which he scatters from his home at Newark to the best magazines and art-publications of the land—can be judged in the Exhibition by five landscapes in widely-separated styles. The "Dream of the Orient" plainly shows his extraordinary admiration for Turner, of whose works he has made so many copies of the rarest fidelity; while "The Mountain of the Holy Cross" is more in the style of his monumental works at the Capitol.

Another brother, Peter Moran, is an accomplished practitioner in the more difficult line of cattle and figure painting; while a younger one, John, is one of the first topographical photographers in the country. By Peter Moran, the cattle-painter aforesaid, we present on page 9 the spirited subject, "The Return of the Herd." In a pleasant rolling country near the Brandywine or the Wissahickon the herdsman and his dog are driving home the cows after the soft afternoon storm which makes the herbage so tempting for a lingering bite. Mr. P. Moran's cattle are always obviously studied from nature. In the present picture, the black head of the central animal, relieved against the brightest sky where the storm breaks away, makes fine pictorial effect for the artist; and the

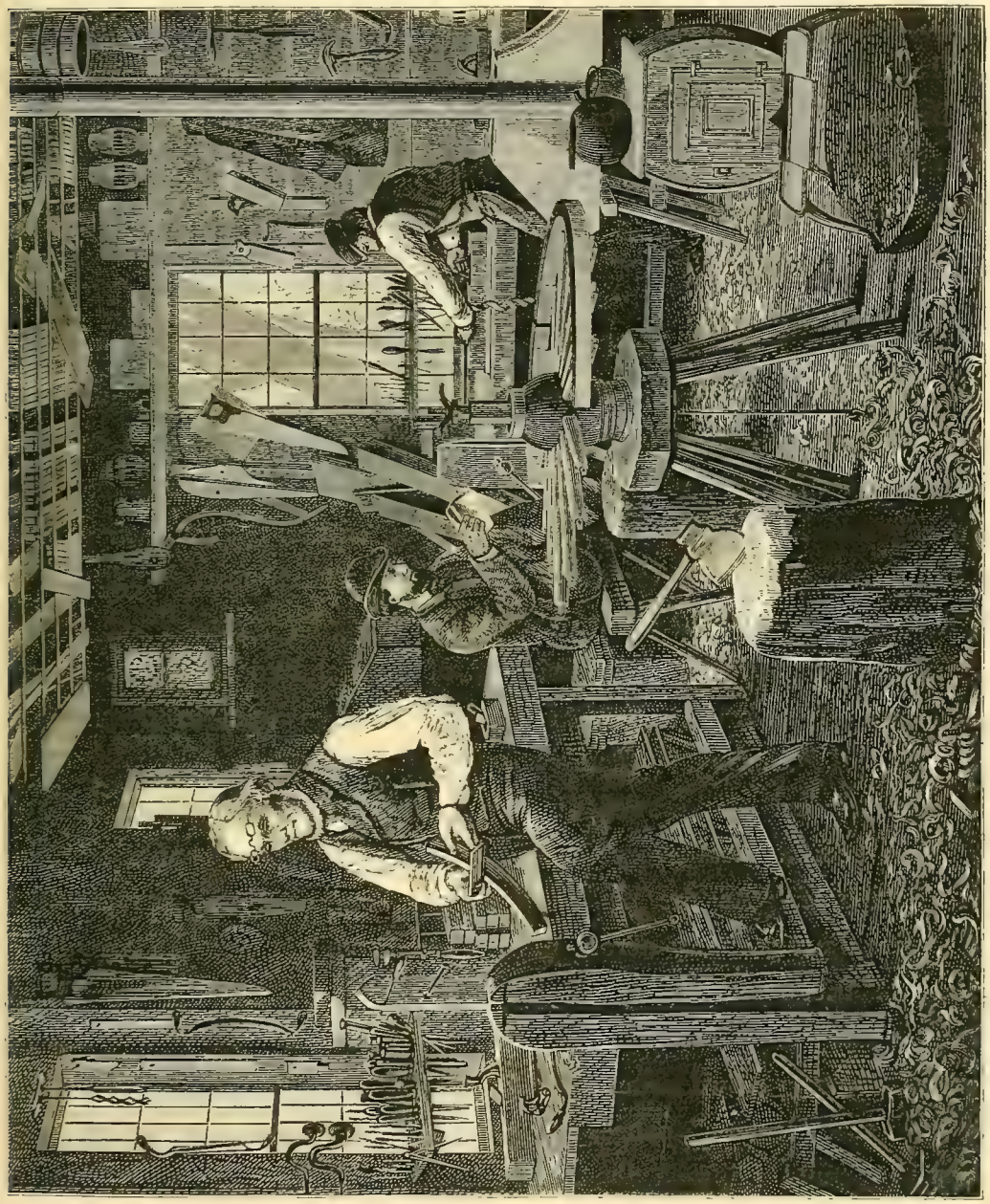
pretty play of the near cow and calf is true to life. The four brothers we have named live in different cities, but their starting-point was Philadelphia, of whose academic art-training they are creditable alumni.



Sunday in Devonshire.

The steel-plate engraving from the picture called "Brig hove-to for a Pilot" can hardly be a representation of an American scene, from the presence of the windmill on the shore—though, for that matter, there are windmills on the

Long Island coast, and upon other exposed parts of the American seaboard. Something in the crisp freshness of the air and light—light and air not used by so many centuries of sea faring practice as the European—makes us



Van Ingen & Snyder, Eng.

Wheelwright's Shop.

E. T. Billings, Pinx.

connect this picture with E. Moran's "New York Harbor," just above-mentioned, and assign the scene to our own shores. At any rate, it is a spirited and telling composition—the small pilot-boat dancing on the waves to get

alongside the statelier brig, whose half-lowered sails wrinkle and flutter in the wind, awaiting the trustworthy sailor who is to board the vessel as guide. The swift, racing wash of the water past the group of boats, without any very violent freshness or stormy motion, is given in a true seamanlike manner by Mr. M. F. H. De Haas, the artist. Mr. Maurice De Haas, as well as Mr. William F. De Haas, is a Holland painter, whose merit having attracted the attention of Mr. Belmont, the Rothschild of America, procured an invitation to visit these shores, and the promise of a career and a fortune. The Messrs. De Haas are doing well, and are not likely ever to forsake the country which has given them so pleasant a reception, and which they have beautified with so many meritorious works of art.

Marine artists like Mr. E. Moran or Mr. M. De Haas characteristically find their pleasure in beating about New York Harbor. Day after day, in the fine summer weather, they may be seen standing, Columbus-like, on the prow of some vessel (which is more likely to be a grimy steam-tug than anything handsomer), engaged in their own peculiar kind of exploration. Their game is worth the chase, and the booty they collect justifies their taste. Other artists, like Mr. Brown in the picture we engrave on page 13, choose the freezing winter-time, and the frost-locked mimic sea of Central Park. He has given us a careful and variously-discriminated crowd, mainly engaged in the noble old Scotch sport of "Curling." The compatriots of Burns, among the hardest players and hardest workers of the age, have transported the game to this country, where it attracts every winter the delighted wonder of the ignorant and the incapable. As the plaid-wrapped athletes send the heavy balls of Aberdeen granite vigorously across the ice, or carefully sweep the crystal floor to a state of frictionless purity for the next effort, or measure the distance between a couple of stones with noisy and angerless vociferation, they are sure to have an admiring crowd around them. The curious Yankee, not "native and indued unto that element," pauses to watch the missiles, with a modest conviction that he could improve them; the little school-girl, sledding with her brother, glides slower past the fascinating sports of the good-natured, manly contestants. It is a crisp, eager, jolly game, imparting to the tame picture of the city lake a spicy flavor of wild loch-sports in North Britain. This animated scene, crowded with small faces and figures very difficult to engrave, is one of

the most elaborate attempts of Mr. Brown, whose pencil, though loving rustic subjects, more generally seeks the softness and refinement of fair child-faces, and the delights of lovers, whose very whispers it essays to paint.

A sport better understood here is angling—a pleasure as cosmopolitan as its synonym, coquetry. Mr. W. M. Brackett, in a series one of whose subjects we represent on page 12, has delineated "The Rise," "The Leap," "The Last Struggle," and "Landed." Here is the suggestion of country streams, hissing into foam over the shingly rock, and curling up into peaceful sleep among the boulders of the shore. The noble captive, his silver mail availing him nothing in this unequal warfare, writhes and twists his flexible body into a semicircle, exposing to the air his elegant tail and his panting gills, already half-drowned in the long race. It is the last effort for liberty; shortly will come the usual reward of unsuccessful heroes in a lost cause—the martyr's fire, the approval meted too late to benefit the recipient, and the apotheosis—of the supper-table.

The painter of the last-named picture, Mr. Brackett, hails from Boston, a metropolis whose art-development has always been the pet puzzle of the painting-world in America elsewhere. Nobody could tell who took the likenesses of Bostonians, who painted the landscapes of their surrounding country, who composed their battle-pieces, fruit-pieces, picayune-pieces, and masterpieces. A rumor got about that the Bostonians, in the moments of leisure they secured from the study of Emerson, dashed into the picture-shops and bought up all the Corots and Paul Webers they could find. These names represent two landscape-painters as opposite in style as anything that can be imagined. It would seem impossible that one city should be generous enough to contain them both. Corot, the Frenchman, paints vapory, dreamy, invisible landscapes, that nobody perhaps can fully understand: by summoning up all your resolution, coming up to a Corot very fresh, keeping the catalogue-title very distinct in your mind, and if possible turning the picture upside-down, you *think* you distinguish a tree, a fog, a boat, a pond, a bog, and a fisherman. Weber, of Philadelphia, on the contrary, is the distinctest of painters: everything with him is frank, fair, obvious painting, honest trees, white clouds and green weeds, in the style of Lessing. How should the Bostonians love the one and the other? Yet it has been generally asserted that each Bostonian had a Corot and a Weber on the two sides of the looking-glass in his "keeping-room." The

Corot was to put him into a state of trance, and the Weber to wake him to realities of life, after an evening of Margaret Fuller and Bronson Alcott. Then it was known that one of Couture's pupils, William M. Hunt, was established

F. Guarnieri, Sc.

The Forced Prayer

in Boston as a portrait-painter, and that the Athenians there, in their ardent way of elevating every novelty into a fresh superstition, had convinced themselves that there was no painter in the solar system equal to Hunt. True, he sent to the *Exposition Universelle* of 1867 a portrait of Lincoln, so vigorously

H. Wulffaert. Pinx.

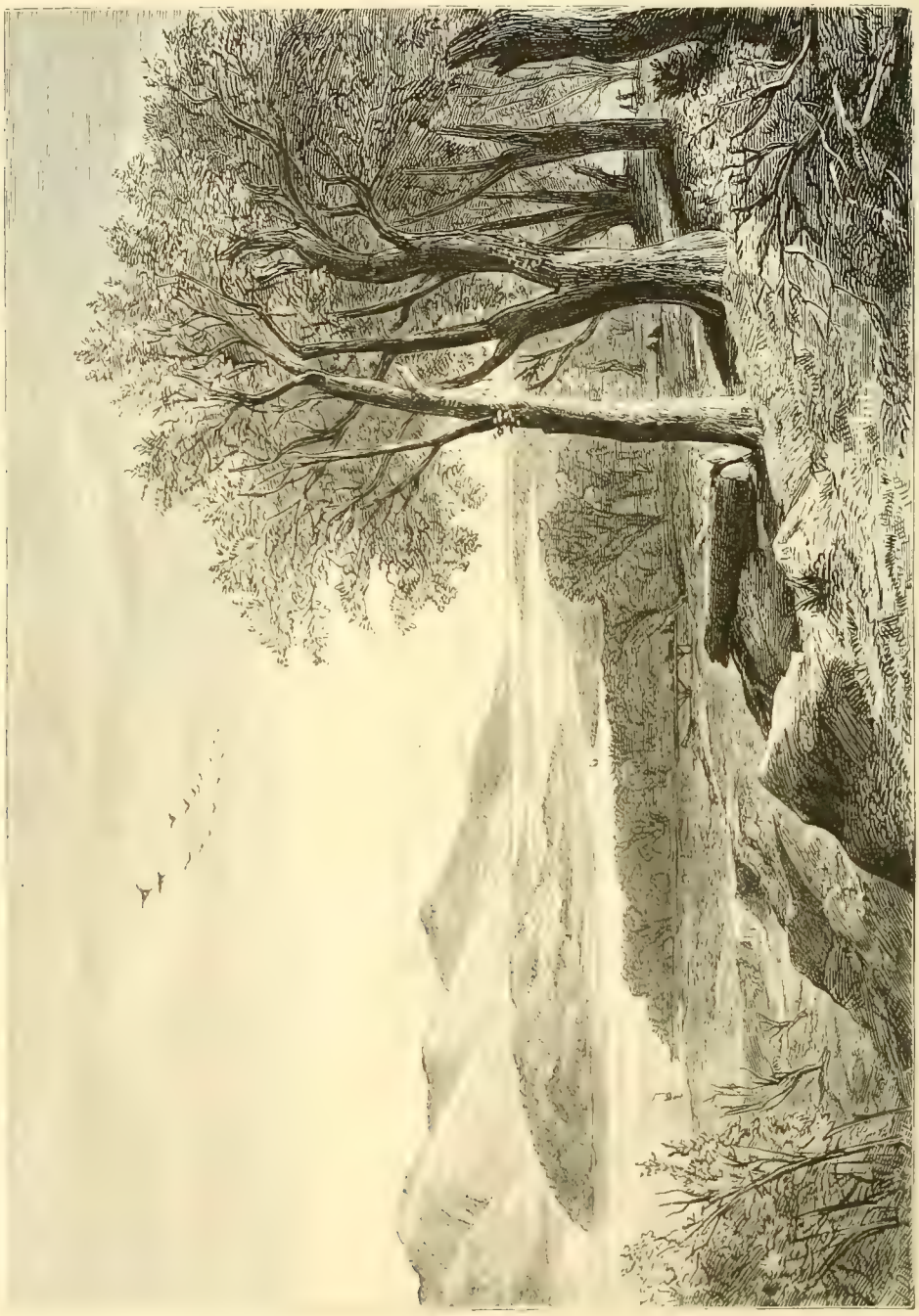
The Water-carriers of Venice.

and invidiously thrown into shadow that every Frenchman beholding it came away convinced that the martyr President was a man of color. True, too, that though not without eccentricity, Mr. Hunt is an artist of ability. But the Bostonians, epical and self-contained, rarely divulged themselves in art to the outer world. Mr. Hunt could send his Lincoln to Paris, but he sent nothing to the Philadelphia exhibitions, and very seldom displayed his work in New York. Boston landscape, Boston marine, Boston figure-painting, were an Isis-mystery, probably intensely enjoyed by the civic mind, but veiled from all the world outside. Of late, a little corner of this Isis-curtain has been lifted. It is known that every Bostonian lately bought, and hung up in his sanctum sanctorum, a specimen from the auction-sale of young Mr. Longfellow's landscapes—the poet's son. It is known that Boston has a Millet. Of course. France has a Millet —or had—the painter of peasant-groups, so original, so racy of the soil, so grimy, so similar to a chapter of Thoreau. England, too, has a Millais, pronounced just like the French, and equally the favorite of a certain inmost circle of the elect. These postulates being given, it was obvious that Boston must in the course of time, and that as soon as possible, have a Millet too. She has got one now, and nothing remains to complete her ambition. Young Millet is a growing sapling, as yet in the developing stage, but, without joking, a young man of very decided promise. He sent to the National Academy Exhibition of 1876, a portrait of a lad, very frank, boyish, direct, and painted with engaging simplicity and robustness. We very decidedly like his *gondellied* in colors, entitled "In the Bay of Naples," and copied by us on page 28 from the original in the Centennial show. Who that has ever taken that primitive, antique sail from Naples to Capri in the old market-boat, would not warm to the picture of it, especially when executed with such freshness and wit? It is like a revived missing chapter from Pliny the Naturalist; behind our backs are the phenomena of that great volcano which cost the erudite Roman his life; before us the two-peaked outline of Capri lifting from the blue, and around us the peasant-life which has scarcely changed since the days of the ancients. Four of the mariners in this picture wear the Phrygian cap that Ulysses wore. They roll their arms and legs into the softest convolutions of the *dolce far niente*. They play with the handsome Anacapri girl on the seat that eternal game of dalliance and love which is never old. The bare-backed boys, opening

and shutting their fingers like flashes of tawny lighting, play the immortal game of *Morra* which the Hebrew slaves played beneath the pyramids. So drifting and floating, and letting the wind take care of the dirty old sail, they sit with their feet in a bed of fish, and execute that delicious Capri-transit—the most luxurious bit of vagabondage, set in the loveliest scenery, that even Italian life affords.

And now that enchanter word "Italian"—most alluring and spell-containing adjective in the language—has got so fast hold of us that we must fain leave the Boston corner of American art-development, which we had set about to elucidate, and sail across forthwith to San Giorgio, at Venice. One word in parenthesis, however, before we have utterly lost our train of thought, for another Boston artist, the younger Champney. Two Bostonians, both Champneys, enlivened the American colony in France eight years or so ago—Benjamin, the elder, an old-fashioned landscape-painter, with a soul and heart eternally young, and a slim youth, J. W. Champney, who in those days lived in a very small and very lofty room in the Rue du Dauphin, and carried up his own milk in the morning for a home-made breakfast. Those days of student-liberty and independent fortune-fighting are over now, and as "Champ," the young art-adventurer is famous. His illustrations to Mr. King's work on "The Great South," and his charming Centennial American sketches in a French journal, have won him admirers in America, England and France, and procured him compliments in more than one language. He contributes to the Exhibition, among other things, "Your Good Health!", engraved on page 8. It is one of the small, single-figure subjects which Meissonier brought into vogue. A cordial old bachelor, who has seen life, and who wears the full-bottom wig and gaiters of the last century, is just lifting the glass filled from the tall champagne-bottle before him; a smile breaks on his mouth as the bead breaks on the rim. "Champ" has caught the freshness, the urbanity, the hospitality of his type' "and that," as Nym says, "is the humor of it." With which short digression from the Mediterranean, made in the interest of the modern Athens, we revert to the enchanted lands, and find ourselves basking on the sunset gold of the Adriatic, and gazing at Gifford's "San Giorgio." This church, we may recollect, built when Venice was attempting to reconstruct the Athenian orders of architecture with more good-will than knowledge, has been contemptuously ridiculed

by Ruskin, because the architect, in his intellectual vacancy, put a hole in the pediment where Phidias would have put a grand statue. The building, in faith,



Lake George.

would never attract notice from its classical perfection, if left to honest competition with other edifices; but in Venice its situation, with the broad mouth

of the Giudecca to isolate it, makes it one of the most conspicuous buildings

The Death of General Wolfe.

you can see. You paddle across in a gondola to where it lies, separated from the bulk of Venice by a breadth of rippled water, which has been reflecting

the triangular pediment of San Giorgio before your eyes ever since you disembarked at the Hotel Danieli; and as you unload at the flat steps of the basilica, and proceed inside to see the famous Tintoretto, you feel that this formal church, peaked out of the water like Teneriffe, is one of the character-features of Venice, as ill to be spared as the nose on the face. Mr. Gifford has chosen the sunset-view, when the water around the lonely temple shines like chiseled gold. Has he hit the true color of sunset? We are not sure. We recollect, when the picture was first exhibited in New York, walking past it with a young French artist, fresh from the atelier of Gérôme. He asked the author's name of "that 'omelette' yonder," and remarked that sunsets were not bad things in art when they were not "false in tone as the dickens." "Dickens," as every reader may not know, is *diable* in French. We defended the picture, but the disrespect of the careless young intruder has clung to the work in our mind ever since. If the stricture did happen to possess one grain of justice, then our engraving, which is one of Mr. Hinshelwood's most luminous, liquid successes, is a better art-work than its original—a fact which it would be gratifying enough to believe.

The mention of Sanford Gifford's Venetian subject introduces to our thoughts the graceful group of Venetian "Water-carriers," painted by a foreign artist, Wulffaert, whose Belgian birth is suggested by his name, and engraved for our readers on page 49. The supply of fresh water in the sea-city is none too abundant, and the custom is for householders to buy the indispensable crystal, like a gem of price, at the hands of water-carriers, who bear it in large kettles through the town. These water-porters are young girls, and form a race apart. Robust, brown, graceful, and dressed in a traditional costume, they are among the most picturesque inhabitants of Venice, and, when they happen to be fair in face, recall the women of Veronese, with their full persons and liquid, serious, animal eyes. Herr Wulffaert gives us a cluster, as seen any morning at one of the large wells in the public squares of Venice. In the background rises the vast brick bell-tower of St. Mark's, and around the cistern are collected the handsome girls whose ready hands assuage a city's thirst. One lowers her bucket by its cord into the well-shaft; another empties the flashing fluid, like a fountain of gems, from one vessel into another; the youngest, a pretty little creature, watches the doves, which are publicly fed every

day at noon in front of St. Mark's, and which sometimes fly to other public squares for variety of diet or for a sip of that fresh water which is rather hard of attainment for them, and for which they are often indebted to the indulgence of these good-natured water-bearing girls. The picture, besides being true to nature and without any flattering idealization, is peculiarly graceful in its grouping and the character of its personages.

At the Academy of Venice, and under the eye of resident Venetian sculptors, Miss Blanche Nevin, the authoress of "Cinderella" (page 16), received her best technical education. This artist is a sister of the Rev. Dr. Nevin, whose exertions in building a handsome church for American Protestants in the very heart of Rome were so creditable, and so quickly successful upon the triumph of the present government over the temporal power of the Pope. The lady is still quite young, but several of her figures in marble have been successful, as witness her "Maud Muller," and a subject owned by Mrs. Stephens, the society queen. "Cinderella" sits with an air of discouragement among the ashes, in pose as if the Dying Gladiator had shrunk back into infancy and femininity. Dreams of the splendors and delights into which her luckier sisters have been admitted occupy her little head, while her own future seems as dry and cheerless as the faded embers. Cheer up, small Marchioness! In a moment the fairy godmother will appear, and you will escape from your marble and be a belle, and your tiny Parian foot shall be shod in glass, and the pumpkin shall roll with you and the rats shall gallop with you, and the Prince shall kiss your little mouth into warmth and color. The creator of this engaging figure, who some two years back de-Latinized herself and exchanged the shores of Latium for the streets of Philadelphia, is one of the most promising of the rising school of lady sculptors.

Miss Nevin finished her "Maud Muller" in the atelier of another Philadelphia artist, the well-known and highly-successful Joseph A. Bailly, whose "Aurora" we copy on page 6. Mr. Bailly exhibits, besides this ideal figure, which rises so white and mist-like in the middle ot the great American gallery of paintings in Memorial Hall, a portrait work of ponderous importance, the likeness of President Blanco, of Venezuela, recently set up in bronze at Caracas. Mr. Bailly, as a young Paris revolutionist exiled by the events of 1848, went over to England, where he wrought for awhile in the studio of his namesake,

Edward Hodges Bailly, author of "Eve at the Fountain." Coming to this country, he attracted immediate attention by the skill with which he could carve

and "undercut" the most intricate designs, and gradually rose to success as a sculptor of portrait and classical subjects. From the corner of Sixth and Chest-

F. Feyen-Perrin, Pinx. Melancholy.

nut streets, in this city, three of Mr. Bailly's works may be seen at once—the Washington in front of Independence Hall, the Franklin on the corner of the

Ledger building, and the fine horses supporting the escutcheon on the Sixth street facade of the same edifice. The technical ability of this prolific artist is especially shown in all that relates to the mechanical portion of his art. His modeling in the clay of ponderous and elaborate subjects, with assured touch and upon a well-calculated skeleton or frame, is so quick and imperative as to seem like magic to less skilled practitioners. His labors for the republic of Venezuela consisted in the colossal equestrian figure now exhibited, and a standing statue of still larger scale. The standing figure was modeled, and the equestrian one twice repeated, in the space of four months, to be in readiness for a special anniversary. It is not likely that any other artist in the country would have accepted and fulfilled the commission for such a piece of time-work. The "Aurora," likewise, is a piece of magic; the equilibrium of the figure, whose feet are folded far above the ground, and who rises just over the trailing folds of a vail which merely sweeps the earth, is a powerful stimulant of our wonder. To have made such a device in bronze would be easy; but to carve it out of marble, when a false blow of the hammer would lay the beautiful image low at once, seems more than human skill could accomplish. Then the transporting of the critically-balanced figure in safety was a remarkable event, only to be brought about by a mechanical genius as conspicuous as the artistic. But Mr. Bailly has passed through the apprenticeship of every art that mechanics includes; and his marble vails and flowers and figure, light and perfect as a blossom on the stem, have successfully removed—half standing, half overhanging—from the studio to the destined position in the far-away Park edifice. The image is like a crystallized mist from daybreak: "Aurora," only half disengaged from the Night, whose vail sweeps lingeringly from her forehead to the ground, holds and scatters upon the earth those blossoms whose petals are opened by the winds of morning, and whose blushes are copied from the blushes of the dawn. Such an evanescent idea ought to be sculptured in mist; but Mr. Bailly is able to give a mist-like tenuity to marble.

An instructive comparison of the overcoming the technical difficulties of sculpture may be made by looking first at Mr. Bailly's lightly-poised figure, and then at some of the sculptures which Italy has sent over with a lavish hand to the Centennial Exhibition. However these statues may disappoint the lovers of classicality and repose, there is no question that in overcoming the stub-

bornness of material, they teach many a valuable lesson to our chiselers. We would indicate, as special examples of the triumph over this kind of difficulty, the hair in Caroni's "Africaine" (page 40), and the dressing-robe in the same artist's "Telegram of Love" (page 32). These works, though completely dissevered from the Greek theory of sculpture, have a rich, pictorial, and as it were, colored quality of their own which justifies the theory on which they are carved. If the success in representing texture were attained by an uncommon and worthless degree of mere *finish*, it would not be commendable; but examination will convince us that it is not the difficulty or the patience, but the live flash and expressiveness of the touch that gives the effect. The flowered silk of the dressing-gown in "The Telegram" gives no evidence of excessive difficulty overcome: it is its felicitous invention which strikes us. The heavy crisped tresses of the "Africaine" are no more closely *finished* than the smoothest locks and bands of hair sculptured by Chantrey or Westmacott; but the sculptor, putting a brain into his chisel, has set it to thinking, and invented for his woolly convolutions a glancing, sketchy touch as expressive as the brushing of Reynolds on canvas. The Italian cleverness, as a mechanical and inventive development of resources, is well worth studying. Signor Caroni has chosen subjects well adapted to show off his rich and glittering style. In the "Africaine" we have the heroine of Meyerbeer's opera, the black Afric queen whose dusky soul was illumined with the light of tenderness at the visit of Vasco de Gama. For these primitive intelligences love is the apple of knowledge; when it is once bitten, the nature is changed, the Eden is spoiled, the contentment is lost, and the whole soul is thrown into the passion of desire, for bliss or for despair. In Signor Caroni's picturesque work we have the uncultured queen tortured by the pangs of a bootless passion, her supple body thrown broodingly beside the couch where her hero dreams of another, and watching with jealous eyes the lips that murmur of her rival. In his "Telegram of Love" we are amused with a lighter and more hopeful subject: this radiant maiden, who confides to the neck of her dove the fluttering message which will lead to a rendezvous or an answer, is tortured by no doubt, crushed by no despondency. We can imagine the haste and tumult of her telegraphy, a tumult indicated by her alert, moving figure; we can see the hurry with which she has sprung from her morning dreams, the hair hastily knotted, the *peignoir*

Moonlight on the Lagoons, Venice.

W. Q. Orchardson, Pinx.

quickly thrown on, and the bird briskly dismissed from the cottage steps, with a last loving, brooding bend of the head over its faithful wings. For so large

a statue this figure has an astonishing lightness and bewitchment. The stooping posture is a bold, daring contradiction of the rules arranged by the martinets of art. It is all grace, spontaneity, sweetness, and pastoral charm. Its technical

J. C. Forbes, Pinx. *J. Rea, Eng.*

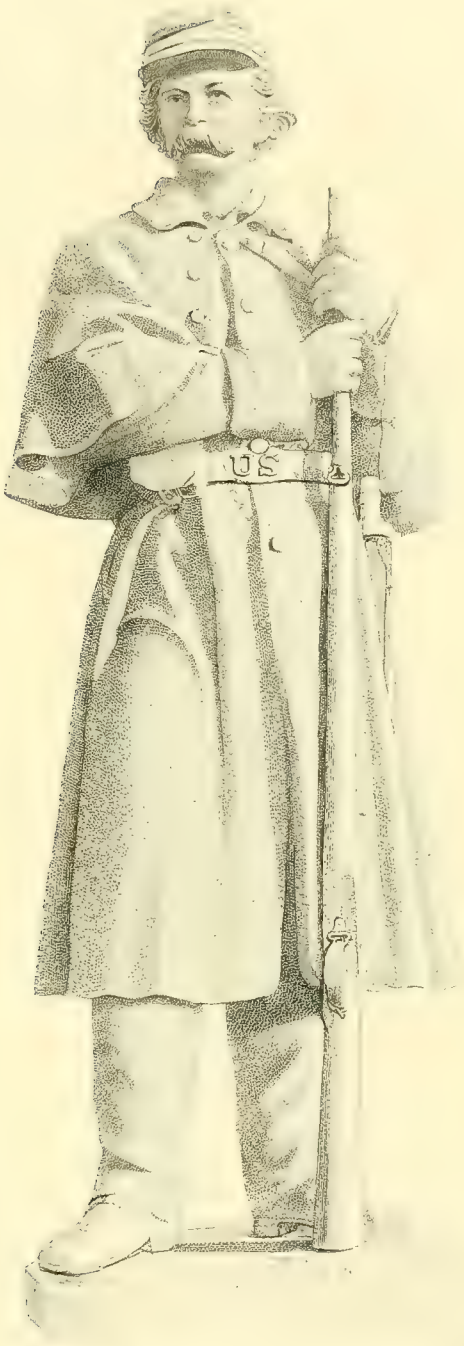
Beware!

merits disappear under the gracious elegance of the conception. From "The Telegram" to Selika, the "Africaine," there is a gulf of transition, but the maid of "The Telegram," lovely as she is, is eclipsed by the strange tropical inten-

sity of the "Selika." Equal in the technical part of the carver's art, there is no comparison in the lofty scope of the subject.

A *replica*, reduced in size, represents in this gallery the celebrated "Reading Girl" of Pietro Magni, of Milan. This work, which was one of the charms of the London Exhibition of 1862 (see page xlv of our "Historical Introduction"), loses little by being accommodated to a more portable scale. It is seen in the Annex, close to the exquisite figure of a girl nursing a sick kitten, by Vela, the famous sculptor of "Napoleon Dying." Not unfit to stand beside these delicate renderings of child-sentiment is "The Little Samaritan" (page 24), a marble poem by one of our American sculptors, J. S. Hartley. We have here a pretty maid of ten years, who, carrying the drink of the harvesters through the sunny field, has tempted a bird to taste it, as she stands silent and curiously watchful, with the cup in her extended hand. Is it water pure? Is it something stronger, such as harvesters love to taste behind the hedge? We do not know. The bird, shaking its wise, saucy little head with an air of doubt on the rim of the cup, shall decide for us. But of all the skillful representations of child-feeling in marble, in which the present Exhibition is so remarkably rich, it is probable that "The Forced Prayer" (page 48), by Pietro Guarnerio of Milan, bears off the votes of the greatest number of spectators. It is an epigram in sculpture, and it is epigrammatic sculpture carried to the limits of the permissible. This telling little figure has received a medal. It is easier to understand the subject from our spirited engraving than to construct it in the mind from a description. The handsome little rebel is standing in his shirt, sleepy and ready for bed, but denied the blessings of repose until the customary paternoster is gone through with. Conscious that there will be no rest for him until the ordeal is over, he begins to mumble the holy words with frankest hatred, throwing himself into the prescribed attitude of supplication like a trick-dog into his positions, with a skill derived from long practice rather than from feeling, while the implied devotion of the routine is belied by every line of his face, and from his piously lowered eye escapes the tear of temper and not of contrition. Of half-a-score varied works by Signor Guarnerio, this one probably has the most friends.

These exquisite trifles seem, however, but *bijoux*, and their manufacture but *bijouterie* or jewelers' work, in comparison with the ponderous "Antietam



THE AMERICAN SOLDIER

Soldier," in granite, of which we give a steel engraving. Like the nation he defends, this colossus is in the bloom of youth, and like it he is hard and firm though alert. What art has succeeded in making this monster out of granite? He is twenty-one feet six inches in height. What sempster, working with needles of thrice-hardened steel, has draped him in those folds of adamant, that hang ten feet or farther from his inflexible loins? The sculptors of ancient Egypt, who had their colossi in granite also, worked for years with their bronze points and their corundum-dust to achieve their enormous figures, while the makers of this titanic image, availing themselves of the appliances of American skill, have needed but a few months to change the shapeless mass of stone into an idea. Something rocky, rude and large-grained is obvious still in this stalwart American; his head, with its masculine chin and moustache of barbaric proportions, is rather like the Vatican "Dacian" than like the Vatican "Genius." But, whatever may be thought of the artistic delicacy of the model, Mr. Conrads' "Soldier" presents the image of a sentinel not to be trifled with, as he leans with both hands clasped around his gun-barrel, the cape of his overcoat thrown back to free his arm, and the sharp bayonet thrust into its sheath at his belt. Rabelais' hero, Pantagruel, whose opponents were giants in armor of granite, would have recoiled before our colossus of Antietam, because his heart is of granite too.

The American heroes who have really succeeded in conquering the stubbornness of this mossy stone, and making it bend before them into the desired shape by the power of ingenious machinery, are the New England Granite Company, of Hartford. Before their wonderful ingenuity the rock seems to lose its obstinacy; and, furnish them but an artistic model, they will translate its delicacy into the most imperishable stone.

What Mr. Conrads gives us in granite, Mr. George W. Maynard gives us —page 29, "1776"—on canvas. It is the same inflexibility, the same courage, the same mature will in stripling body; only in Maynard's revolutionary hero these qualities are aggressive, while in Conrads' defender of the Union they are conservative. The figure in Mr. Maynard's "1776" is one of the "embattled farmers," a homespun patriot, bearing the standard that represented our Union before we had a flag—the pine-tree banner of Massachusetts, used as a device in the first battles of the Revolution, before the stars and stripes

were invented. In his other hand he grasps the ancient musket—perhaps the very

"Old queen's arm, that Gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord—busted."

On the wall behind him is seen a placard, with fragments of the date, '76, and of the words "Union" and "Independence." This manly figure, in the picturesque "Continental" uniform, so rich in angles, gables, lappels, and *revers*, who crosses his gun-barrel over the standard he will only yield with his life, looks as sacred as a crusader. In his face of grief and valor we see the rankling wrong, the pressure of fate, that were the birth-throes of our nation. It is a face fit for a philosopher, transformed by events into that of a warrior.

J. Gibson, Sc.

Venus.

And this observation leads us to interject the question whether any country ever yet begot a national type of face apparently able to do so much thinking and philosophizing as the American when at its best. The problem is whether the world yields an amount of thinking sufficient to equip the deep, brain-worn visages we see in all our national pictures, or in real life in the business streets of our cities. There is nothing else like them in the world. Compared with the American soldier's face, as defined from the testimony of all our artists and the very photographs of our officers, the faces of soldiers over the rest of the world are those of undeveloped intelligences; the Greek contestants of the Parthenon frieze are but large babies; the English soldiers of

H. Powers, Dusseldorf. Lith.

The Duet in the Smithy.

Hogarth's "March to Finchley" are good-natured, immature, beef-eating lads; the French soldiers of Vernet are dried out of all individuality—a tinder-box and a spark—a lean cheek and a glowing eye—food for powder, and then nothingness. But our ordinary American phiz has a look of capability, of knowingness, and when handsome of intellectual majesty, that it would take a vast deal of actual achievement to justify us in wearing. It is walking about under false colors to adopt such faces unless we are really the philosophers, tacticians and diplomats of the age!

Turn we to George Becker, of Paris, whose "Rizpah" is probably the most impressive picture in the Exhibition. One fancies this work to emerge from some gloomy studio, whose tenant is aged, tall, morose, and poetical. On the contrary, little George Becker is one of the least terrific and most likable of dwarfish youths, a mild butt for the raillery of his taller chums among the pupils of Gérôme. Amid the paint-shops and costume-markets of the Latin Quarter is to be seen often a small fresh-faced figure, with a good aquiline profile overshadowed by an immensely tall and glossy hat; in the hand an artist's box of colors, which is of a size almost to drag upon the ground, and which conceals a large proportion of the person of the walker, as he spreads his short compasses to their utmost distention in getting briskly over the ground. It is Becker. "Come back with your color-box or in it," says the studio friend from whom he parts, alluding to the Spartan and his shield. He takes all jests with a quiet, good-natured smile, and goes home to paint tragedy. We recollect walking with him to the funeral of the painter Ingres, and the difficulty of keeping "down" with him, as he stepped with mincing tread among the mourners. It was snowing, and he asked a group who paused on the pavement near the church, "Shall we not seek a porte-cochère?"—while the attendants, opining that the flakes would have uncommon difficulty in finding *him* out, laughed at his anxiety even among the solemnities of the occasion. Such is the pleasant little lad, always mild, neat and conciliating, who goes into his studio, seizes his enormous brushes, and turns out for us the almost Michael-Angelesque composition of "Rizpah." Ah! in the presence of so impressive a work we scarcely think of the physical means by which it was created. We think of the idea alone, the terrible ordeal of constancy and maternity. Our engraving on page 33 gives a vivid conception of Mr. Becker's

subject, though the imagination has to expand the cut to the size of nature, on which scale the original is painted, to get the full vigor of the tragedy.

The seven sons of Saul, whom David delivered to the Gibeonites to be hanged to avert the famine, are seen suspended from a lofty gibbet, in the evening of a stormy day. It is the commencement of their exposure, "the beginning of the harvest," and Rizpah has just initiated her gloomy watch against the eagles, which come sailing toward the corpses from afar. Over her head hang the fair young bodies of her sons, Armoni and Mephibosheth, and the rest. She is a strong Jewish heroine, a worthy mate for the giant Saul, and her posture while she fights the mighty bird with her club is statuesque and grand. As she throws up one massive arm as a fence between the aggressor and her dead, and looks into the eagle's eye with a glance in which grief is temporarily merged in horror and repulsion, we seem to hear the hoarse, desolate cry which escapes from her parched mouth to scare the famished creature from his prey. The attitudes of the dead youths are supine, with a languid and oriental grace even in death, and the curled Assyrian beards of the older ones contrast with the pitiful boyishness of the rest, while the whole row of princes, tender, elegant and helpless, forms the strongest contradiction to the direct, rigid, and as it were virile force of the woman. Another painter might have chosen the misery, the desolation of Rizpah's vigil for his theme. But this artist sees, in the whole long tragedy, the peculiar feature that it was *effective.* Rizpah *succeeded* in defending the relics of her family; the incessant watch, by night as well as by day, from the beginning of barley harvest until the rainy season, was grand because it was unrelaxed and vigilant. Mr. Becker therefore, by sinking the mother's grief in her fierceness and energy, has developed the real sentimental force of the situation; any quiet treatment would have lost it. He has delineated for us the first grand example in history of maternal devotion, the Mater Dolorosa of the Old Testament, in lines and colors that leave an unfading impression.

A painting that commemorated a most touching incident, while it formed on its production an epoch in historical painting, is West's "Death of Wolfe." Many spectators may have neglected this picture for more showy rivals. Darkened, overshadowed and of no great size, it makes small effect among the fresh and garish productions of the British School, where it is hung. Benjamin West,

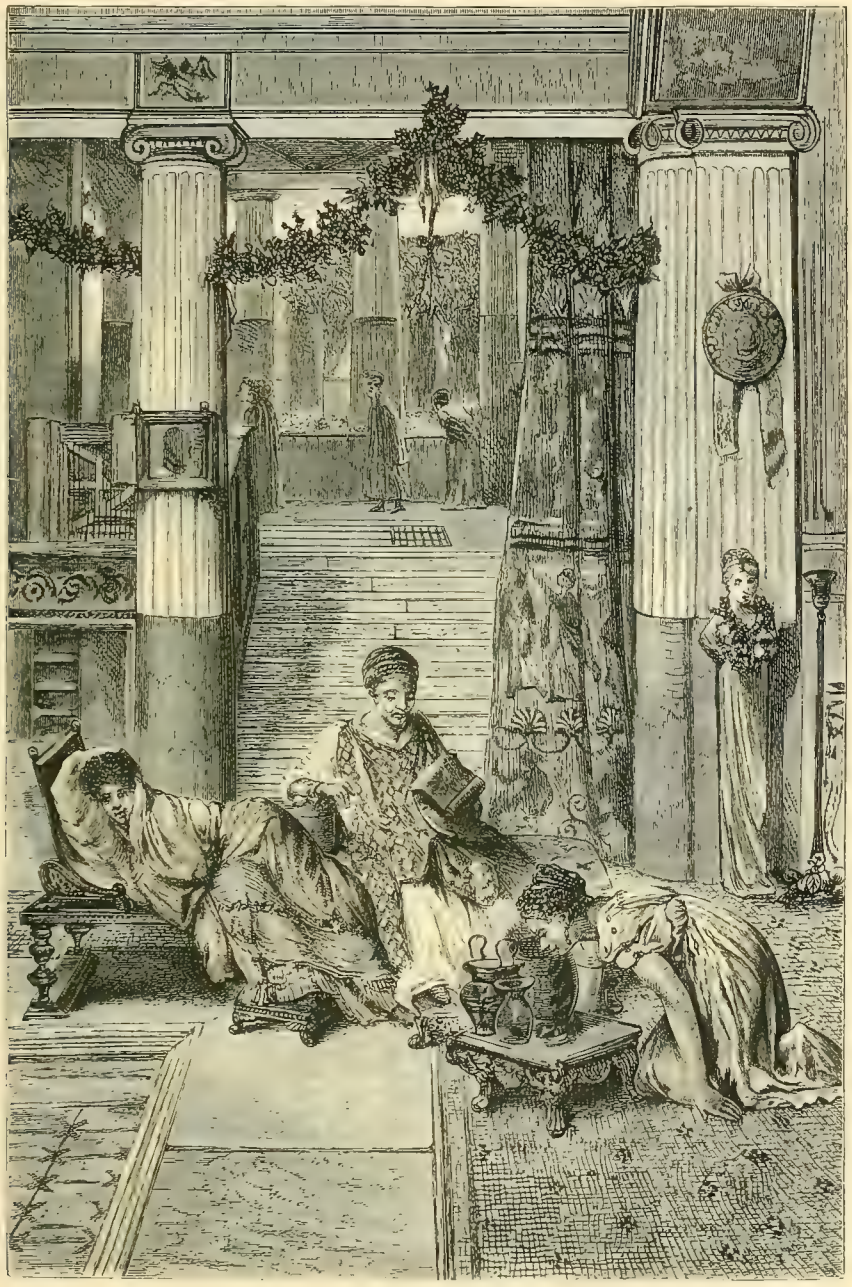
when he painted it, was at the height of his friendly rivalry with Reynolds. Reynolds was inaccessible in portrait, but in history West was able to read a lesson to Reynolds. Dunlap, in his "History of the Arts of Design," tells the

G. A. Storey, Fecit

Mistress Dorothy.

incident which made this picture a milestone in art-development. Up to this period, the exceedingly feeble efforts of England in "high art" had leaned entirely to the classical: the statues of her warriors had been draped as Romans or

Greeks, and the few battle-pictures that had been produced were treated in a half-symbolic or representative manner, with a pseudo-classical endeavor to



Alma Tadema Pinx

The Convalescent.

make their heroes look like the heroes of Plutarch and Xenophon. A modern musket, a modern cap, the uniform of the day, was considered "low art," and

left to caricaturists like Hogarth. In the height of this false classicality of the "Augustan age," West ventured to represent one of England's best-loved heroes, a young and intellectual enthusiast excessively dear to the nation's heart, falling exactly as he fell on the heights near Quebec, with the surroundings and equipments treated as nearly as possible in literal fidelity. It was an innovation, meant for what we now call realism. Reynolds was alarmed; Fuseli was alarmed; the amiable and genial President of the Royal Academy, who would have been delighted with the vigor of West's sketch if only he had clothed his hero in a helmet and cuirass, dissuaded him for a whole hour from introducing the novelty. When he went away he exclaimed that West, if the thing "took," was revolutionizing the art of England. The good sense of the nation went over to the side of the sensible painter, and this picture, to us so dark and dim, was the radiant success and sensation of the day. But for West's intelligence, it is hard to tell how much longer the absurd and hollow classicality of the period would have lasted; we might have had for an indefinitely longer term red-faced Englishmen draped as Grecian heroes in hundreds of pictures, and English verses attempting the false antique in dramas like Johnson's "Irene." In France, as we know, the Roman taste endured in art to a considerably later date. When David wished to represent the wives and mothers of France correcting the discords between the Girondists and the Jacobins, he painted Romulus and Tatius reconciled by the women of the Sabines; and Guérin, desiring to show the Emigrants of the Revolution returning to their bereaved homes, invented a "Marcus Sextus" to tell the story. But English art, set in the right path by West, was forever content, after the production of this picture, to leave the eloquence of facts to produce their natural effect; and accordingly, when our own great wars came to be recorded, a pupil of West—Trumbull—was empowered by a wise education to represent them as they happened, and in the strictest historic sense.

West's "Death of Wolfe," of which we present a copy on page 53, is a touching and solemn composition. On the ground, near the crest of Abraham's Heights, the young hero is dying in the arms of his friends, at the moment of victory. The defences of Quebec are taken, Montcalm's forces are in full retreat, and the chain of French strongholds will not much longer bar the advance of Anglo-Saxon civilization across the American wilderness. But

this consciousness is only just dawning on the expiring hero. It is the thick of the battle. As young Wolfe sinks down with his death-wound, with the issue still uncertain around him, an officer cries, "They fly! I protest they fly!" "*Who* fly?" asks Wolfe with terrible anxiety, through the death-rattle. "*The French,*" is the reply, and the young chieftain, raising his eyes to heaven as West has drawn him, gasps out, "Then I die happy!" and expires. Around him kneel the English captains bare-headed; the brave young colonists, our forefathers, who supplied the flower of the British forces, in fringed leggings and moccasins are looking wistfully on; one of them has just run up with the news of the French retreat; and, pointing to the captured flag, with its Bourbon lilies, this American rustic gives Wolfe the news of his success—a form of apprisal that we somehow like better than if it had come from lips stranger to the soil. More completely indigenous, a red-skin brave, one of the few whom British diplomacy was able to win from the wily blandishments of the French, sadly crouches on the ground to count the last breaths of the expiring martyr. Wolfe's figure is young, slender and aristocratic; the pale, upturned face is such an one as might well belong to the literary hero who beguiled the journey of the night attack a few hours before by reciting Gray's "Elegy," with the remark that he would rather have written that perfect requiem than take Quebec. This charming saying, so full of college-boy enthusiasm, gives reality to the character of Wolfe in our minds; the measures of the stately Elegy close around him for his own proper epitaph and consecration, and throb, as a dead march, among the bowed military figures whom West groups in his picture.

The epoch (as defined by costume) of the bewitching "Mistress Dorothy" (page 68) is that of the "Death of Wolfe." We are again at the period, so big with changes for the face of the world, when England covered herself with victory, and made herself the dictator of Europe, to be brought up with a sudden check as soon as she tried to extend her conquests to the Western hemisphere. Yes, here is the costume that Gainsborough and Northcote and Romney immortalized; but from the scene of the dying Wolfe and scattering French, what a transition! It is like changing our reading from Marlborough's Dispatches to the beautiful make-believe antique English of Thackeray's "Esmond." The epoch, the period, is there, but we shift from grim work to

play. "Mistress Dorothy" is a lovely, simple English girl, of the time when Anglo-Saxon simplicity was real simplicity, uncontaminated with superficial science and French novels. This round-faced maid, who sits waiting for her palfrey to be brought meanwhile drawing on a pair of gloves that Jugla and Alexandre would declare to be of frightfully bad cut, possesses a mind healthfully vacant of "Consuelo" and "The Princess." She knows the affairs of the buttery, doubtless, and every day counts the eggs of her father the Squire's poultry-yard. The crystal pellucidity of her eyes has never been crossed by ugly shadows of skepticism and speculation. Doubtless she has sins of her own to account for, and to ask expiation from, as she humbly kneels at her dimity pillow by night; but the sins of the bluff Hanoverian period have a certain innocence about them; one can see that the heroines of Miss Burney's novels have never let their teeth quite meet in the apple of knowledge. Now-a-days we should have to dive very deep into the country wilderness to meet such a gem of simplicity. Ah! we travel a thousand miles for a wife, and think nothing of it; if we could defeat time as easily as space, and plunge into distant epochs

The Bather.

R. Lehman, Pinx.

La Rota—the Foundling Hospital at Rome.

for our mates, what a hurry-scurry there would be to get the first choice! Swinburne the poet would make for Cleopatra; Faust the printer would call for Helen of Troy; Longfellow would pursue his Evangeline, and Tennyson a protracted "Dream" of fair women, while we for our part should be contented with the dewy rustic buxomness of "Mistress Dorothy." For this sane and beautiful creation we have to thank Mr. George A. Storey, a talented London artist who has not received the honor of an election to the Academy, but who in this picture and in another entitled "Only a Rabbit" displays qualities that make the highest honors seem not inappropriate.

A really exalted sentiment of rural tranquillity is poured over Mr. Bellows's scene entitled "Sunday in Devonshire" (page 44). It is the vibration of the church-going bell expressed in landscape-painting. We seem to see and breathe a different atmosphere from the work-a-day air as we mingle with these smock-frocked peasants on their way from church, appearing to have just received the blessing of Sir Roger de Coverley. Mr. Bellows is a young American painter who has passed much time in England, and whose works, both in oil and water-color, take an inspiration from English art rather than from that of the Continent. The spirit of English landscape, too, whose nutty honest flavor he seizes so perfectly, is a boon he has secured from a residence in the tight little island. It is not for him to soar into Colorado scenery or wrestle with the Yo Semite. The stage he loves is set with snug and crisp trees and happy cottages; sometimes he is familiar, and gives a kitchen-garden comedy for the benefit of Gaffer and Gammer; but when he is at his best, as in the present example, the limpid, translucent touches of his pencil transfer the very sentiment of "an English home," with the security, the hereditary calm, the

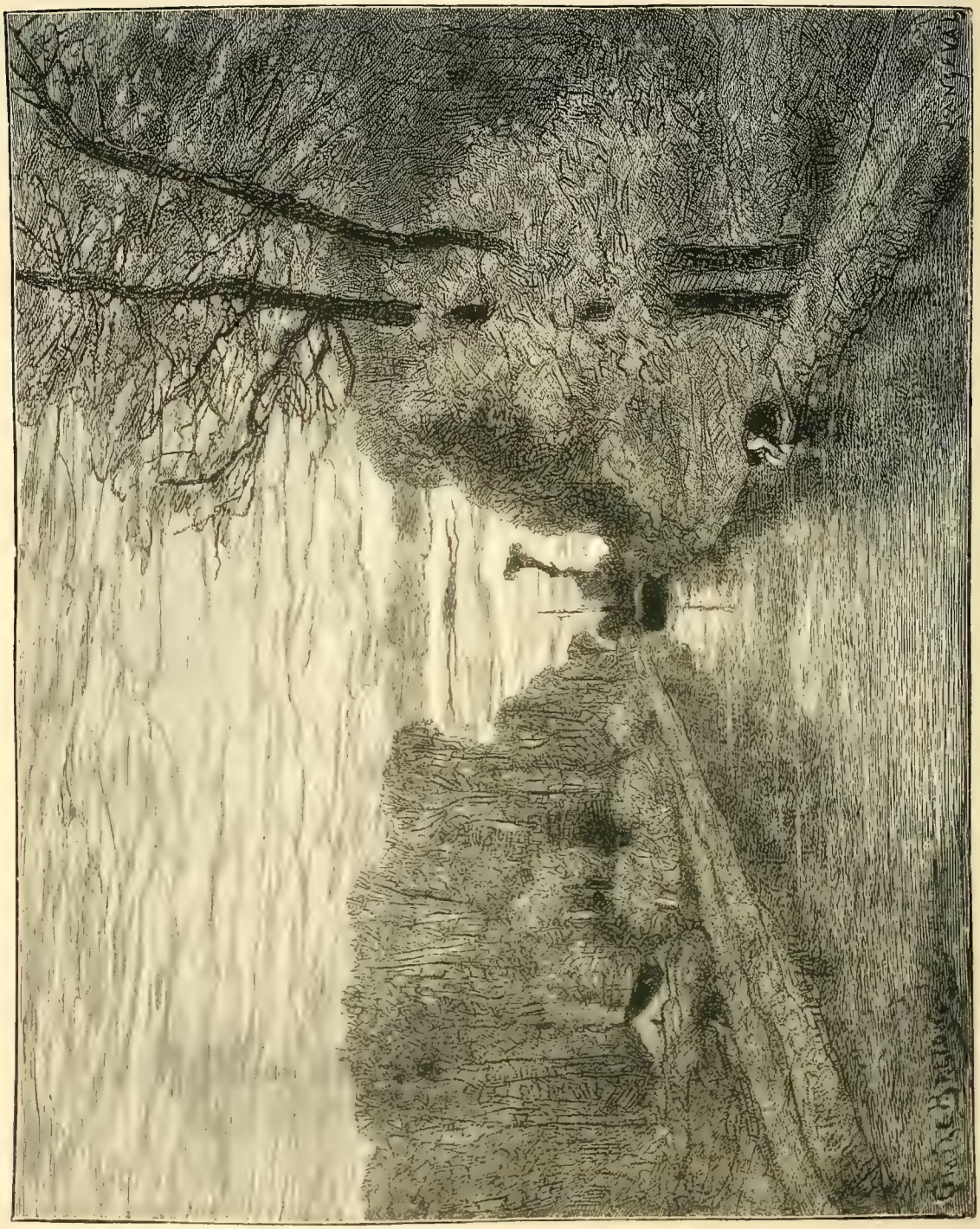
> "Dewy landscape, dewy trees,
> Softer than sleep; all things in order stored,
> A haunt of ancient Peace."

We have already described and illustrated the wondrous archæology of Mr. Alma Tadema; but we are sure our readers will readily forgive us for recurring to a painter of such marked originality. On page 69 we present an engraving of his gem-like picture entitled "The Convalescent." The original is not large, and reminds us strangely of some mosaic just dug up from

Pompeii—as highly finished as the celebrated "Pliny's Doves," and as dramatic as the "Choragus instructing his Actors." We are transported, by the magic art of this wizard painter, into the times of the later emperors, when *rococo* had completely usurped the simplicity and ponderousness of early Roman taste, when the arts of conquered Greece had rendered the Italians finical without rendering them elegant, and when even the false Egyptian and false Hellenic of Adrian had been forgotten, and the grandiose had sunk into the trivial throughout all the mansions of Rome. The museums of Europe, the lavas of Herculaneum, and the fragmentary busts of the statue-galleries, have to be ransacked, for costumes, hints, habits and back-grounds, before such a group as "The Convalescent" can be constructed, so true to life in the first century. Amid the worst innovations of Pompeian taste—the bewigged toilets, the pillars painted part way up and merging into pilasters, the garments chequered with a confusion of colors, the household divinities made absurd with barber's-block frivolity—he places his group of the invalid dame and her attendants. He knows well that the imagination is more easily caught with the every-day litter and vulgar ugliness of a period of decline than with the frigid perfection of the more elegant epochs. The graceful figures of an Attic vase would touch us but slightly, and nothing would come of an effort to interest the mind with the Grecian couches and reclining nymphs of the classical period as the French restored them in the day of the Revolution. Our artist's persons are direct, real, ungraceful, and convincing. The noble dame lounges on her carved seat. Her hair is bunched up into a hideous mop, which gives her infinite satisfaction. Her accomplished slave has dipped her hand into the round box of parchments, and has extracted some of the light literature of the day—not that story in Virgil which made an empress faint, but the love-poems of Ovid or the graceful fancies of Catullus. A younger slave-woman kneels in the foreground over a tempting luncheon. It is homely and stately at once. It is parlor-life in the days when they talked Latin without making it a school-exercise, and perhaps, in some cool corner around the pillar, Pliny is writing one of his pleasant letters.

Christian resignation, which soothes the bed of sickness, and finds an answer even for the yawning challenge of the grave, is most poetically illustrated by the British artist F. Holl, in his two subjects contributed to the

Exhibition. One is entitled "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away;

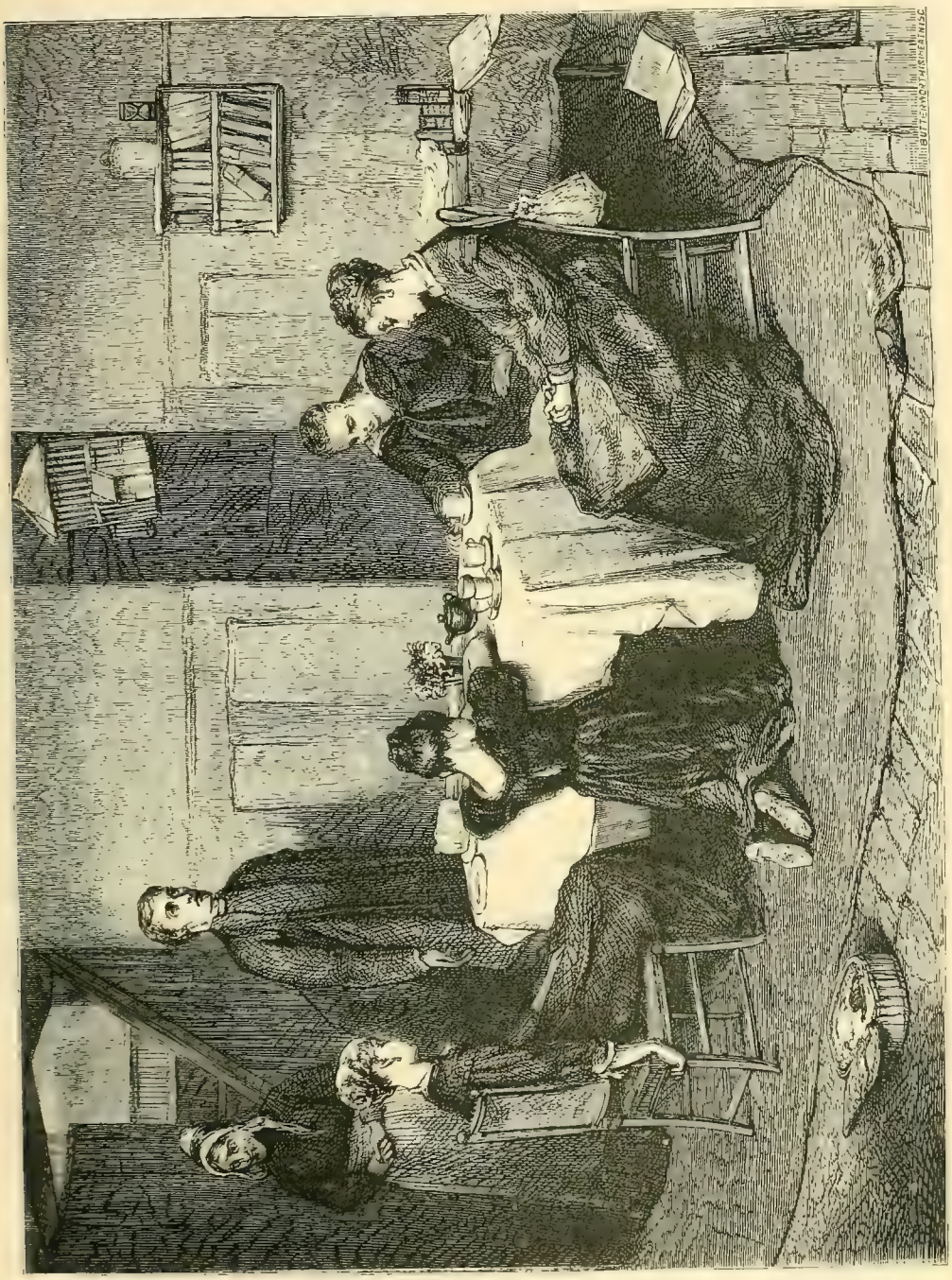


The Canal of Courrières.

Emile Breton, Paint.

blessed be the name of the Lord;" the other, "The Village Funeral: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'" The former, lent by its owner, F. C. Pawle,

Esq., forms the theme of our engraving on this page: it seems to attain the very acme of religious pathos. We share in the first meal which unites an



"The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

F. Holl, Pinx

humble family after some awful bereavement. The watchers who have taken their turns at the sick couch are released now—their faithful task is over; the

household whose regular ways have been overturned by the malady has come back to its wonted course again, and the pious nurses have no cares to prevent them from meeting at the board as of old. Is there anything more dreadful than that first meal after a funeral? The mockery of leisure and ease—the sorrowful, decorous regularity of the repast—the security from those hindrances and interruptions that so long have marred the order of the attendance—these improvements are here indeed, for what they are worth; but where is the tender hand that was wont to break the bread for the household?—where are the lips that used to breathe forth the humble grace before meat? It is the very emptiness of a once cheerful form—the bitterness of meat eaten with tears. The frugal board is neat and pleasant—

> "But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!"

In Mr. Holl's picture we see this ghastly, unnatural decorum of the table spread with funeral bakemeats: the wan woman beside it, whose hollow eyes and tear-worn cheeks tell of faithful watching for many a weary night, is neat with the miserable neatness of the funeral evening; the young brother in the back-ground is brushed and combed more than his wont, and his attitude has an unnatural restraint; the old woman behind is tender and sympathetic, beyond the customary usage and practice of that kind of old women. Death has come among them all like a leveling wind, reducing everything to the regularity of desolation. Out of this weary scene of frustration and lassitude arise the words of the sincere-looking, earnest young curate: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away;" he stands by the robbed fireside; he joins the family-circle whose most precious link is gone, and he confidently cries, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" It is the very triumph of faith out of the jaws of death! Mr. Holl has uttered that sure word of promise which is the best reliance of our religion. In the assurance of the immortality which is to join the family at last in a more-enduring mansion, is the highest boon of Christianity. The expressions here are so earnest, pure, devout, and full of tenderness, that the painting is as elegant as a canto of *In Memoriam*. It is deservedly a great favorite, and forms a precious example of the intellectual and moral profundity which is the redeeming feature of English art.

AMERICA.

A work of considerable dignity and elegance, and one deserving respectful criticism apart from the mere stupefied admiration accorded to its gigantic size, is the colossal group of sculpture entitled "America," set up in the great Central Hall of the Memorial Building. Besides being an interesting reminder of a superb monument, it is noteworthy as probably the largest ceramic work ever made, except those Chinese towers confessedly put together out of small fragments. However many may be the segments in which the "America" group is cast, they must severally be enormously large, and in their grouping they produce an effect of perfect unity, so adroitly are their joints concealed. The memorial recently erected to Prince Albert, in Hyde Park, London, has occupied the leading sculptors of England for many years. The *podium* or central mass, covered by Mr. Armstead with friezes of the principal poets, artists, and musicians, is approached by flights of steps on its four sides, the whole forming a vast platform, at whose corners are pedestals, quite remote from the central edifice, and respectively crowned with groups of sculpture. "Asia" is one of these groups, executed by J. H. Foley; the late P. Macdowell designed the group of "Europe;" the veteran John Bell, whose works, says Mr. S. C. Hall, "have long given him a leading position in his profession," is the inventor of the elaborate allegory dedicated to our own country, a fine engraving of which we introduced in an earlier part of the present work. The quarters of the globe are backed by other groups of sculpture representing human achievement: as, "Agriculture," by W. C. Marshall; "Engineering," by J. Lawlor; "Commerce," by J. Thornycroft, and "Manufactures," by H. Weekes.

The collection of figures representing "America," which are worthy the attention needed to unravel their symbolism, may be thus described. America herself, the central and all-embracing type of the continent, rides the bison in the centre of the cortège. Her right hand holds the spear, her left the shield, decorated with the beaver, the eagle and other Indian signs; her tiara of eagle feathers sweeps backward from her forehead and trails over her shoulders; she is the aboriginal earth-goddess, depending upon kindlier forces to illumine her path and guide her steps. This office is assumed by the figure representing the United States; the serene virgin, self-confident and austere, wearing the lineaments of the Spirit of Liberty, belted with stars, and leading the earth-goddess with a sceptre on whose tip shines that planet of empire which

"westward takes its way," is the effigy of our own happy country. At her feet lies the Indian's quiver, with but one or two arrows left within it. Behind the figure of the Republic is that of Canada, a pure and fresh-faced damsel, wearing furs, and pressing the rose of England to her bosom. The figure seated on a rock, in front, is Mexico, represented by an Aztec in his radiating crown of feathers, with the flint axe, curiously carved, in his hand; a corresponding sitting personage on the other side, and not within the scope of the engraving, is South America, a Spanish-faced cavalier in the broad-brimmed sombrero and gracefully folded poncho. These are the principal features of the lofty and elaborate group which casts its shadow over the floor of Memorial Hall. The artist has worked in such evident sympathy with and admiration for the Spirit of American institutions that he deserves the most gracious recognition of this country; the original of this mighty group, beheld by all who pass under the marble arch and stroll towards the Serpentine, is a perpetual appeal for Constitutional Liberty, as we understand it; and the lesson taught by those sister statues, who though crownless subdue the rugged forces of the West, is not lost upon the thronging citizens who gaze upon them. The effect of the group as we have it, in the pleasant earth-color of Messrs. Doulton's terra-cotta, is quite unique—something more exquisite and piquant than that of white marble, with which the eye becomes satiated after a long course of civic monuments.

Lucifer.

English rustic life is well-depicted in Constable's painting of "The Lock"

(page 37), which is a piece of good fortune for us to keep for awhile in America. The importance of John Constable's influence and example cannot possibly be over-estimated in the progress of landscape art throughout England

Sculpture by Egidio Pozzi.

The Youth of Michael Angelo.

and the Continent. His effect on art is in fact considerably greater than that of Turner, because, while Turner's individuality cannot be imitated to any

F. A. Bridgeman, Dirx.

ing in the Corn.

F. A. Bridgeman, Pinx.

Bringing in the Corn.

advantage, the discoveries of Constable are not altogether uncopiable. He was born at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, in 1776, and died at his home in Charlotte Street, London, on the first of April, 1837, with Southey's "Cowper," which he had been reading an hour before his death, lying at the bed-head on a table. Constable found landscape composition enthralled in the noble formality of Gainsborough and Wilson; by paying attention to nature, and not to any school, he invented a manner of his own, expressed certain phases as they had never been expressed before, and left behind him a body of works which were the code of a new faith in art. The mannered landscapes of his predecessor, Wilson, in England, have just the same relation to real scenery that the mannered descriptions of Pope and Shenstone have to actual effects; it is landscape gardening, not landscape; you are among groves that "frown," and "horrid" rocks, and "nodding" mountains, and all those other curiosities that are never found in nature by those who really love her, but are invariably lent to her by artists of the drop-curtain sort; at the same time, on the Continent, the grand but baleful influence of Poussin had set all the world to formalizing nature, and that of Claude had established his precedent of artful symmetry among those who could never reach his golden air. It was for Constable to charm away the whole world from the shrines of these divinities, and they are empty to this very day. His fresh and flashing style, so true to a single aspect of European climate, set every painter to looking, not upon antique bas-reliefs and Italian ruins, but right into the open, windy, showery, capricious sky, and among the dewy grasses underfoot. He made the lush and humid leaves twinkle with sense of growth and stirring life and mounting sap. He sent the scudding clouds flashing and darkening across the changeable sky; he swept this sky with rocking branches and tufted ripples of foliage. Although not altogether unappreciated during his lifetime, his fame has immensely increased since his death; along with "Old Crome" and Bonington, he enjoys a sort of posthumous elevation to the peerage: his slightest works are sought out like gold, and even the gallery of the Louvre, so very chary of credit to English art, has recently received with pride two or three of his pictures—one of them a very noble study of a sea-beach swept with shadows from a storm—and hung them in positions of honor. He is the true progenitor of such eminent landscapists as Troyon, Rousseau, Français, Dupré, and even Daubigny—some of

whom find their fortune in appropriating a mere corner of his mantle. "Among all landscape-painters, ancient or modern," says the celebrated C. R. Leslie, "no one carries me so entirely to nature; and I can truly say that since I have known his works I have never looked at a tree or the sky without being reminded of him." In his personal character Constable was winning, and conquered the most unpromising material to his allegiance; he would say to a London cabby, "Now, my good fellow, drive me a shilling fare towards so and so, and don't cheat yourself." Constable's picture at the Exposition, generously lent by the Royal Academy, is an important example. One of his flashing skies, summing up the whole quarrel between storm and sunshine, occupies the upper half; against this lean a couple of vigorous, riotous-looking trees, half-drunk with potations of superabundant English moisture. Both these features are *modelled:* the sky shows as much light and shade as a study of sculpture, and the trees are moulded into their natural dome-like forms, with play of light and shade on the mass; in such a scene, an inferior painter is tempted either to keep his sky very thin, in order to get it well back from the invading trees, or else, if the sky has much variegation, to turn his trees into a mere dark screen, perfectly flat, so as easily to insure the desired contrast and difference of values. Constable boldly moulds his clouds, and vigorously lights the sunward edges of his trees, trusting to his close copywork of nature to get his firmament fifty miles away. A man in a boat is guiding the prow by means of a rope passing around a post through the brimming reservoir of the lock, which the care-taker is raising with a lever applied to the gate. Beyond stretches a level view of a flat country, of which a considerable stretch is commanded from the elevation of the race-bank. In spirit and idea it is all English—homely, familiar, dew-bathed, and tender. It reminds us, in temper, feeling and gratitude, of the lines in Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis":

> "Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,
> Up past the wood, to where the elm-tree crowns
> The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?
> The signal-elm that looks on Isley Downs,
> The vale, the three lone wears, the youthful Thames?"

In the crowded vegetation with which he fills the foreground of this picture, Constable is all himself. Without pedantic analysis of forms and genera, with-

out that close attention to vegetable minutiæ which invariably turns landscape art into botany, and destroys the higher truths of atmosphere, the painter gives with great success the vital principle of weed-growth—the confusion, the struggle for light and air, the soft brushing of leaf against leaf surcharged with moisture. This ardent study of a great inventor's, "The Lock," is twice noteworthy: first as it hangs, as a hit at nature taken on the fly, and second as a document, showing the invasion of realism into academic art early in this century. It is in some of its qualities a *résumé* of the advice which West gave Constable in his youth, and which it was not his own cue to act upon. "Always remember, sir, that light and *shadow never stand still.*" Hamerton quoting this proverb, says, "It thus became one of Constable's main purposes to make people feel the motions of cloud-shadows and gleams of light stealing upon objects and brightening before we are quite aware of it."

It is hardly unfair or extravagant to say that Emile Breton's picture of "The Canal at Courrières" results from Constable's "Lock." This sincere and simply-viewed landscape effect could be traced, through a connected series of studies and exemplars, logically and materially back to England and the studio of Constable. It is part of the same movement, the championship of pure nature, of pure *impression* as the phrase goes, and the hewing in pieces of Claude and Poussin. The simple life of the brothers Breton, one of the most charming imaginable examples of gentle existence in rustic France, is an idyl in itself, and is in perfect harmony with Constable's rustic way of living in the heart of nature. Among the dandies of Paris who throng before the pictures at the spring exhibitions, there is seen most years a singular and charming figure—a short, solid-looking countryman, tanned and rough, with hat carried respectfully in hand, hair blowing about in the utter absence of pomade, a preposterous old watch-chain, and a waistcoat of white Marseilles stuff, profusely adorned with flowers of all colors: such a make-up would be the fortune of a comic actor in the part of a "brave paysan;" but the country farmer elbows his way with modest confidence to the most exquisite examples of art in the exhibition, and some of the dandies make way for him with unfeigned respect, for he is known to be Jules Breton, painter of some of the finest of them all. Jules, renowned for his figure-subjects, has a younger brother, Emile, a landscapist, in character not unlike himself, and the author of the picture we

Carolus Duran, Pinx.

Mademoiselle Croizette.

represent on page 76. From the agreeable pen of René Ménard we have a lifelike sketch of all the brothers. Courrières, where they live, is a little village in French Flanders, Département du Nord. Of the children who played about in the mayor's garden, and watched with delight the house-painter touching up the eyes and lips of the four wooden garden statues every spring, the youngest was Emile, the subject of this paragraph. When he was nine months old, however, and before such intelligent watching was possible to him, he lost his father, the good mayor, the year being 1827. Nothing can exceed the charm and the goodness, the mixture of patriarchal despotism and substantial kindness, of a French country mayor in an out-of-the-way province. Looking like a market-huckster, he is armed with the majesty of Rhadamanthus and graced with the goodness of Sir Roger de Coverley. Another brother now inherits the good, simple office of mayor vacated by the father, and conducts the village brewery. Jules, the great painter of "The Benediction of Harvest," is some three years older than Emile, which vast advantage in point of time has made him treat the junior like a patron and guardian all his life. During the ruinous overturnings of 1848, the career of the family was clouded by poverty, owing to which circumstance, says M. Ménard, "the younger brother, Emile Breton, enlisted in the army, but after a time he resumed his studies in painting, and is now among our most distinguished landscape-painters. Pictures like those of Emile Breton charm by a mixture of poetry and reality; his moonlight effects and winter scenes assign to him an eminent position among our best painters. When the invasion came he separated himself from his family to defend his country, and his conduct was such that his general embraced him on the field of battle. After the war he returned to art, and in the last exhibitions his pictures had so much success that public opinion now places him by the side of his brother. The talent of the two brothers, though applied to different objects, presents nevertheless great affinities, since we find in the figures of the one, as in the landscapes of the other, the search after truthfulness combined with an extreme refinement in their way of understanding nature." Both the landscapes contributed by Emile Breton belong to the class called "impressions;" they are not meant to be examined from the distance of a foot and with the aid of a magnifying-glass, but to be viewed for the whole effect and from a somewhat remote position. Under these conditions they are

found to deliver the aspect of nature with a close verity not often reached by painting. The "Village in Winter" records the exact appearance of soft, heavy, clogging, and lumpish snow; you can positively see it melt. The "Canal at Courrières" makes capital of the straightness, starkness and uncompromising

The Youthful Hannibal. *Bronze by the Cavalier Epinay.*

rigidity of the water-course beside which the artist has played from childhood. The two banks, as if laid out with a ruler, recede in perspective towards the point of sight as you look up the canal; on each side rise small perpendicular trees, trimmed every year in French fashion: it is like looking up a tunnel—the straight level bars of cloud closing over the top and completing the effect of imprisoning the sight between the bars of a sort of cage. The low and

J. C. Horsley, R. A. del.

Chei

Next Move.

F. W. Hornby, R.A., Pinx.

Checkmate—Next Move

rather melancholy light strays as best it can through this all-enclosing prison. It will be observed that the water of the canal seems perfectly level, though its wedge-shaped boundaries would give it the look of a hill-side in the hands of an unskillful artist. Mr. Breton gives us a direct, unadorned, literal page from the book of nature: it is the unfeigned report of an impression derived from a particular place and hour; this candid scene is worthy to figure as the background of one of his brother's peasant groups.

The pathetic subject of which we give a representation on page 73, "La Rota," is by Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, of London. The picture represents an incident only too common in Rome, where the scene is laid. A wretched mother has brought her babe in the evening to the foundling hospital, and is about to place the tiny creature in the "wheel," or turning box at the window, to become henceforth a waif and unclassified citizen. In a little while she will have departed, and the good nun within will search the receptacle for the little nestling, never more to know mother or kindred. The culpable and weak-hearted girl, of course, is not too hardened to part from her offspring without a pang; there is genuine grief in her last despairing kiss, and, perhaps, genuine pious feeling in the care with which the rosary has been brought along with the cradle. It is the resolute endurance of obloquy for the future advantage of the infant, of which the impulsive, impressionable Southern character is incapable; to find this heroism of the depths, we have to seek a sterner and more exalted race, among the duty-laden peoples of the North—*ex. gr.*, Hester Prynne, and "The Scarlet Letter." Mr. Lehmann has thrown his figure into a very graceful pose, without doing violence to that directness of action and uncalculating simplicity which the subject demands, and which these moments of soul-outpouring provide. The cradle deserves a note, too—cradle and basket at once, with hoop handle for convenient transport, such as the Italian poor make use of. How often has this cradle-pannier made its innocent journeys from door-step to hearth, and from floor to grass-plot, perhaps for generations, without consciousness that it should one night make its stealthy trip, along the narrowest, filthiest and loneliest alleys of Rome, to the "Rota" in the hospital of infamy!

Mr. K. Dielitz, of Berlin, shows a piece of hearty, sympathetic *genre* painting, in the subject we illustrate on page 41, entitled "I and my Pipe."

This fine young Bavarian peasant, from his festal dress, seems to have returned from some holiday occasion—perhaps a shooting-match, perhaps a sermon. The luxury with which he stretches his stalwart and clean-shaped legs, and concentrates all his attention on the filling and lighting of his pipe, is quite contagious in its hearty humor. The pipe, like the magnificent porcelain stove against which his broad back is set, is monumental in its dimensions. A witty writer says the German peasant's face is composed of the following features: the eyes, the nose, and the—pipe.

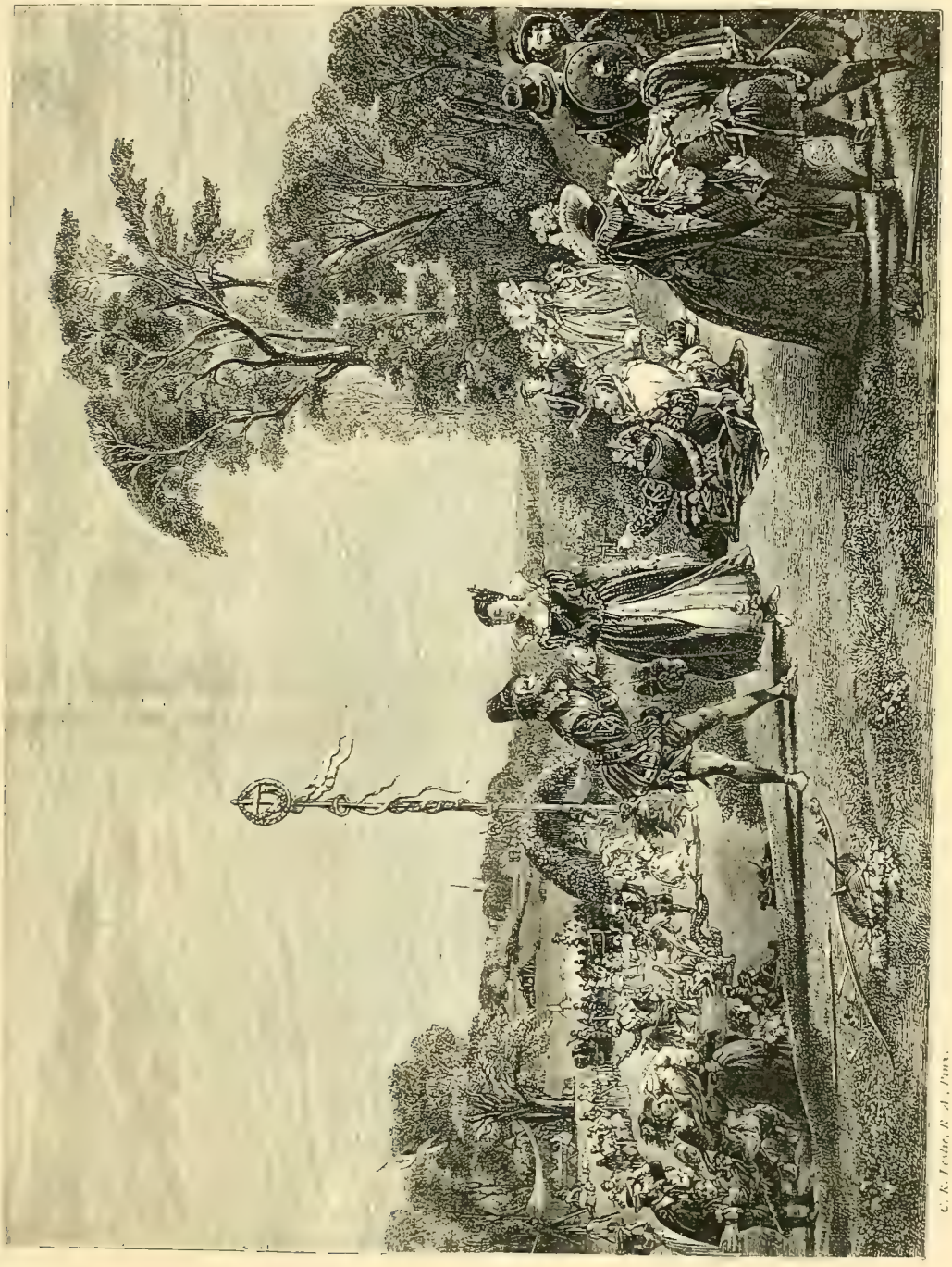
We may gratify our national vanity by taking a specimen of American industry as a contrast to Bavarian *otium cum dignitatis*. Mr. E. T. Billings, of Boston, sends to the Exhibition a highly characteristic interior representing a wheelwright shop, with the capable-looking master bending his philosopher's forehead over a felloe for the wheel that is in process of construction at his side. The extraordinary scrupulosity with which every detail of the shop is individualized and dwelt upon renders this picture a little wonder. The artist does not spare us a chisel, a saw, a gauge, or a glue-pot. It is Dutch patience celebrating American skill. There is capital training for the painter in the elaboration of one of these laborious toys of art; there are provoking little problems of drawing, perspective and grouping to be worked out, and the general difficulty of giving each item its prominence without losing breadth; and one would say that every artist, no matter how large a style, how voluptuous a color, how easy a grace, how masterly a generalization he is ultimately to attain to, might profitably spend a year of his youth in putting together one of these intricate puzzles. It is said that Sir John Gilbert occupied his boyhood in drawing the details of ornamental carriages; so the not altogether different business of a wheelwright shop may be the training destined to conduct Mr. Billings to fame and excellence.

For the entirely graceful and feminine figure of "The Bather"—engraved on page 72—we are indebted to Professor Antonio Tantardini, of Milan. The posture of this shrinking woman—who seems to fear surprisal—is at first sight somewhat like that of Mr. Howard Roberts' statue of "The First Pose." In both, the foot is timidly drawn up into the mass of drapery on which the figure sits, and the face is shielded in the right elbow; this is, of course, an accidental resemblance, and only proves the fact which has become proverbial

among sculptors, that there are very few *poses* in nature for the artist to select from. Immense have been the number of "Bathers" contributed to art by sculptors and painters in want of a theme, the plain reason being that the situation of bathing is one of the very few in which a modern female subject can be treated without any violation of modesty of character. The artist, impelled to make a study of nude flesh—after all, the worthiest exercise afforded by nature to the craft—can hardly find another situation in modern life which affords him the needed revelation, without the slightest sacrifice of womanly character. The variations, too, which may be played on this delicate theme are infinite. Let the careless reader, who is disposed to pass by Tantardini's fine work with the hasty remark, "Only another bathing girl!" turn again to the glowing and delicate episode of Musidora, in Thomson's "Seasons," as he reads for one more time this gentle pastoral, which the Italian sculptor seems to have been familiar with, he will comprehend the resources which art can find in the topic of modesty taken at a disadvantage.

Another sculptor of Milan, Signor Egidio Pozzi, contributes to the Exhibition a sitting male figure, supposed to represent Michael Angelo in his youth. We present an engraving of this work on page 81. The Milanese artist represents his immortal fellow-sculptor at that period of his boyhood when he studied all day long in the garden of Lorenzo dé Medici, "the Magnificent," in Florence, among the treasures of antique statuary which the growing taste for such collections had then amassed in that retreat. It is related that the first original work of the young genius was a face of an antique satyr, or faun —one of those grotesques which the architecture of the period demanded in abundance for the decoration of keystones and lintels. The greater the extravagance of expression, the richer the satisfaction of the architect, and the artists of the time exhausted their fancy in giving the look of leering, fantastic intelligence to these stone faces which peered over arches and portals, and conferred an air of conscious slyness and counsel-keeping on the various apertures of an edifice. Michael Angelo's first effort was as great a hit as the mature efforts of finished sculptors in this line, and the row of *mascarons*, or grotesque faces made by Jean Goujon for the Pont Neuf, in Paris, contained no example more expressive than this first specimen, which had been made by the elfish stripling in Florence. "However, your faun is wrong," said Lorenzo, laughing indulgently

over the boy's shoulder. "He is old and has cracked many a hard nut with those grinning teeth; he ought to have lost some of them by this time."



May Day in the Time of Queen Elizabeth.

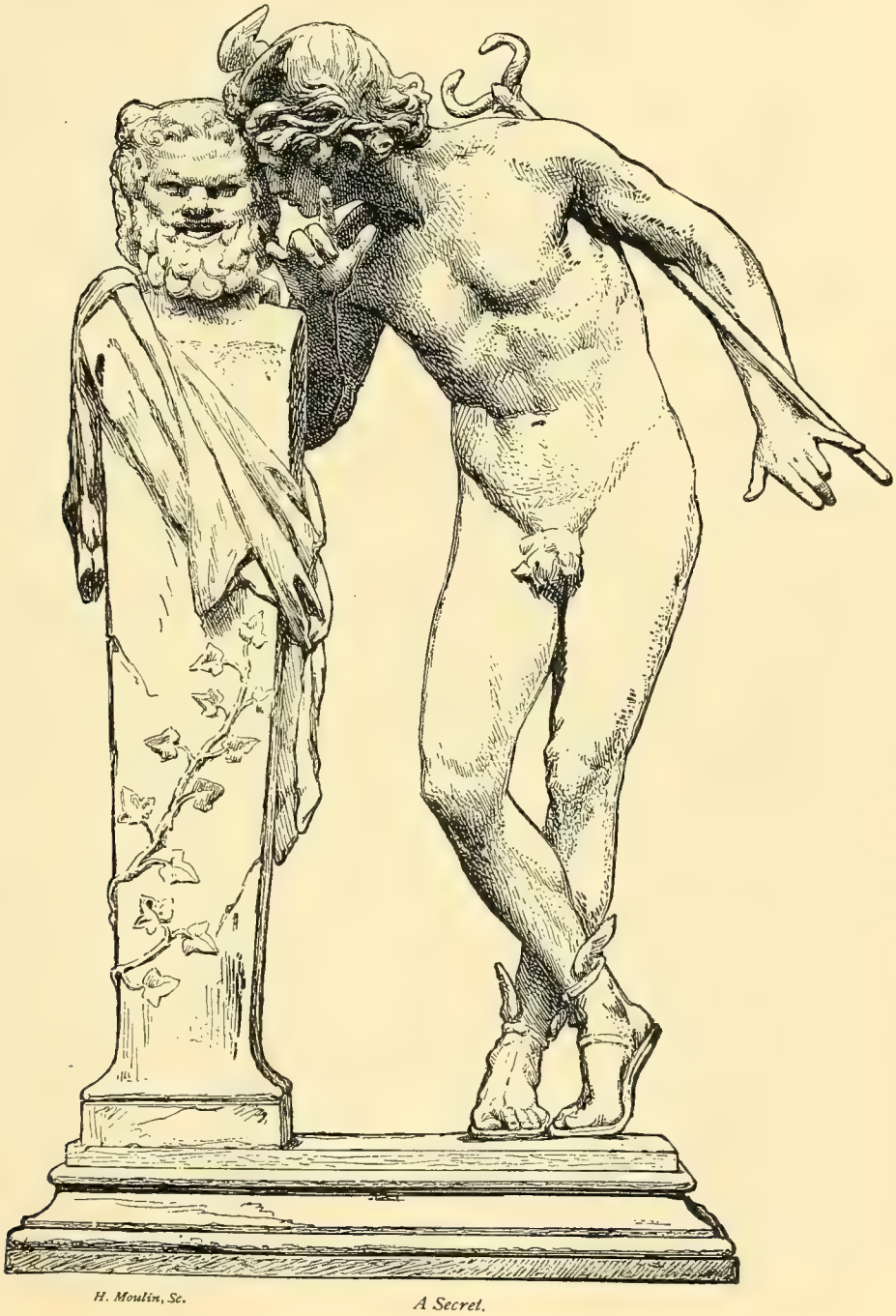
C. R. Leslie, R. A., Pinx.

When the Magnifico passed next into the garden, young Michael had knocked out a tooth, and the patron, pleased with his own cleverness and the lad's, was

unreserved in his praise of a work which now recorded a thought of his own within one of Michael Angelo's. The figure sent to us by Signor Pozzi is one of intellectual delicacy; it is hardly that of the fiery young goblin who drew his own face, with pointed ears as a satyr, before he was twenty-one, and who, in this same garden of Florence, so taunted Torregiano that the latter marked him for life with a broken nose. It is a representation of the etherial, creative part of Michael Angelo's character. The lad before us seems likely to grow up into a sort of seraphic being, more like a Raphael than like the gusty and morose recluse who carved the Moses. Yet, it is undeniable that this lonely man had his side of ineffable tenderness, and there is artistic justification for the artist who chooses to represent that phase of his nature on which his contemporaries were continually harping, when they played upon his name and said that his works were exected by an "Angelo."

One of the most creditable representatives of our country abroad is Mr. Frederick A. Bridgman, whose picture of "Bringing in the Corn" is engraved on pages 82 and 83. Mr. Bridgman, when a young lad, became tired of executing line-engravings for the Bank Note Company in New York, and determined to open for himself a career as an oil painter. He looked like a mere boy when he took his seat, in 1867, among the students of one of the large ateliers of Paris; but the professor soon noticed that he had uncommon application and advanced rapidly out of the hard *liney* style which his apprenticeship to the burin had cramped him into. Young Bridgman passed his summers in Brittany, and afterwards went to Algiers and Egypt. If ever artist fulfilled Apelles' motto of "Nulla dies sine lineâ" it was this indefatigable worker. Now, his reputation is both European and American, and the Liverpool Academy has bought one of his pictures as a model to its students and an adornment of its galleries. He is a constant contributor to American exhibitions, but he has seldom sent to his native country a better scene than the Brittany subject which we introduce to our readers. The drawing of the patient oxen, with their liquid eyes and hides of plush, is worthy of Rosa Bonheur, or any animalist who ever painted. The rustic scenery represents to the life one of those narrow earthy roads of Brittany, which have stretched between the old town for thousands of years, in many cases, and whose bed is often worn to a hollow beneath the level of the fields from the mere carrying off of its dust, through centuries of travel. The

picture basks in a delicious breadth of soft summer sunshine—which in Finistère is never dry and never too intense—and the type of an honest farmer's

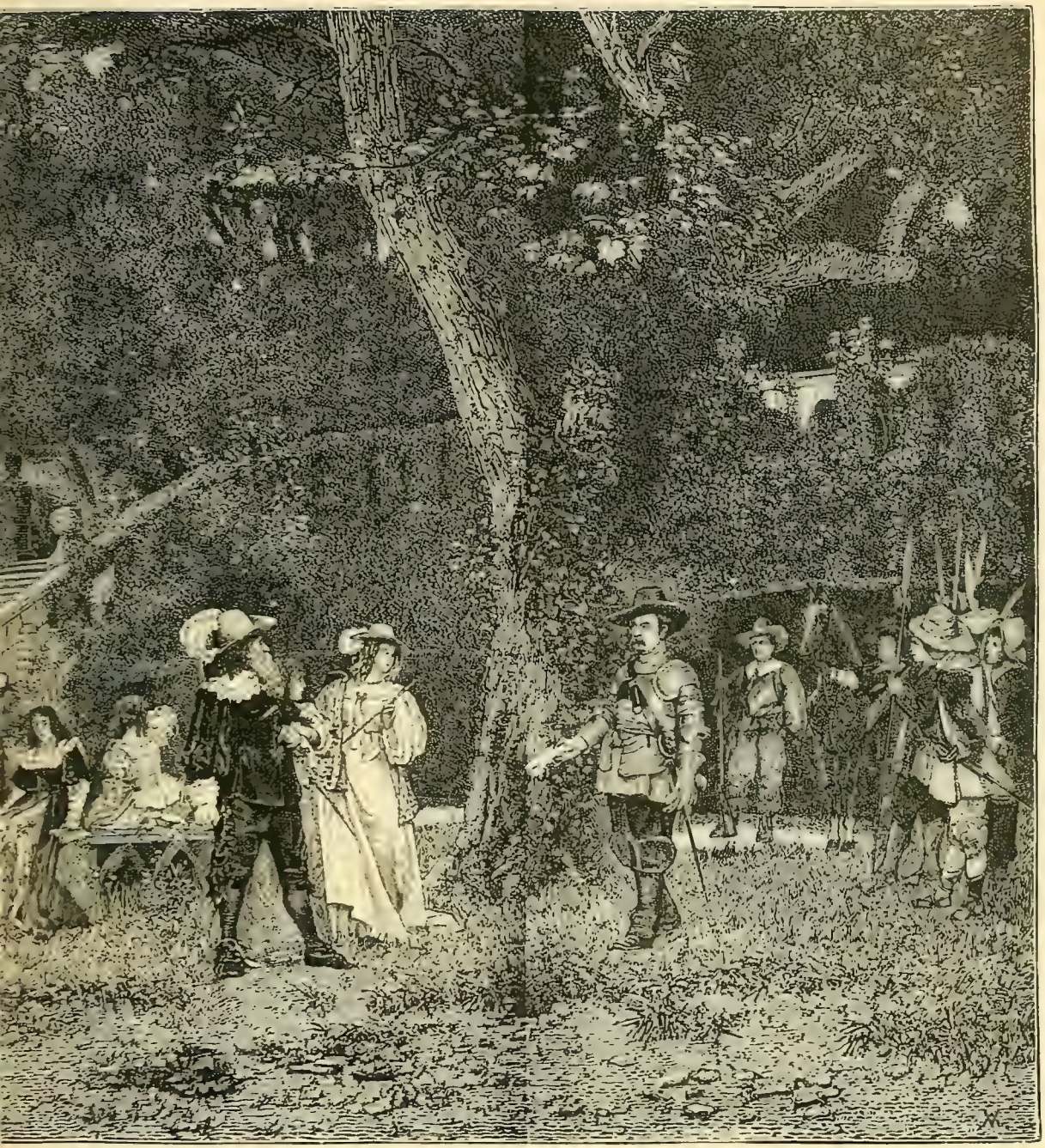


H. Moulin, Sc. *A Secret.*

boy, who balances the goad in his toughened rustic hands and goes along the road singing and contented, is a fresh and pretty thing to see. Mr. Bridg-

C. Catherine, Pinx.

The Wa



nt.—Haddon Hall.

G. Cruikshank, Pinx.

The Warrants— Haddon Hall.

man's versatility is shown in the fact that he paints all subjects about equally well, whether landscapes, or circus scenes, or life-size Oriental heads, or country eclogues, like the example we are considering.

A French figure-painter, who is no tyro, and is by no means young, yet who has made within a few years a quite novel and separate effect for himself by a fresh and original style of portraits, is the artist who calls himself "Carolus Duran." His old friends remember him as plain Charles Durand. He excites attention because in each of his portraits there is a new study of character, surroundings, relief and light and shade. To the "Salon" of 1876 he sent a portrait of the editor Girardin, in the stuffy seclusion of his study, backed up and almost wrapped up with a voluminous red curtain. To a previous one he conveyed the portrait of Mlle. Croizette, of which we show a representation on page 87, in the full liberty of air and space, sitting on horseback, with the long beach in front of her and the illimitable sea behind. Mlle. Croizette is the actress who made her grand sensation by turning green and dying of poison every night as the suicide in "The Sphinx." When those of our readers who have not seen the original are told that this lovely horsewoman of Monsieur Duran's is a woman the size of nature, on a bay hackney the size of nature, standing out dark and distinct from an Infinite that is the size of nature too, they may conceive that this work—though only a portrait—attracts about as much attention as any painting in the French Department. Many visitors, too, have seen her great part played in our own theatres and have heard of Mlle. Croizette as the creator of it, and therefore have a personal interest in this gifted and fascinating woman, who is the sister-in-law of the painter. The picture, indeed, is one you cannot escape from; whenever you are in the large room where it hangs, the ripe, imperial beauty, turning to you her questioning, rallying face reins you up as she does her steed. She impresses each spectator as if she had something very particular to say to him. This individual appeal is the charm of a French society-woman, and it is the charm, too, of a certain class of the best portraits of the old masters. For our own part we habitually think about this picture—which we have been irresistibly drawn to a great many times—that the attractiveness of it resides especially in the face, around which all the rest of the composition plays as a mere Arabesque. The eyes of the figure strike so directly into the eyes of your own head, and

the smiling, appealing, sidelong visage talks to you so intimately, that you have but a divided attention left for the neat hackney—with its uncommonly short ears—that stands off from the sky like a bronze, or for the iron drapery and cast-steel hat, which form the insignificant continuations of the beauty's commanding head and softly-turning neck. It must be acknowledged that the portraitist requires a great deal of space to relate his impression. Is there no way of expressing a fine woman's thoughts about the sea, and that sense of dominating something which she so much enjoys as the mistress of a fine animal, without importing the sea and the fine animal both bodily into the canvas? Taken as it stands, however, the picture is a triumph of perfectly clear analysis in, and careful relief of, objects against a distant sky. To determine merely the right tint of that bright face against that bright sky, so that the flesh should look like flesh and the firmanent like light, was a whole volume of problems in art. The clearness with which the character, and a special mood of a character, is defined is above all a singularity of the picture; you see just how far the painter is impressed by his model, and are reminded of some of Alfred de Mussett's analyses. The French are always logical and retain their logical expression even when submitting to a charm.

The gentle negro slave-girl, whom one of our prettiest steel-plates shows in the act of feeding a flock of storks, is the work of an eminent English artist, Edward J. Poynter, A.R.A. It is called "The Ibis Girl," or, more explanatorily, "Feeding the Sacred Ibis in the Hall of Karnac." It is a singular and lovely picture, and there is a sly, quaint humor in the contrast between the ibis-headed god on the elevation of his pillar, with incense rising up to his sacred beak, and the real ibises, who display such frank carnivorous appetite at his feet. The ibis, it is known, was sacred to Thoth, the Egyptian Mercury. Those ancient Africans, with their extraordinary talent for finding hidden meanings in things, discovered that the inundation of the Nile was *caused* by the annual coming of the ibis, instead of being the mere pretext of a visit when the feathered pilgrims wanted food. Impressed with this idea, they fervently worshipped the symbol presented by the migrating ibis, and, that the sign of their land's fertility might be never wanting, reared the birds in their temples with the greatest care. When a chick came out of the egg black, he was welcomed as a specially fortunate guest, honored during his life and spiced

and embalmed after his death. Mr. Poynter's subject is an inferior ministrant of the temple feeding these birds with fish. Her posture is simple, natural and beautiful, and in its soft rounded form offers a contrast to the varied attitudes of ungainliness among the birds around her. Wrapped in transparent linen tissue, and covered with heavy symbolic jewelry, she feeds the storks with a shower of small fish which she scoops in a patera out of the large basin held against her hip. The monstrous pillars of Karnac, painted and covered with bas-reliefs, close in the background. The birds, who are bolting their food in a gormandizing and irreligious manner, are capitally studied, laying their long beaks sideways on the ground to gobble better, or elevating their heads and shaking the food into their throats as into a hopper. The innocent interest of the simple-minded black novice is very well felt by the artist. It is the precise shade of feeling demanded—the reverent care of a sacred thing, modified by familiarity, but not obscured—the humility of the Levite who sustains the temple service. A well-known French picture, illustrating a well-known French proverb, shows two augurs amongst the sacred chickens laughing heartily at the joke of the thing, and turning their backs upon the mystical hen-coops. Mr. Poynters' gentle priestess will never laugh at her feathered gods.

Our nearest neighbor, the Dominion of Canada, is represented at the Centennial Exhibition by one hundred and fifty-six paintings, among which are several of a high order of merit. One of the most versatile exhibitors, whose works represent the three styles of portrait, marine and imaginative art, is Mr. J. C. Forbes. Of this gentleman's portraits, that delineating his Excellency Lord Dufferin, is of a particularly close resemblance, as many of those who have been glad to meet the distinguished original on his "Centennial" tour, have hastened to testify. His marine painting is an interesting representation of the foundering of the ship "Hibernia" in mid-ocean; in his third or "imaginative" *genre*, the artist presents himself as the illustrator of an American poet. Longfellow's song of "Beware!" from the romance of *Hyperion*, has been accepted for thirty years as the best and standard expression of feminine coquetry; and this is the poem which our neighborly contributor chooses to embody in a graceful picture, engraved by us on page 61. A lady, whose beauty and elegance are not concealed by a somewhat worldly-mannered carriage, is touching the feathers of a fan with her pearly teeth, while the

Luther Intercepted

fingers of one hand are trifling with the long chain she wears, as if she was ready to throw it over her victim. The narrow, languid eyes gaze into the beholder's with the refinement of tender flirtation. It is the figure we meet in the parlor, in the park, in the piazza of the watering-place; one would say she was all heart; but

"Take care!
She knows how much 'tis best to show!
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!"

Another illustration of English poetry—this time of a loftier and more serious nature—is the statue of "Lucifer," in pure white marble, by Signor Corti, of Milan. Our cut, on page 80, gives an excellent idea of the original, if it be borne in mind that the statue is of the full size of an ordinary human form. It is one of the most seriously treated and practically conceived figures which the prolific Italian sculptors have shown to us. The conception is that of Milton's "Paradise Lost," representing the lost angel, not as a base and intellectually degraded being, but as the fallen rebel, nothing less than archangel ruined. The moment chosen is that after the immersion in the lake of fire, when the vanquished chieftain first recovers his ethereal strength.

"Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty statue. On each hand the flames
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and rolled
In billows, leave i' the 'midst a horrid vale."

The figure of Lucifer is that of an athlete in the pride of youthful strength, yet rather nervous and ethereal in its power than ponderous or solid. Upon the haughtily squared shoulders rides a head of most proud and noble carriage, surmounting a long boyish neck. The vast wings, covered with disheveled feathers, are drooping and half closed behind the shoulders, and the long agitated locks, from which heaven's ambrozia has been scorched all away, flow wildly back and meet the torn plumage of the pinions. The expression of the head, turned proudly to the right with a look of angry investigation, needs no description of ours, having been so superbly anticipated by Milton.

Giulio Branca, Sc. *The Young Grape Gatherer.*

Another sort of "Lucifer," or light-bearer, is seen in the pretty bronze statue, by Antonio Rosetti, of the "Telegraph," or "Genius of Electricity." This

G. F. Folingsby, Pinx.

Lady Jane G

Triumph over Bishop Gardiner.

G. F. Folingsby, Pinx.

Lady Jane Grey's Triumph over Bishop Gardiner

figure is one of a pair, of which the other represents with equal felicity the idea which Rumsey and John Fitch elaborated so painfully on our shores—the idea of the railway-engine. Of the "Electricity" we present a steel engraving. Signor Rosetti hails from Rome,—the last city on the face of the globe, one would think, into which these modern innovations would penetrate; to annihilate time, annihilate space,—what interest has Rome in these, or what would she be if the time of her enduring or the extension of her ancient sway were lost to thought! Yet these disturbances and destructions, doing away with distances and periods, have swept at last, by the throne of the Popes and the sepulchre of the Cæsars, and Rome is modern and pretty, like the rest of the world. Signor Rosetti has aimed at representing not so much the power, as the agility, delicacy and grace of the electric spark. Just born to illuminate the world, the child of light balances in one hand the torch of intelligence, while with the other he wraps the wire cables around the glass insulators which stud like mushrooms the stems of the trees; the forest of electric masts will cover the globe, and time will be shrivelled to nothingness, as the corpulent old planet throbs within the girdle of Puck.

The most celebrated sculptor, whose labors contribute to the embellishment of our exhibition, is certainly John Gibson, whose death lately caused such deep, wide and unfeigned regret in the art-world. Kindly wrapped in his art, wonderfully absent-minded—the ideal of an idealist—Gibson was for many years the British lion in the circles of Rome, where he abode. His "Venus," executed for St. George's Hall, that classical Parthenon of Liverpool, is represented at the Centennial by a replica, which occupies the post of honor in the largest gallery appropriated to British use, and is represented by our engraving on page 64. The original excited a storm of doubt and objection by being stained or colored in imitation of life. Gibson's previous works, the details of his "Queen Victoria" and "Aurora" were faintly tinted, but the "Venus" showed the experiment carried out to its utmost limit. The first "Venus" was exhibited in 1854, in a chamber arranged for the special purpose, and the wondering crowd saw the marble entirely disguised under a flesh tint, which obscured the translucency though it did not affect the form of the marble, while the eyes, hair and drapery were stained to imitate the appearance of actual life. In the present duplicate, kindly committed by its owner, Richard C. Naylor, Esq., to

THE GENIUS OF ELECTRICITY.

FROM THE STATUE BY ANTONIO ROSETTI ROME

the risks and perils of exhibition, we have the purity of a beautiful fragment of Italian marble. The artist represents with dignity, with sweetness, and even with somewhat of the lymphatic and sedentary plumpness of the ordinary British matron, the charms of Venus Victrix. In her left hand she exhibits the apple, *detur pulchriori*, which Discord had contributed to the marriage-feast of Peleus. The robe she has relinquished hangs over her arm and trails over the carapace of that mystical tortoise, which was the attribute of the divinity at Elis. Yes, she grasps at length the easily-won apple. Paris will steal Greek Helen, and the Grecian ships will dart to the Cape of Sagæum, and Troy will blaze,—but what cares Beauty,—supreme in her conquest of smiles and graces, alone on her pedestal of white supremacy?

Few English artists are thought of more admiringly in France than W. Q. Orchardson. "Of M. Orchardson," says *l'Art*, "it may be said that he is essentially a painter. Whatever subject he may select, even incompletely represented, you see that he has been attracted by some quality sincerely picturesque, or by an effect which it belongs to painting to render ably * * * The painter is a colorist by race." He contributes two specimens of his skill to the Centennial display, one a humorous picture of Falstaff, Poins and the Prince, the other a wonderful expression of sentiment in landscape, "Moonlight on the Lagoons, Venice." The expression of fleet racing motion communicated to the sky full of hurrying clouds, as well as to the darting boat and the sweeping water, is worthy of a poet. All the picture hurries together, from left to right, yet with a power as soft as love, while inexorable as fate. There is no light on the horizon — the last lamps of Murano or the Lido has been left behind, and the glittering shore of Venice is outside the picture; there is nothing but the diffused lustre of the moon, whose orb is not visible, but whose brightness flashes and waves behind a certain station among the clouds; immediately beneath this brightest spot is drawn the black iron beak of the gondola; as the beak rises towards it and defines the place of the moon, so the stretching oar of the gondolier tends directly to it, the bench on which he stands is laid toward it, and the two female figures assist, by the brightened folds of their drapery, to point to an illuminator which we cannot see. The supreme loneliness of the sea and sky, emphasized rather than contradicted by the black darting boat, gives a curious *hush* to this impressive painting.

The long, intense, memorable monotone which Orchardson introduces into his marine is deeply poetic in its way, and is characteristic of certain modern studies and states of feeling. The fine old windy sense of the open sea,—the feeling characteristic of the day when Dibdin sang its songs and Stanfield painted its tides,—is indicated by an American artist, Mr. Briscoe, with peculiar success, in the subject of our steel-plate, "A Breezy Day off Dieppe." This excellent picture was long in the principal American room, Gallery C, and numbered 158. The picturesque gables and square tower of the town, whose chimneys send curling sooty clouds into the dirty weather of the zenith, occupy the left: the most sharply serrated roof stands dark against the brightest opening in the firmament: the fishing boats are racing in, lowering their sails hastily as they make the pier; the waves are dancing in light and gloom, the gulls are blown like foam along their crests, and a row-boat filled with fishy ballast is making towards the slippery staircase quay. It is a capital picture of amphibious life, and our engraver has been peculiarly felicitous in making his contrasts of light and shade do duty for combinations of color. As for the painter, his manipulation of forms and values, so that every object is in its necessarily right place, and would unhinge the composition if removed, shows a mastery of scenic effect.

The Düsseldorf school of painting, formerly a great favorite for its clever scenes of familiar life, is represented by a small constituency in the Fair; is this indicative of a waning popularity? The pleasant feeling of old days, when the Düsseldorf gallery was the vogue of the metropolis, and innocent maidens at balls wondered how long it took "Mr. Düsseldorf" to paint so many pictures, comes blowing back, a breeze of youth, as we gaze at Ewers's "Duet in the Smithy" of which our elaborate engraving is seen on page 65. It is Hogarthism translated into German: each canvas is a page, with an anecdote, an epigram, or a witticism, clearly set down—like an acknowledged wit's after-dinner story. Of this table-talk of art, the "Smithy" is an amusing specimen. The apprentice, who has music in his soul, and whose master is absent, is letting the fire go out, the irons cool, the bellows collapse, and the baby explode, as he plays his flute from a music-book reared up against the water-ing-pot. The capital misfortune is that the tail-board of baby's cart has fallen, and the infant, with his plump feet much higher than his head, is howling his

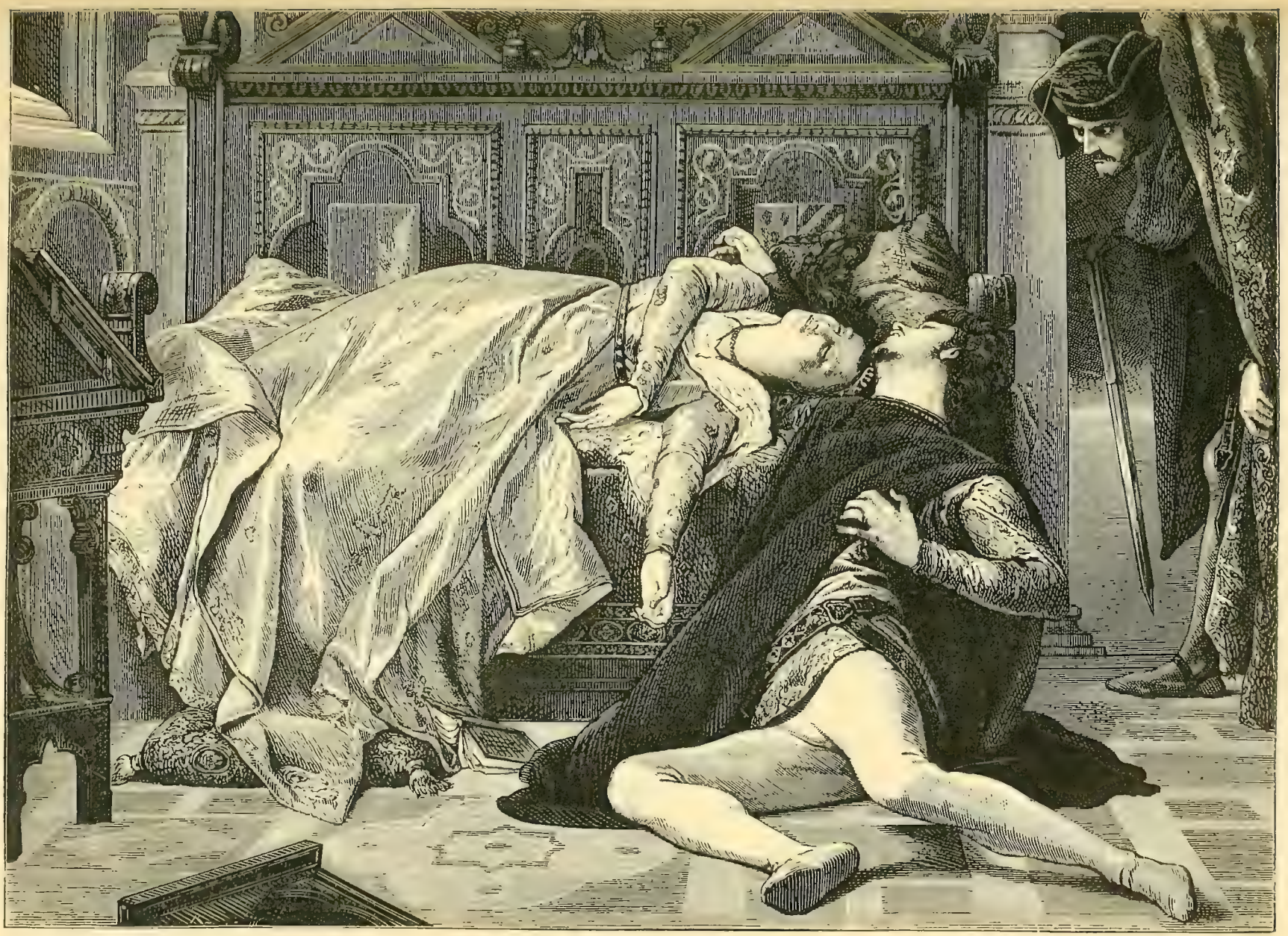
Pietro Muchs, Pinx.

During the Sermon.

obligato part in the "duet." A man who will be a Hogarth exposes himself to perils through his very ingenuity; determined to introduce as many graphic objects as the space will hold, he forgets their mutual relations; thus Herr Ewers, glad to show his ability in poultry, leads a meditative, corn-hooking hen a great deal nearer the roaring baby than the most *distrait* hen would get in nature. But the picture is expressively designed and well painted. As is proper to one of these *dolce far niente* themes, our sympathies are led out altogether with the young Beethoven, impelled by the inner god of song to set aside present duty, instead of with the utilitarian aspects of the case; even the inverted baby gets but small share of our concern in comparison with the possessed, dreaming rhapsodist, who tames the strength of his burly blacksmith's arm to the niceties of his playing. His pleasant, whole-souled, round-headed figure is interesting and individual, though the face is concealed, and there is real ability in which the beautiful velvety, sooty richness of an old forge is represented in the background.

Although the conception of Mr. Gibson is rather correct than original, his goddess is smooth and delicate, but hardly divine. It is curious what difficulty even the most devoted lovers of the ancients have in producing a work which would even at the first glance be taken for an antique. Mr. Gibson observes the Greek rules of simplicity; directness; absence of profound expression; but these negatives do not result in that position, a deceptive counterfeit of Greek plastic art. One of his few pupils in latter times has been Miss Harriet Hosmer. John Gibson, born in Wales late in the last century, practised wood-carving in Liverpool, studied in Italy under Canova and Thorwaldsen, and sent to the Royal Academy at home, in 1827, his "Psyche borne by Zephyrs," of which Sir George Beaumont, the artist's best friend then, became the owner. This portrait-statue, such as the numerous ones of the Queen, those of Peel, of George Stephenson, of Huskisson, are more satisfactory than his ideal figures. His great claim to notice is, after all, the idea he conceived of tinting his figures, which he defended stoutly by reference to those traces of color on Greek and Greco-Roman work which an artist residing in Italy must so often see, and by which he must so inevitably be set to speculating. Gibson never solved the problem; he never stifled by any supreme success the voice of hostile criticism; but if the triumphs of later men in polychromatic

U S International Exhibition 1876.



Alexander Cabanel, Pinx.

Francesca di Rimini

sculpture should ever cause the taste to prevail, and our statue-galleries of the future should shine with colors as in the time of the best Greek art, then Gibson will occupy an honorable place as pioneer.

Among the specimens of that flexible, winning, seductive treatment of marble which made the Italian sculpture at the Centennial a revelation, a favorite specimen was "The Finding of Moses," by Francesco Barzaghi of Milan. This group occupied a conspicuous central position in the Fourth Room of the Art-Annex, and from its subject secured a general sympathy. It was by no means the only contribution of the distinguished Milanese; his "Phryne," after having unveiled her charms at more than one world's fair, occupied a prominent neighboring position, and his "Silvia" and "First Ride" were ornaments of the Nineteenth Room of the same edifice. "The Child Moses," however, was undoubtedly the elect of popular suffrage out of the whole contribution of the sculptor. The beautiful child, a model of cherubic infancy, is represented by Signor Barzaghi in the arms of his sister Miriam, a budding maiden in the formal Egyptian cap. The gentle slave girl is holding up the little foundling, with a tearful smile that would disarm cruelty itself, to see if she can win the favor of the dread Egyptian princess, whose presence must be supplied by imagination. There are some wild legends, quite outside the scriptural history, which excite the imagination in considering that strange interview between the Pharaoh's daughter—whose name is said to have been Thermutis—and the helpless young brother and sister. According to these rabbinical tales, Thermutis was a lepress, and had six sisters also in the same unpleasant plight. The baby touch of the future Hebrew statesman healed them all, and for that reason he was allowed to be reared in the gyneceum of the palace. Other singular and rather unbiblical stories cling around the group of the slave-lawgiver, his mother Jochabed, and his prophetess-sister Miriam. More than one of the Italian sculptors represented at the Exposition has represented the incident of Moses trampling on the crown. It is narrated that the infant was one day playing boldly with the king, when Rameses placed his crown on the little Hebrew's head; Moses, inspired with a holy hatred of the idols with which the diadem was sculptured, tore it off and dashed it to the ground. Such is the fable which Messieurs Cambi and Martegani have illustrated in their spirited statues contributed to the Exposition. The sequel of

GEBBIE & BARRIE

the crown incident, according to the legend, is that when the courtiers would have punished the inspired infant for his revolutionary action, a wise counsellor, more merciful than the rest, said, "Show him a ruby and a live coal; if he snatches at the coal, he does not know right from wrong, and may be quit for the scorching he will get." An opportune angel guided Moses' baby-fingers, not to the gem, but to the coal, which he put into his mouth, and gave himself that contraction of the tongue which was the life-mark of his career and the symbol of his wisdom. These single figures of Moses and the crown are probably the work of revolutionary Italians, anxious to express symbolically their opposition to royalty; but the group is more classical, and is a work of pure and gracious idyllic art. Signor Barzaghi has made a tender, plaintive, appealing work, which takes possession of the heart-strings at once. It is gratifying to be able to state that this pure and elevating piece of sculpture does not leave the city with the close of the festival it was sent to grace. It has become the property of the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

While the Bible-leaf is still open, as it were, with the beautiful poem of Moses in the arms of Miriam, we may turn back through the pages of the present work and consult Huntington's large and impressive subject of Bible-reading, entitled "Sowing the Word." This picture, which occupied a commanding position on the south wall of Gallery C, was seen necessarily by all who even hastily examined the American department, and will be instantly recognized in our elaborate copy on page 25. A venerable man is expounding the Scriptures. His auditors are two maidens of the most contrasted types, recalling Leonardo's "Modesty and Vanity" in the Sciarra collection. One is dark, studious, attentive, and drinks in the Word like thirsty soil; the other, blonde, gay, distraite, and worldly, plays with a flower and looks away from the lesson. Immediately above her head, in the tapestry on the wall, the Maid-mother nurses her divine infant. The three heads, set so close together, express with that instantaneous emphasis which only the sight of a work of art can give, the three temperaments with which religion has to do—the didactic, which enforces and perpetuates it; the frivolous, which repels it; and the receptive, which absorbs and illustrates it. The important temperament of the three, so far as the vitality of religion on the earth is concerned, is the middle one,—the trifling and obstinate. It is the perpetual resistance which tests the tool; and

again, our race is more improved by converting one mind from an obstacle into an aid, than by letting a good many naturally sober ones go on in their moderation without conflict. Mr. Huntington has always shown a strong moral

Eagle and Turkey.

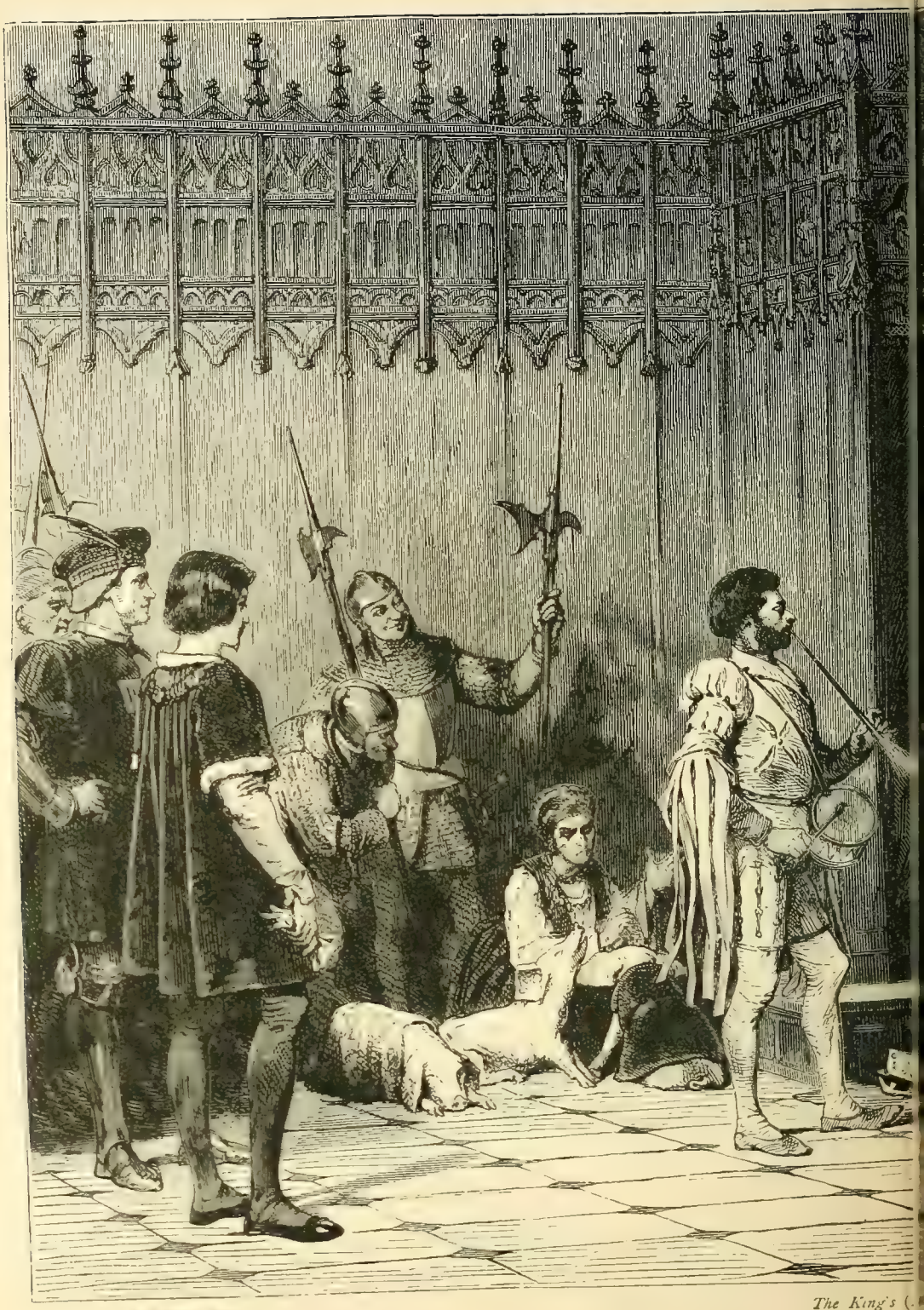
tendency in his more serious works. His masterpieces, produced in youth, were the "Mercy's Dream" and "Christian Martyrs," and for these he will always be accorded a high niche in American art.

William and James Hart, Scotchmen by birth, have long occupied a conspicuous place in the landscape art of this country. Their love of nature, educated among the heather and gowans, has turned with frank acceptance to the characteristics of American landscape, and has made them valuable interpreters of our rich sunshine and varied leafage. By William Hart, we engrave the picture of "Keene Valley," in the Adirondack region, on page 36: the chasing lights and shadows of a breezy day, covering the concavity of the valley with swift passages of gloom, is indicated by the strong chiaroscuro of our engraving, but the color, which is one of Mr. Hart's especial claims to distinction, we cannot give. He loves to struggle with one of the most difficult feats of landscape-painting, the dazzling tints of our forests in autumn. His pictures of those mounds of leafy bloom which the Adirondacks yield in November are veritable bouquets of florid color. He is fond of introducing cattle into his scenes,—usually contrasting the colors of the animals strongly, white against black and black against red, in the style of the German artist Voltz. Of this ingenious arrangement, wherein we invariably find a white cow in the foreground, like Wouverman's white horse, and another in sables close by to relieve it, our cut gives a hint.

A French sculptor who is coming forward into deserved prominence is H. Moulin, of whose bronze statue called "A Secret from on High" we give a bold sketch on page 97. This capital work, after exciting unfeigned admiration at a late Paris *salon*, has crossed the seas to become one of the favorites of the judicious in the collection at Fairmount Park. The elastic poise of the Mercury, conveying the sense of Shakespeare's line,

"New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,"

indicates admirably the levity of the messenger-god; it seems to be with difficulty that his figure can touch the earth. Bending gently, he confides his communication to a terminal image of a satyr, which will presently be consulted as an oracle by some credulous mortal. We can fancy the answer, quite satiric, which the grinning figure will give. The form of Mercury in this bronze is really a masterpiece of simplicity and grace. The natural every-day action of the hand which confines the caduceus, the expressive pointing movement of the other hand, the whole play and gathering in of the slender young muscles



The King's (

.I) *Entertainment.*

The King's (Louis XI) Entertainment

F. C. Comte Finx

which slip into each other and give the body a sinuous ease and an arching grace as of an erecting serpent, are truly beautiful and rare. Among the very great number of excellent studies of adolescence achieved by modern French sculptors, this elegant figure deserves to keep a high rank.

Of M. Feyin-Perrin's gentle and thoughtful painting called "Melancholy" (page 57), what need be said, but to cite Milton's immortal numbers? That writer's exquisite "Penseroso" is a young man's poem; it breathes the sweet captious sadness of youth, which is a fantasy of mood, not a necessity of experience. As we look at the picture, the unforgetable couplets come stealing involuntarily into the thoughts:

> "Come, but keep thy wonted state,
> With even step and musing gait
> And looks commercing with the skies,
> Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
> There held in holy passion still,
> Forget thyself to marble!"

In the painting, as in the poem, the sentiment is supplied half by the figure and half by the landscape. Milton instances the inimitably close, private, world-excluding, thought-compelling effect of a "still shower," "with minute drops from off the eves." The painter, not less impressive, gives us the brooding air of twilight in a wide landscape, where there is not a bird nor a flower, but only the descending wings of crisping leaves to divide the air and stir the tideless pool. Besides the "Melancholy," with its title borrowed from Dürer's most poetical engraving, M. Feyen-Perrin contributed to Memorial Hall an "Antique Dance," with a dozen graceful female forms, and a "Mother and Child," representing a fisherman's wife tossing her infant on the sea-shore.

Another French painter has taken his inspiration from England. M. G. Castiglione, of Paris, inspired by the antique manorial beauty of the celebrated Haddon Hall, has studied its fine façade and verdant terrace, which he makes the scene of an incident in the Cromwellian wars. Our large engraving on pages 98 and 99 gives an accurate idea of this interesting picture. One of Oliver's ironsides comes with a search-warrant upon that lawn, sacred heretofore to aristocratic mirth, games of tennis, and feudal hospitality. Perhaps the hospitality to-day has been compromisingly generous; some royalist refugee, whom it is treason to keep, may be peeping from one of the countless windows of

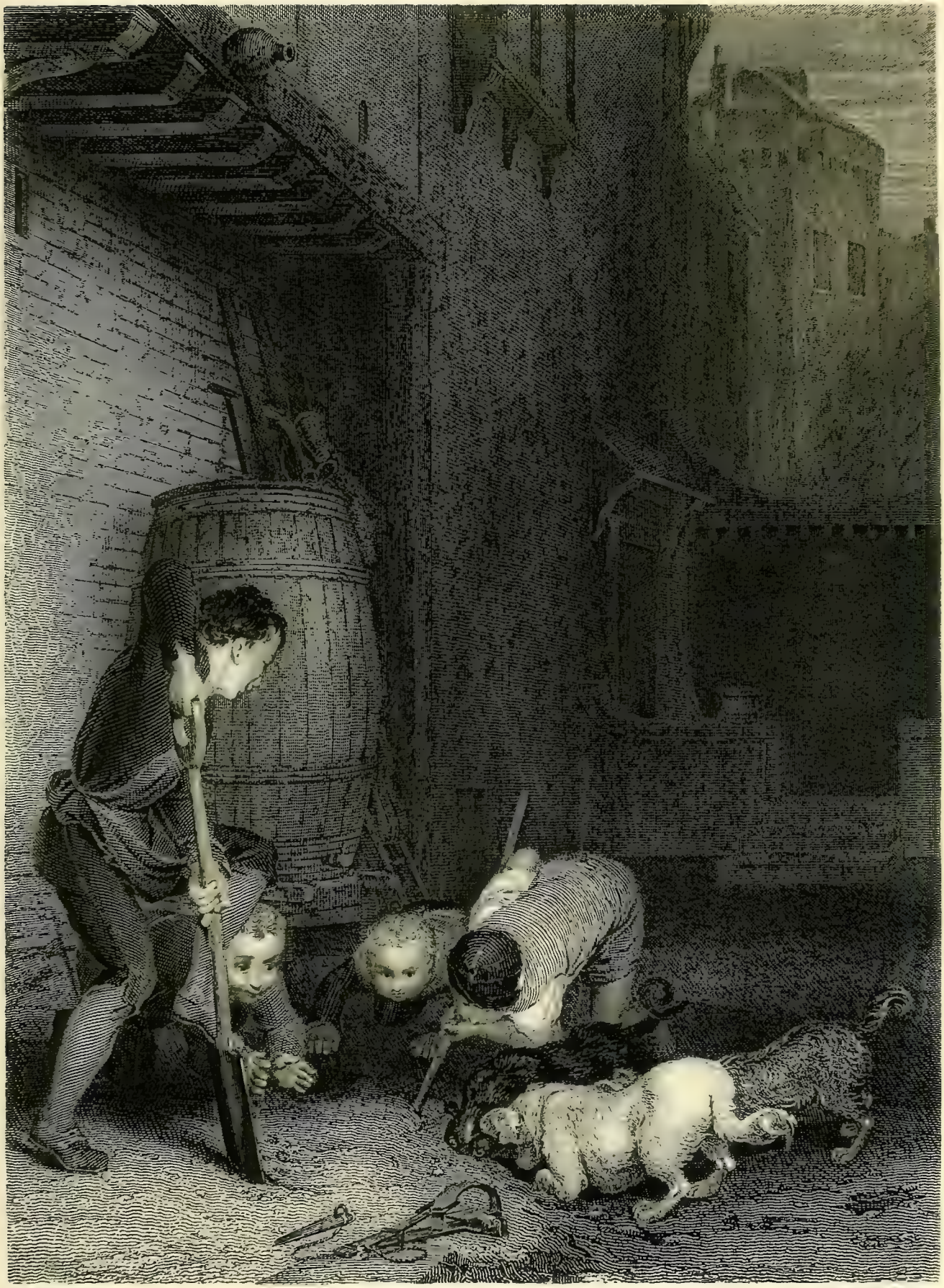
R. Fontana Finx.

The Evocation of Souls.

the lofty Hall. Whatever the special incident may be, the painter has succeeded in giving a piquant human interest to the grand old walls and stately parterre. The party surprised by the entrance of the roundhead soldier is a gay and stately one, giving the artist opportunity to show his knowledge of costume and manners in the brilliant epoch he represents. Nothing—not even a herd of dappled deer—could so picturesquely dot the lovely glades of the foreground as these stately, bright-robed figures of the historic past. M. Castiglione paints with a crisp, finished touch of uncommon delicacy and exactness. Choosing a theme exactly in the vein of some of the English water-colorists and anecdote-painters, he gives it that air of novelty and fresh candor which is often conferred on a subject when a foreign commentator approaches and makes his statement. His picture is comparatively large, considering the scrupulous minuteness of its touches, and it deserves the elaborate copy which we have caused to be presented to our readers.

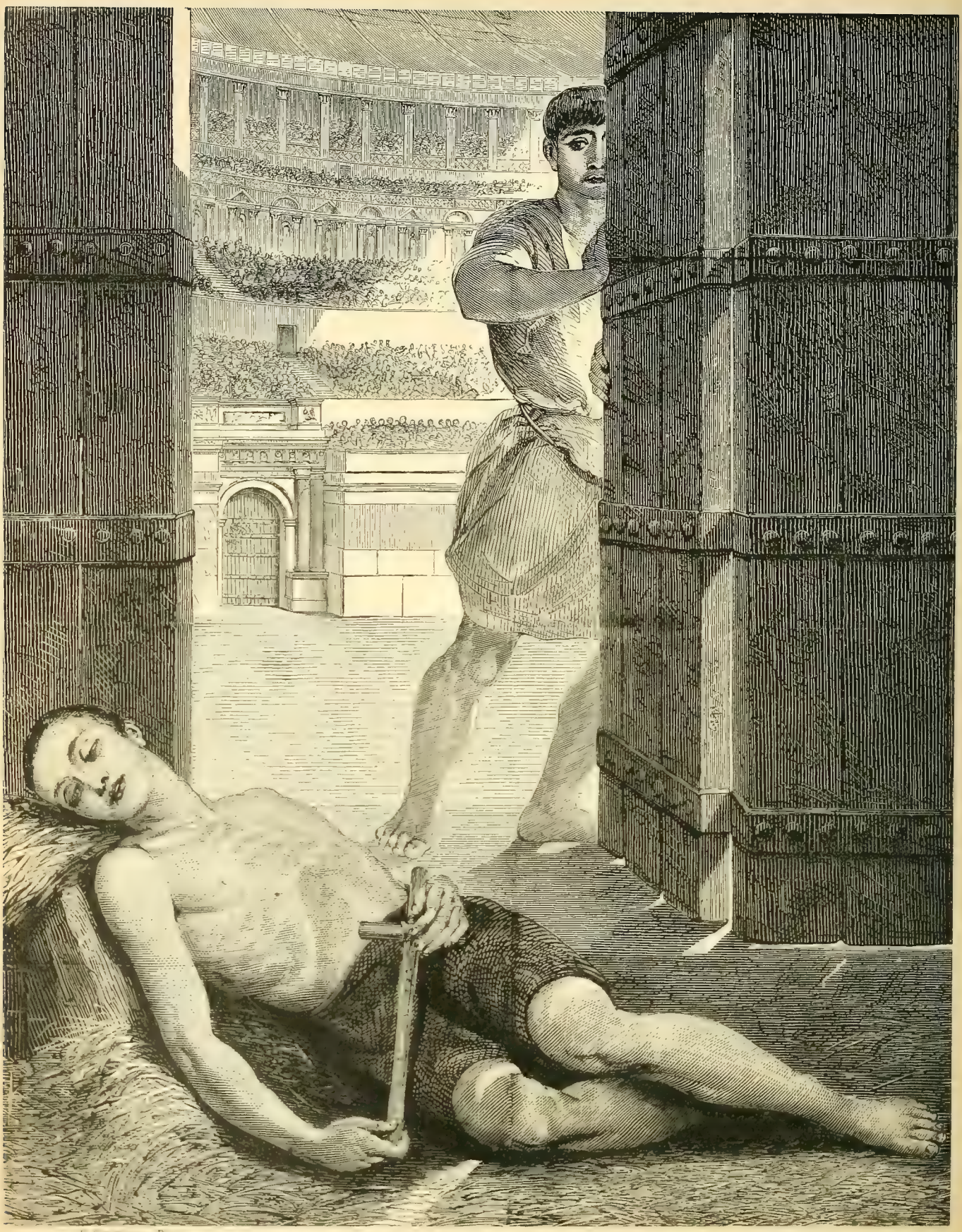
The paintings sent from Italy made a comparatively feeble effect, falling behind the sculpture in impressiveness and *accent*. Many of the large canvases were the work of professors, who are growing rather fusty, and the flaming band of brilliant colorists who have sprung up in Rome around the very ashes of Fortuny, and who call themselves the "modern Roman school," was completely unrepresented. Far be it from us to disparage a collection which contained the landscapes of Vertunni and the dramatic subjects of Gastaldi and Faruffini; but a late development of art which has caused a noise in the world, and which might have made a timely and appropriate contribution, was conspicuous by its absence, and the connoisseur, while straying through the solemn works dry with all the dust of the learned academies, could but wish that Boldini and Simonetti and Joris had sent some of their audacious and expressive splashes of color to liquefy the collection.

Among the most pleasing Italian paintings were the few comparatively unpretending subjects of *genre*. The humorous element, for instance in "During the Sermon," by Pietro Michis, of Milan, though a little out of place is irresistible. The wood-cut on page 111 gives the pith of the incident. We see the sacristy of an Italian church; these retiring-rooms, in the splendid ecclesiastical edifices of Italy, are as richly ornamented as the basilicas themselves, and accordingly we have as a foil to our pair of figures the inlaid floor, the caryatid



carving, the sculptured panel with its *Pax vobis*. Here, in a sunny corner, the little choir-boys, dressed for the service in their pretty overshirts of lace, are beguiling the time till they are wanted to take part in the sacred pageant passing in the body of the building. As is the habit in Italy almost from the time of weaning, these little rascals are abandoned gamblers, and the most unholy emotions are distending their small bosoms while they rattle the dice-box, examine their hands, or display the winning card. The one who does this in the present instance happens to have taken a kneeling position, but his knees are not the knees of humility—rather of unholy exultation. His opponent, a seemingly older but not a better player, has dashed his hand of cards in a fury on the ground, where the polished thurifer drags its chain and forgets to smoke in the preöccupation of the hour. A sketch of manners like this, caught on the fly by one who knows the secrets behind the scenes, gives more of an idea of Italy than can be had from many a book of travel—nay, even from many an actual tour, blindly prosecuted at the heels of a routine courier.

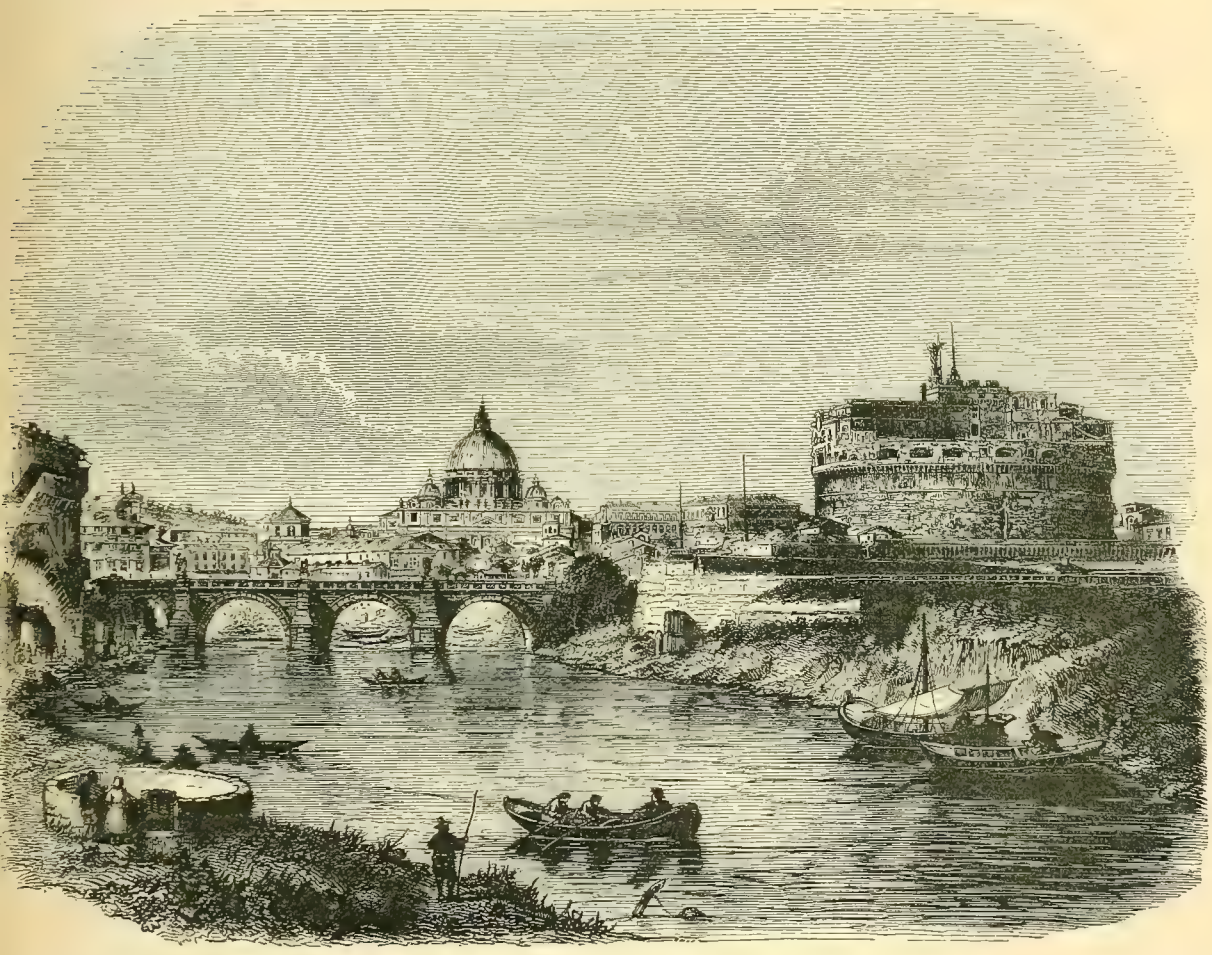
As a *pendant* to this boyish comedy we are glad to be able to give another, where the humors of boy-life are depicted by so eminent a master as Wilkie. Our steel-plate shows to perfection the rich expression and beautiful grouping and light and shade of Wilkie's "Boys digging for a Rat," which the London Royal Academy was generous enough to spare for our grand commemoration. The reputation of Sir David Wilkie, the next great artistic humorist after Hogarth, is built upon a long succession of admirable works, and not upon a single example like the present one. His keen eye for character, his wholesome happy temperament, the kind family temper which distinguishes his humorous scenes, and the more artistic qualities of good color and excellent composition, have made him a household-word, and the engravings from his pictures household ornaments, wherever English art is known. Of his pleasant, innocent, scrupulous personal character, the reminiscences of Haydon and Leslie give the most agreeable glimpses. The painting sent to this country as a specimen is about twelve by fourteen inches in size, and is agreeably toned by age into a dim but powerful harmony. Our readers can observe from the highly-finished steel-plate how richly blended are the shadows, how soft the gradations. The group of little huntsmen is charming for character and *naïveté*. How natural is the attitude of the child on all fours on the ground



F. Swaneyer, Pinx.

A Christian Martyr in the Reign of Diocletian.

by the wall! How the white dog in the foreground relieves against the shadowy interior, and how animated is his attitude! This was the genuine, legitimate *scène de mœurs* of fifty years ago, before the strained ingenuity of Düsseldorf artists had made painting a mere vehicle for obligatory and cheap sensations. With Wilkie and Hogarth we laugh, or feel the stress of pity, all in a genuine



F. A. Bossuet, Pinx. *Rome—the Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo.*

inartificial way; with most of the modern *genre* painters we are sensible of the creaking of the machinery, and our laughter, though extorted by real dramatic skill, is begrudged and quickly checked.

A fine subject by Mr. Howard Roberts gives us the opportunity to say a word for the beneficial results some of our artists are receiving from study in France. The teaching of French professors is above all technical in its nature.

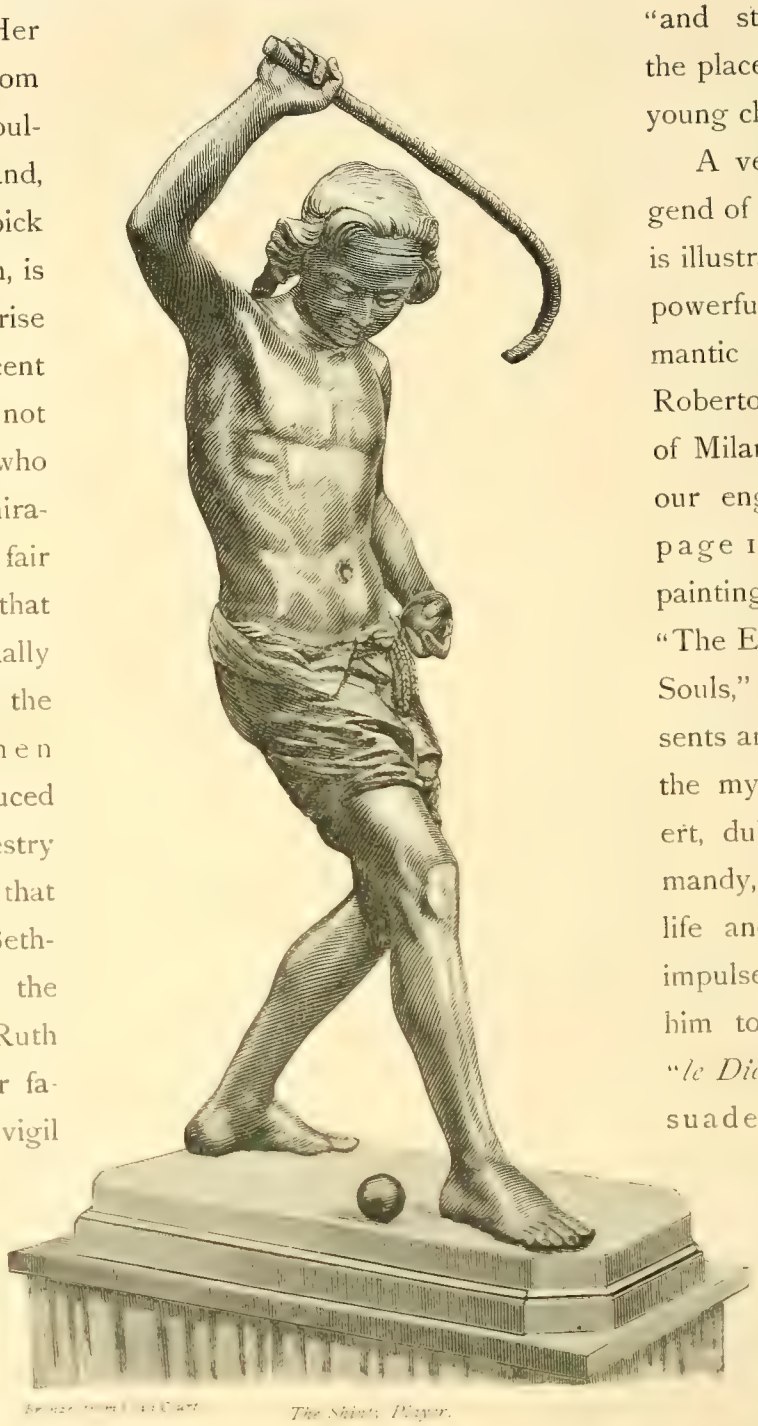
The teaching of Italy is only an "influence in the air." The young sculptor who establishes himself in the Eternal City or Florence imbibes delicious ideas of the poetry of the antique, "the beauty that was Greece and the glory that was Rome;" but he usually gets little instruction of a lofty order, and is often seen struggling for the rest of his life—"full of mammoth thoughts," as the girl was at whom Hawthorne laughed. In Paris, on the contrary, there is the intelligence that has resolved into a system the best art-teaching of the whole world. The student there learns that felicity in many sorts of technic which makes him able thereafter to master whatever he has it in him to express. Our fine steel-plate of Mr. Roberts's statue entitled "La Première Pose," or "The Model's First Sitting," indicates the peculiar sort of excellence attained after faithful French study. The peculiar subject being granted, the figure is highly meritorious in artistic qualities. The French distinguish works of this character from historical subjects or traits of character, by the term "*académie*," or an academical study; that is to say, a conscientious reproduction of some living figure, where faithful adherence to nature is more the object sought than pathos or humor or dignity. A good academic study, however, may easily include a degree of interest in the situation, and this is the case with the statue before us. We cannot help sympathizing a little with this poor girl, driven by poverty to exposure in a painter's atelier. Was it not the gifted author of "The Sparrowgrass Papers" who had a tender little story of the emigrant girl, engaged to be married to an honest road-mender of her own green island, who when work was scanty consented to unveil her perfect form in the studio of an old artist who respected her, and helped her at last to marry the man of her choice? The *académie* of Mr. Roberts suggests some such delicate story. As we study the features we fancy the case of a girl rather saucy and scatter-brained by nature, who until the terrible ordeal is proposed scarcely knows the sacredness of her womanhood: a situation at first sight simply bad may thus be salutary in awakening the life of a dormant good. If this rattle-pated grisette, who now perhaps feels a modesty she was hardly conscious of when clothed, will keep at the height of virtuous sentiment she has now attained, she will be saved to society. It is well known that many of the female models of the European studios are good girls, who bare their forms to the artist as innocently as to the physician, who take the exceptional situation without abusing

J. Roberts

its temptations, and who often marry well and live on respectably. The dazzling social position a professional model may emerge into is instanced in the case of Lady Hamilton, who (though not the best specimen of the dignity of the profession) was long the favorite exemplar for Romney the painter. The technical qualities of Mr. Roberts's work, the highest perhaps of any among the American statuary, are, however, what we wish particularly to point out. From top to toe the resemblance to vital palpitating life is perfect; the firmness of those parts of the flesh which are in tension, the pendant look of those which are relaxed, the proportions, the system of lines and general cast of the figure, are hardly to be enough admired. Very expressive is the muscular action of the drawn-up legs, showing just as much contraction as is to be seen under the adipose padding of female flesh. We fancy we detect in our engraving, though most carefully and successfully copied from the original, a certain look of pettiness about the head, and undue length of the foot. This kind of trouble will often get into the most careful drawing after a statue, and one the most carefully measured; it is one of the *superstitions* of the art of design, a surmised annoyance that the most convincing proof will not remove. Our engraving certainly is not big-footed or little-headed, though it may seem to look so; and Mr. Roberts's statue is certainly small-footed, as any of its admirers will testify; but a local play of light will frequently play such a trick on the most accurately designed figure in a drawing or photograph. The harmony of lines in the present statue is singularly good; although the play of all the limbs is so free, the beautiful creature fills a nearly perfect oval. The most advanced criticism of the day was freely extended to this figure while Mr. Roberts was modeling it in Paris, both for correction and approval. From such sagacious eyes as have watched its progress, no serious technical fault could well escape; and an unusual amount of toilsome study on the side of the artist and of cramping inconvenience on that of the young women who successively sat for the part, were required to turn out so finished a specimen.

On page 56 we give a representation of Mr. Randolph Rogers's marble figure of Ruth, a statue which made the artist's reputation, and of which the repetitions adorn some of the most tasteful American homes. The lovely Moabite, "heart-sick amid the alien corn," kneels to Boaz on the barley-field of that good Jew. Across her arm lies a handful of ripened ears, and she

looks up half desolate and half hopeful, as his words of kindness fall upon her wistful ear. Her light tunic falls from one rounded shoulder, as the hand, outstretched to pick a stalk of grain, is arrested in surprise at the beneficent invitation. Let not the visitor, who pauses in admiration before this fair marble, forget that Ruth is especially interesting as the only heathen woman introduced into the ancestry of Christ! and that the scene is Bethlehem, where the stars that Ruth watched in her famous night of vigil were afterwards replaced by the dazzle of that *miracle*-star which came "and stood over the place where the young child lay."



The Skittle Player.

A very old legend of Normandy is illustrated in the powerful and romantic picture by Roberto Fontana, of Milan, copied in our engraving on page 121. The painting is called "The Evocation of Souls," and represents an incident in the myth of Robert, duke of Normandy, whose wild life and irregular impulses caused him to be named "*le Diable*." Persuaded by the phantoms of the wicked nuns, he is about to pluck the magic bough from the tomb of St. Rosalia, which will give him power to paralyze all who oppose him, until his better impulse warns him to break the branch and put himself

L. C. G de Belle Pinx.

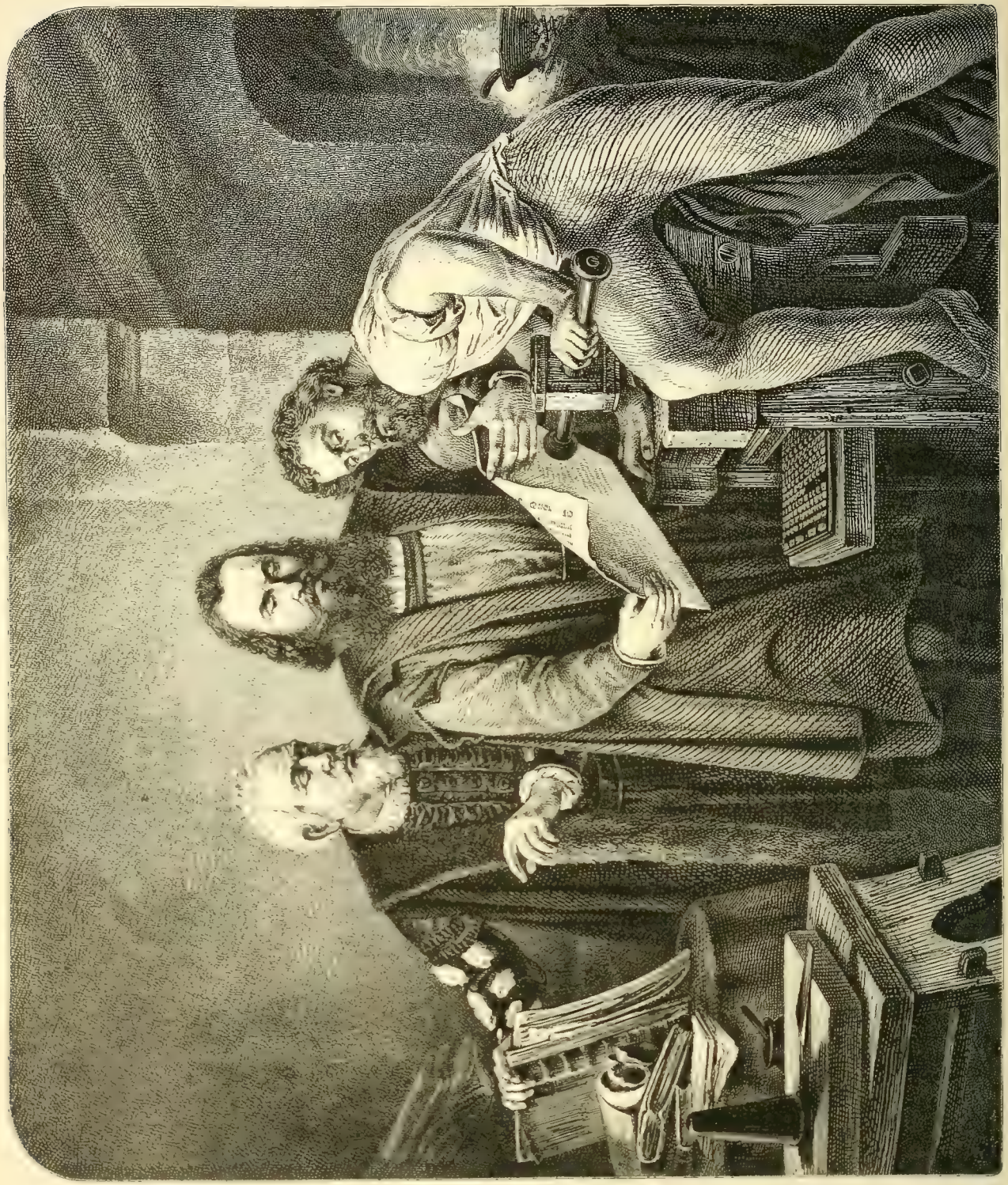
On the Edge of the Forest.

in the way of salvation. Scribe, who wrote the libretto on which is based the "Robert" of Meyerbeer, has not been able to give much coherence to an antiquated and inconsistent fable. Robert, the offspring of the fiend and an unhappy mother, arrives in Palermo, and falls in love with the Princess of Sicily. His diabolical father, in human disguise, accompanies him, and, after stripping the young prodigal of wealth, prestige, honor, and every advantage by which he could reasonably appeal to the princess, incites him to gain her by witchcraft. The great incantation scene, whose beginning the picture represents, takes place near the tomb of Saint Rosalia, that patroness of Sicily whose statue even now overlooks the Mediterranean from the summit of Mount Pellegrino. The convent bequeathed by Saint Rosalia to the brides of heaven has become the scene of profanity and wickedness, where renegade nuns offer incense to evil deities. At the summons of Robert's fiend-father, the wicked dead novices rise from their tombs, and with bewildering dances lead the infatuated knight to the tomb of Saint Rosalia and the tempting branch. The preparations for this orgie occupy the picture of Signor Fontana; directly these beautiful and alluring forms, half nuns and half bayaderes, will be mingled with horrible phantoms and monsters from the witches' sabbath, and awful thunders will peal over the scene as the magic branch breaks. Robert, however, will not be ultimately lost; after the accommodating manner of legends, he will be recalled to virtue by the opportune revelation of his mother's dying testament, bidding him avoid the seductions of the audacious fiend who, having been robbed of his bride by heaven, wishes to pluck his son down to an immortality of evil companionship below. The princess, too, will be saved for Robert, who will marry her with theatrical pomp at the close of the fourth act, in the cathedral of Palermo. The unpresentable papa will sink beneath the stage, with a flash of red fire, and his orphan will live respectably ever after. In the engraving after Fontana, our readers will admire the graceful grouping of the alluring nuns, the well-marked hesitancy of Robert, brought on in the distance by the fiend, the weird beauty of the landscape which represents the cemetery clustered around the crumbling statue of the sainted Rosalia; it is a skillful assemblage of graceful ideas, with just enough of theatrical formality remaining to suggest to opera-goers that the painter's conception originated in scenic light and music.

"Checkmate next Move," of which we give an elaborate engraving on pages

90 and 91, is a very carefully finished painting by John Calcott Horsley, R. A., lent to the Exhibition by Thomas Jessop, Esq. Some of our readers may recollect that in the only large and important exhibition of paintings of the English school ever previously made in America—the one which was opened in New York and Philadelphia shortly before the war of secession,—the principal attraction was a very large picture of Prince Henry trying on the crown of his sleeping father. Mr. Horsley was the author of that painting, as well as of three contributions to our Centennial, the best of which we select for illustration. It is a picture which explains itself. The costumes indicate the period of Charles I, and in that epoch, within a beautiful old chamber, before the troubles brought upon feudalism by Cromwell, occurs a peaceful scene of aristocratic life. The mistress of the house has "checkmated" her elderly visitor, who has laid aside his hat and sword to engage in a tranquil game with her before the fireside; and in the distance, her fair daughter, demurely knitting at a work-table, has just as effectually "checkmated" his son, who bends over the maiden with a rapt air which tells that with him at present all the game is up. The latter manœuvre is intelligently watched by a page, through the cracks of a screen which incloses him as he polishes the glasses which have entertained the party. Mr. Horsley has defined the situation with great tact and humor, while the excessive finish of his painting makes it a curiosity of manipulation.

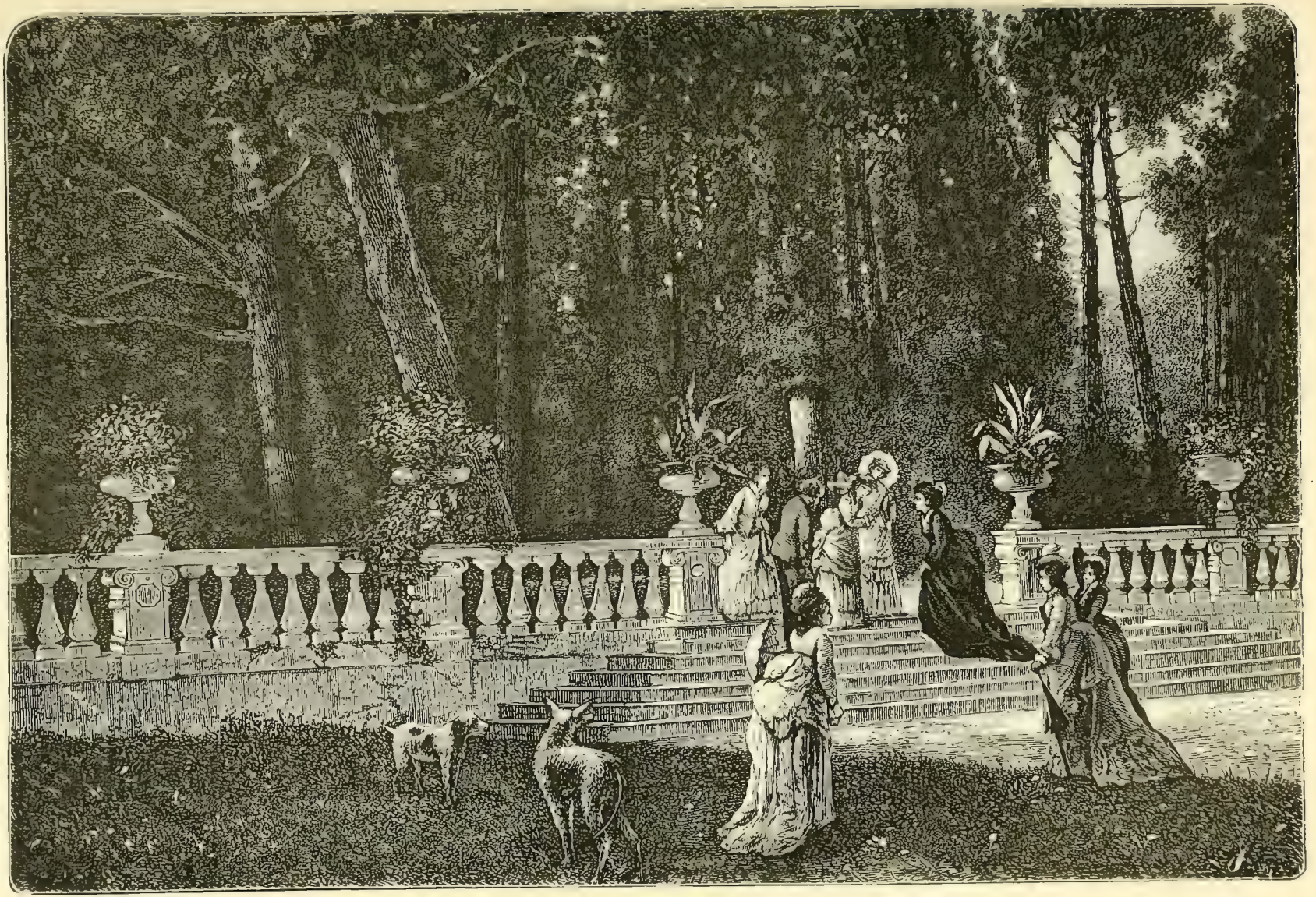
"The Youthful Hannibal" is a bronze group of an exceptional quality. After counting with unconquerable dejection the innumerable figures of pretty lasses and trivial matrons, the offspring of an enervated sentiment, it was grateful to the visitor to find the department of Italian sculpture distinguished by a work of so much energy, originality and fire. This spirited production, which we represent on page 89, is modeled by the Cavaliere Prospero d'Epinay, of Rome. The lean and agile Hannibal, wearing that tress over the ear with which certain tropical tribes of antiquity defined the period of youth—and wearing nothing else—is represented as a child in years though a man in courage, as he combats with sinewy arms an enormous eagle whose span is far greater than his own. Without weapons, without defence against the talons of the bird, he engages in a primitive struggle, striving with both hands to strangle the neck, and keep the cruel beak away from his eyes. The chevalier has been successful in every part of his composition: in the eagle, the general



The First Proof.

F. Keyhert, Pinx.

sense of roughened feathers, in the highest dishevelment, flutters over the whole impression of the action, but does not conceal the lines of power and fierce-



Achille Formis, Pinx.

The Park.

ness in the mad bird's attack; the agitated feathers, skillfully cast in the metal with lavish undercutting, form a background to the lithe limbs of the boy, with young lean muscles in the highest tension, and a fine proud posture. The head is full of character and promise. In the infancy of races, nothing is more common than these hand-to-hand encounters of defenceless man with Nature in all her armor. Millions of young savages have met the fierce creatures of the wilderness with this perfection of courage, and with this pitiful disadvantage; a great many must fail; those are the fortunate, the élite, who emerge from the struggle and become heroes.

As if to show that nothing in nature is beyond the powers of Italian texture-carving, another sculptor sends an eagle in marble to compete with d'Epinay's eagle of bronze. Of course the difficulty of undercutting is still greater in stone than in metal, yet Signor Innocente Pandiani, a Milanese artist, shows an "Eagle and Turkey" (engraved by us on page 116), which seem made up of snowy feathers that a breath would cause to vibrate. Those of the carrier-pigeon in the "Telegram of Love" (page 32), and of the plumes in "l'Africaine" (page 40), as well as the hair of the latter figure and of several others, show the extreme ingenuity of Italian carvers in suggesting texture without unnecessary tool-work. Pandiani's pair of enormous birds is imposing and artistic; the turkey, who has had his own days of importance, and has spread his suit of scale-armor valiantly in many a morning's sunshine, now meets his master; he raises his head rather in appeal than in resistance; the duel is too unequal, and the eagle's kindest act will be the stroke that deprives the poor carpet-knight of consciousness.

The winter scene which is engraved on page 129 is from a painting by M. de Bellée, of Paris, which attracted attention by its fidelity to nature and harsh but wholesome truth. The raw, inhospitable aspect of a French farm in winter is touched to perfection. "There is but one cloud in the sky" (to use the words of Currer Bell), "but it spreads from pole to pole." The thatched roofs of the grange are covered with an even coat of soft clinging snow, and the rare passers-by trudge sullenly through the white sponge of the foot-path. Overhead the trees, with the beautiful mystery of their branch-work stripped and revealed, float upward through the dim sky into infinite reticulation, like seaweed in an aquarium. Here is not the wholesome, lusty vigor of a rich

powdering storm such as is depicted in Whittier's "Snowbound," but a damp, chilling, sullen imprisonment of life-forces, such as makes winter the bane of warm climates. The smokeless chimneys, indicating that the farmer's wife has taken no pains to supply an antidote to the depressing weather, is another character-touch, and indicates the helpless misery in which French and Italian peasants live out the cold season.

The German school furnishes an interesting and spirited scene in the composition of "Luther Intercepted," by Count Von Harach, of Berlin, of which we give the engraving on page 103. The incident, which at first sight looks dangerous for Luther, is really the means of his salvation. It shows the means taken by the Elector of Saxony to protect, by a show of violence, the outspoken and uncompromising reformer. After the Diet of Worms, April 26, 1521, Luther left that city, having been condemned by Charles V and a majority of the Council. In a forest traversed by Martin and his companion, their wagon was stopped by armed horsemen in masks, who conveyed the reformer to the mountain castle of Wartburg. In this inaccessible retreat, safe from all molestation, the immortal thinker wrote those tracts which revolutionized Europe, causing hundreds of monks to renounce their vows and enter into the bonds of matrimony, and shaking the authority of the Pope with those sturdy arguments which still form the bulwark of Protestantism. Count Harach's picture well represents the confusion, the passion, the tempestuous energy of an unexpected attack. The intrepid reformer betrays no alarm, although to him the rencounter must for the moment seem fatal. The cross-lights and dappled shadows darting through the noble forest seem to add to the impression of contradiction, confusion and cross purposes created by the peculiar circumstances of the ambush.

Another Protestant subject is furnished by a pupil of the Munich school, Mr. G. F. Folingsby, in the fine composition seen on pages 106 and 107. Mr. Folingsby, though exhibiting as a true disciple of Piloty and the Munich nursery, is a German by adoption rather than by origin, having been born under the skies of Britain. In his excellent group we see the well-ordered balance, the stately dignity, the classical decorum, of the academy founded by Cornelius. Lady Jane and her *duenna* form a monumental pair on the left, the lines of their drapery sweeping towards the centre, while their calm sobriety is balanced

by the single figure of the prelate, *chancellant*, tottering, baffled, and worsted, and seeming to revolve on itself in the despair of moral defeat. The scene throws up into beautiful light the fragile firmness of that poor girl who was queen but of a day, yet empress of eternal truth. No arguments, persuasions or menaces could shake that grasp of holy conviction which was her stay amid the abandonment of men and the prospect of approaching death. It is well known that no efforts were spared by the Catholic party to shake her Protestant faith, and secure to the Romish Church the jewel of her beautiful soul. Day by day, as she endured the confinement that preceded her execution, some emissary of Rome, Bishop Gardiner or the Abbot Takenham, disturbed her privacy and attempted to wrest her faith from Protestantism by arguments, flatteries and menaces of eternal perdition. But the fair bride, better armed even with literary weapons than most of her contemporaries, successfully resisted her opponents

Vanity.

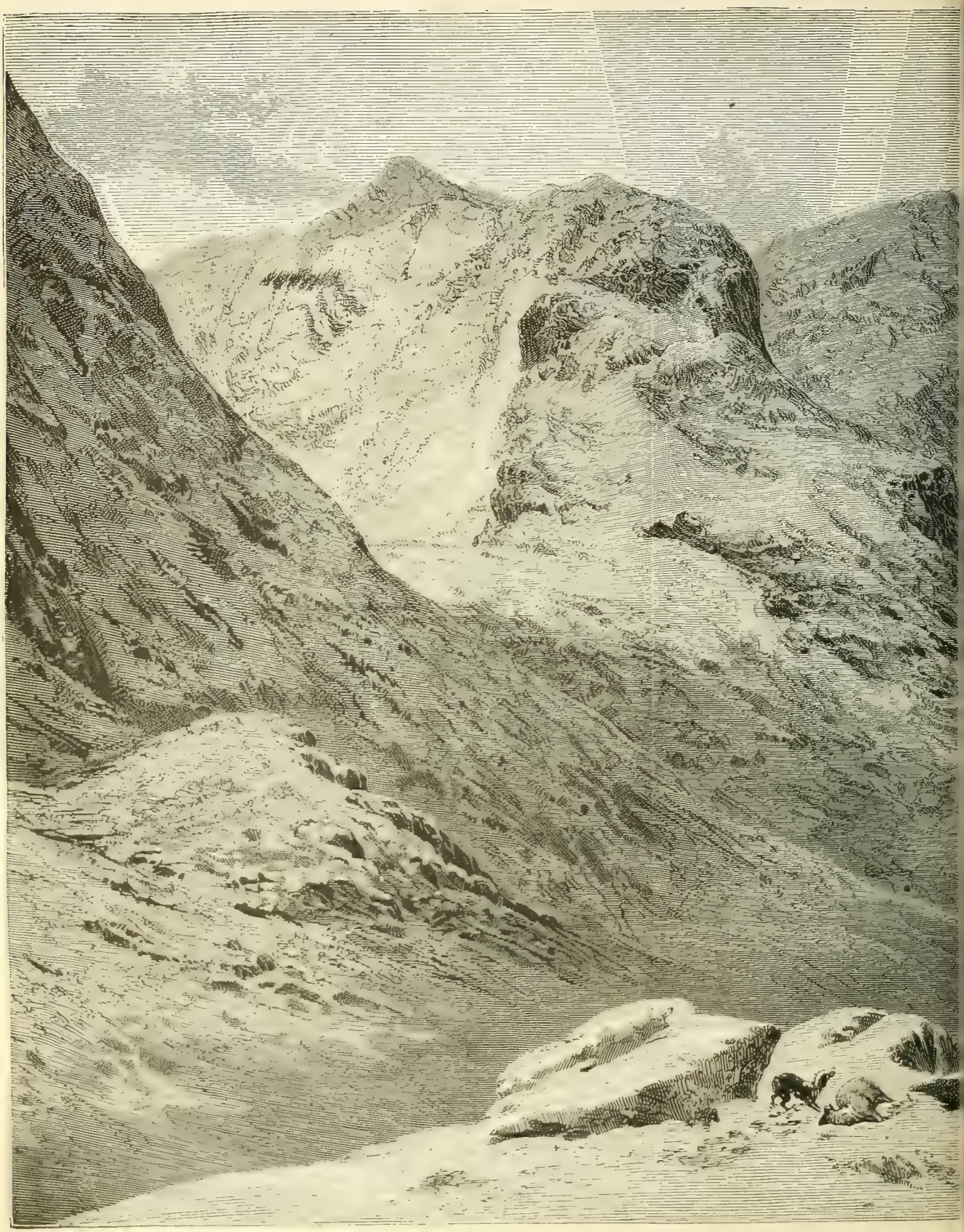
by reference to the Scriptures or to the early fathers of Christianity. The beautiful picture of Mr. Folingsby shows her playing her part of a feminine Luther before the embodied power of the Papacy, with an authority made awful by the certainty of swiftly-approaching death.

Another product of German art, by F. Reichert, of Dresden, is devoted to celebrating a sister craft which shares with that of painting the privilege of charming and enlightening the world. In the composition entitled "The First

A. Altmann. Pinx. *After Paul Potter.*

The Young Bull.

Proof" (page 132), we are shown the nervous moment when printing was to be judged for success or unsuccess in its destined task of supplanting the pen. In the centre of a group of three, between the workman who furnishes the mechanic power and the aristocratic man of letters who decides the victory, Gutenberg draws out from the press the first sheet made eloquent with printers' ink. The fate of civilization is in his hand. Beside him, holding a stately written missal, is the representation of the old order of things, the patient schoolman, whose clerks bend their backs over the weary desk, and elaborate



A. F. Nesbitt, Phot.

Mountain Gl

Glencoe.

A. F. Newton Print.

Mountain Glen, Glencoe

in a course of months the work which the new agent will surpass in an hour. To the inventor, all is yet doubtful. Will the printed page take the place of the vellum manuscript? The old scholar at his elbow doubts it still. But within the breast of the innovator speaks that inward monitor which convinces him that the novel power is the stronger, and that, in the words of a modern writer of eloquence, "*this* will overcome *that*"—"*ceci tuera cela.*"

Shakespeare having created the forest of Arden, that ideal no-man's-land where the impossible is the practicable, we are under obligations to Mr. John Pettie, of London, Royal Academician, to have realized for the eye one of the fantastic scenes of the sylvan republic. His picture, of which we give an excellent steel-plate engraving, shows the interview between Touchstone, a court-clown just wise enough to be spoiled, and Audrey, a peasant girl just silly enough to be honest. The love-scene between these well-mated grown children is of the truest pastoral-comical:—

Touchstone. Come apace, good Audrey. I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Audrey. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touchstone. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. . . . Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical!

Audrey. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Golden proverbs of similar delicious un-wisdom drop every moment from the lips of the unconscious Audrey, as she stands for all time the embodiment of rustic idiocy, with the deep forest of Arden for a background. Clasping her shepherd's wand in both hands, and looking straight into the wicked eyes of the jester with smiling vacuity of intellect, she lets fall such kindred pearls of speech as: "Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest;" or, "I am not a slut, although I thank the gods I am foul." Shakespeare's most unpermissible, wrong-headed puns—*goats* and *Goths*, *capricious* and *capra*—stud the lines, still wild with the impulse of Rosalind's tameless talk. Touchstone, brought up in palaces, puzzles the poor shepherdess with his pedantic follies and literary allusions. We see him bowing before her, courtly, mocking and malicious, his fingers on his chin, his bauble under his arm. Mr. Pettie has succeeded in making more real for us one of the inimitably realistic scenes of Shakespearean comedy.

The drama of life in the Elizabethan age has seldom been better depicted than by Leslie—first in the "May-day," of which we give an engraving on page 95, and afterwards in many an illustration of the Shakespearean plays. This artist was, in fact, a sort of pioneer in that style of romantic painting, with strict attention to historical costume and accessories, now so much in vogue. His "May-day in the time of Queen Elizabeth" was generously lent to the American Exhibition by its owner, John Naylor, Esq., of Leighton Hall. It was painted in 1821, the year in which Leslie was made Associate of the Royal Academy; it won him great honor at the Exhibition of that season, as well as the pleasure of an acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, who called twice at the studio to see it, and suggested the group of archers shooting at the butts. It went to the Academy with the following extract as a motto:—

> "At Paske began our Morrice, and ere Pentecost our May:
> Then Robin Hood, litell John, Friar Tuck and Marian deftly play,
> And Lord and Ladie gang till Kirke, with lads and lasses gay."

Of this picture and the incident of Sir Walter's calling, Leslie writes thus to his sister, Miss Eliza Leslie, the Philadelphia magazinist: "My friends are sanguine as to its success, and I myself consider it the best thing I have done. Sir Walter Scott has been lately in London, and came twice to see it when in progress; the first visit I had taken the liberty to request, but the second, which you may believe gratified me not a little, was of his own proposing. He found fault with nothing in my picture, but suggested the introduction of a few archers, a hint of which I took advantage." The principal pair of figures in the foreground are a provincial beauty from a country manor-house, and a fantastic dandy of the day. This affected gentleman is meant to be a Euphuist, that is, a pedant fully capable of talking in the style of John Lilly's "Euphues and his England," a work of whose philological influence we are told by Blount, "that beauty at court which could not parley Euphuisme was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French." The country belle timidly accepts the Euphuist's hand for the dance, hardly comprehending the overstrained phrases (like those of Holofernes in "Love's Labour's Lost") with which he solicits the honor. At the right hand stands a proud dowager of the period, accompanied by her jester, who slyly draws the figure of an ass on the buckler of a man-at-arms. Around the may-pole circles the train of maskers, Robin

Hood and Maid Marian, Little John and Friar Tuck, not forgetting Hobby-horse and Dragon. Behind the pole is the bower containing the Queen of May. At the extreme left, watching the dance, is the black-robed schoolmaster, his bundle of birches forgotten in his hand, and his sour face brightened with a temporary smile. The landscape, which is very beautiful, bears a larger proportion to the scope of the picture than was usual with the artist. Leslie followed West, as the second gift made by this city to the art-circles of England. He was the son of Robert Leslie, who came to Philadelphia from Maryland in 1786; himself born in 1794, he went to England in 1811, returned to America to take the position of drawing-teacher at West Point, which he filled in 1833 and 1844, and then went back to painting in London, where he died on May 5, 1859.

The grand old Dutch school of the seventeenth century was revealed to the visitors at our International Fair by a series of four large copies of its masterpieces, which an Amsterdam artist, S. Altmann, was obliging enough to send over, in addition to some original subjects of his own. Rembrandt's "Master's of the Drapers," Van der Helst's "Banquet of the Civil Guard," and Franz Hals's "Masters of the Kloveniers" were accordingly seen in imposing repetitions the same size as the originals; and many visitors of limited opportunities, whose idea of a Dutch picture was that of something excessively diminutive and highly wrought, were amazed at the scale, the freedom, the sketchy expressiveness, the photographic reality of those grand pages of history. Besides the three we have just mentioned, the artist dispatched his copy of the masterpiece of Paul Potter, "The Young Bull," the pride of the Hague; of this we give on page 137 a spirited little study, reversed from left to right for the convenience of the engraver. The young genius who achieved this masterly work painted it in 1647, when only twenty-two years old; and he died seven years after, leaving the world to wonder what he would have become if his life had been prolonged to the usual span. This precocious lad found time to paint over a hundred pictures of mark, and to leave behind him four books of sketches, which the Berlin cabinet of engravings retains in their original boar-skin bindings. His subjects are animals and shepherds, suitably set in a flat, sunny Holland landscape. The reader who consults our engraving of "The Young Bull" must remember that the original portrait is about the size

Enrico Braga, Sc.

Cleopatra.

of nature, and endowed with an energy and vehemence that makes it pleasanter to meet, for nervous people and ladies, than the live subject would be.

Enrico Braga, an industrious sculptor of Milan, sent over so great a number of works of uncontested originality, that he can well afford to have the master-motive of his "Cleopatra" (page 143) assigned where it belongs—to the painting, namely, by the French artist, Gérôme. The posture of the queen, and of the servant Apollodorus, are substantially the same as in the picture, whose statuesque grouping was so peculiarly adapted for the purposes of sculpture, that a French bronze-founder, as well as our Italian artist in marble, has produced a repetition of it in statuary. Gérôme's painting is now owned by a California gentleman; and as he sent no canvas to the Exhibition, we are glad to find a reflection of his skill thus more or less directly displayed. The incident is that where Cleopatra, being at war with her brother Ptolemy Dionysius, had herself conveyed to Julius Cæsar, then in Alexandria; she was brought safely to the dictator through the armies of her foes, concealed in a roll of tapestry which was offered as a tribute to Cæsar, and which Apollodorus carried in and opened at his feet. This contrasted pair preserves the posture of Gérôme's group—the slave, who parts the drapery, so supple and submissive; the girl, standing, and leaning on his shoulder as on a piece of furniture, already so queenly, confident and regal. Gérôme's is one of the few French pictures celebrated in English poetry; in "Fifine at the Fair," Mr. Browning strings a half-score of verses in honor of the painter's heroine, beginning:—

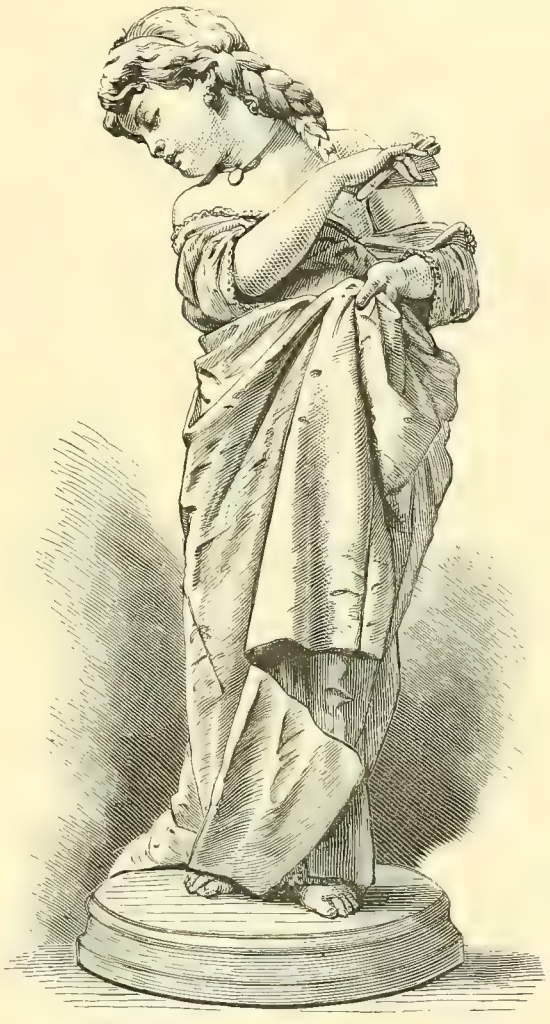
"See Cleopatra! bared, th' entire and sinuous wealth
Of the shining shape!"

and dwelling appreciatively on the successive beauties of the form, "traced about by jewels," and perfect from head to foot in plastic elegance—

"Yet, o'er that white and wonder, a Soul's predominance
I' the head, so high and haught—except one thievish glance
From back of oblong eye, intent to count the slain!"

Guarnerio, whose "Forced Prayer" we have already represented, sent also a group of two figures, called "Vanity," whose modish grace throws into strong contrast the regal calm of such a work as the "Cleopatra." We present an engraving on page 136. The attempt here is not so much to secure the sympathy of the spectator by depth or subtlety of conception, as to dazzle him by reckless difficulties of manipulation and by the conquered suavity of kneaded

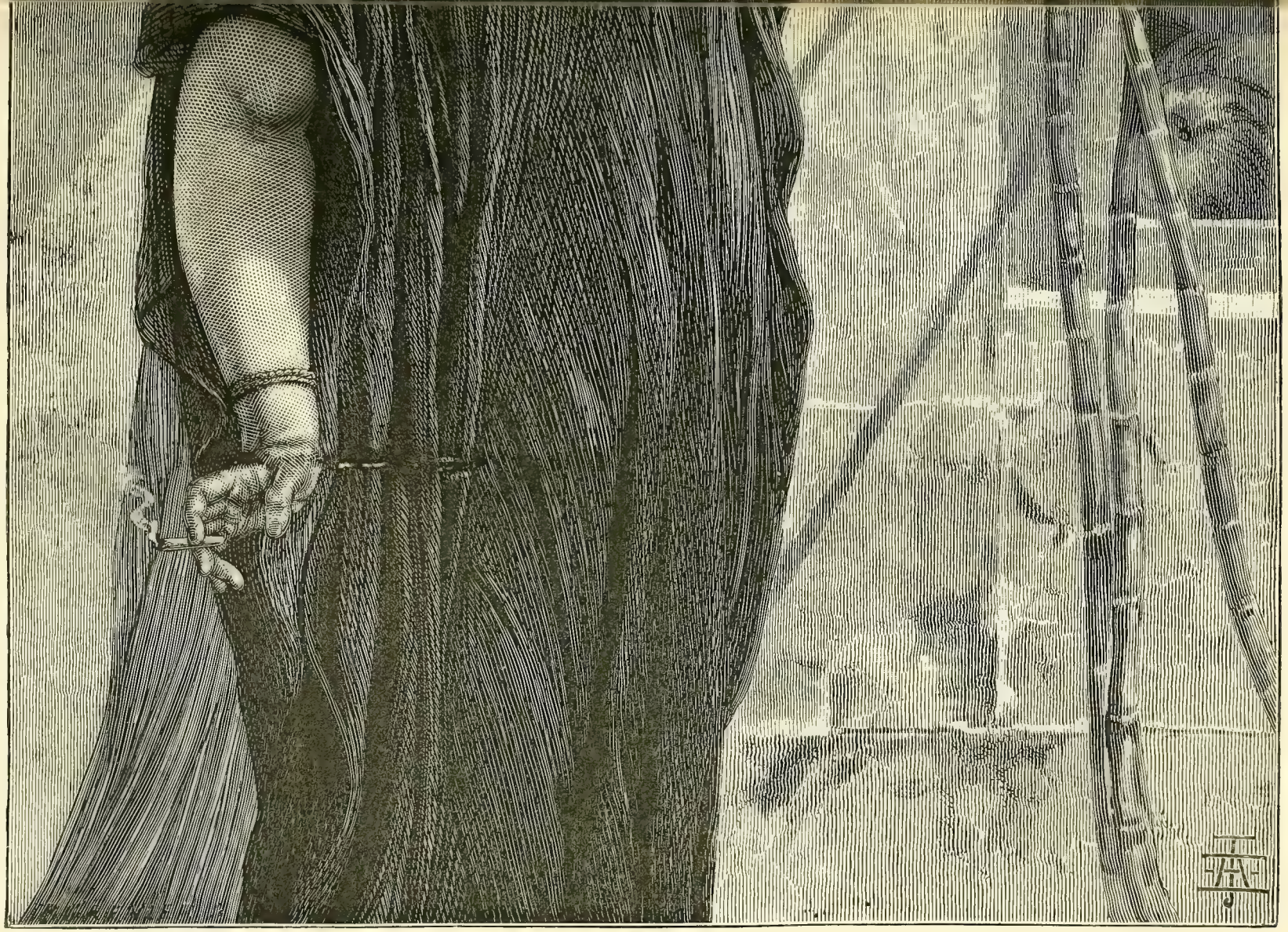
marble. A ball-room belle, whose flesh seems made of swans' down rather than stone, is winding a necklace around her breast, and admiring the jewels in a mirror which a little girl holds admiringly before her. Here we have Signor Guarnerio, whose range is as wide as Garrick's was in acting, at the opposite pole from his classical style, as revealed in the "Aruns shooting Camilla." Every touch in the "Vanity" is softened in consonance with a boudoir subject, and the group is rococo —luscious, overtender and enervated. The astonishing skill which can thus make Carrara look as flexible as whipped cream, we willingly concede; but we consider that many such successes as this would lead Art to a state of effeminate nervelessness.



F. Barzaghi, Sc

Vanity.

In the Nineteenth Room of the Art-Annex, marked simply with a contemptuous "Unknown" in their catalogues, many visitors may have noticed a statue of rural grace and originality, which they will recognize from our sketch on page 105. This image of "The Young Grape-gatherer," which figured if we mistake not at the Vienna Exposition before showing itself at ours, is the work of another Italian artist, Signor Giulio Branca. The posture is entirely unconventional; the youthful vintner, retaining in his left hand a cluster he has gathered, reaches the other hand to the highest part of the trellis within his reach, with a gesture which stiffens out his whole figure to a perpendicular straight line. He wears the simple breeches and *camicia* of a lazzarone of



F. Goodall, R. A., Pinx.

Cairo Fruit Girl.

F. Goodall R.A., Pinx.

Cairo Fruit Girl

Naples, and his head hangs away back between his shoulder-blades with the blessed flexibility of youth and a nation of acrobats. An unusual amount of supporting marble, cleverly shredded into grape-leaves and bark, is allowed by the sculptor to remain beside his figure. Something unconventional and fearless about this aspiring youth makes us wish we could have seen more of the work of Signor Branca.

The story of Francesca di Rimini, the most touching in all the pages of Dante, is interpreted by Cabanel in the picture we engrave on page 113. The event which lent an extraordinary depth of tenderness even to the tenderness of Alighieri was one well known to him among the traditions of his home, and flowed into his verse with the lava heat of personal sorrow. Francesca, daughter of Guido de Polenta, lord of Ravenna, was given in marriage to a harsh, ill-favored bridegroom, Lanciotto, son of Malatesta, lord of Rimini. His brother Paolo, unhappily for himself and for all, was graceful, gallant and accomplished, and while yet a young bride the fair Francesca, with Paolo, was put to death by the jealous husband. Francesca's inimitably-told love scene, consequent upon reading, in the romance, of Lancelot and Guinevere's kiss, we give in Dante's numbers as translated by Byron:—

"We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
Of Lancelot, how love possessed him too;
We were alone, quite unsuspiciously;
But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
All o'er discolored by that reading were,
But one thing only wholly us o'erthrew;

"When we read the long-sighed for smile of her
To be thus kissed by such devoted lover,
He, who from me shall be divided ne'er,
Kissed my mouth, trembling in the act all over!
Accursed be the book and he who wrote!
That day no further leaf we did uncover!"

Cabanel represents a close, richly-carved and decked chamber in the castle of Rimini. A reading-desk is at the left—at the right a curtained door, through which Lanciotto, still grasping his reeking sword, looks upon what he has done. The young bride sinks back from the lectern, the book of Lancelot falling from her fingers; and Paolo, his hand pressed upon the wound that has transfixed them both, withdraws his arm from her neck, and rolls to the floor at her

feet. The story is complete, and painted with pathos and eloquence. We believe that doubt has been cast upon the authenticity of the picture exposed at the Centennial: a young American artist, familiar with the replica or duplicate of the painting preserved in France, made his suspicions known through the columns of the *Evening Post.* Our own impression on examining the picture (which was not contributed by the artist, but lent in good faith by the owner, Mrs. A. E. Kidd), was contrary to that of Mr. Bridgman. The touch appeared to us to be in the style of M. Cabanel, but not his best style. French artists prepare duplicate examples of a great many of their works, sometimes of the same size as the original, sometimes differing in that respect; and we are sorry to say, that when the *repliche* are intended to be sold at a great distance, they are not always careful to put their very best powers in action. This concession made, which does not forbid the painter to have kept by him another and even a better picture of Francesca, we believe the reader may feel that he is enjoying a veritable work of the author of the "Venus" and "Florentine Poet."

The position of P. T. Rothermel in American art is somewhat anomalous. He is a colorist, insisting on being a historical painter. We would have him saved from all the drudgery of inventing realistic situations, and set to paint color-dreams divorced as much as possible from actuality. Born with the subtle sense of tone-harmony of an Eugène Delacroix, he is not much more accurate than Delacroix in the pedantry of anatomic detail, the rectitude of architectural and constructive lines. Capable of flinging together lovely groups, sumptuous costumes, and contrasted flesh-tints in the manner of the late painter Diaz, he is pained and puzzled, as Diaz would have been, when a perverse and logical generation asks him for the historic warrant of just such a group, the justification of this or that expression, gesture or attitude. It has always seemed to us that when a great colorist is born to art, the world should be thankful for the rare and exquisite boon, and allow him that isolation and freedom from care which will keep his gift pure. In practical America, a color-poet has to be his own man-of-all-work, vexing himself with the hard drudgery of drawing, expression, dramatic propriety, and historical truth—details which he might be often saved from by the labors of the commonest illustrating draughtsman. He is like a musical genius forced to write the libretti of his own operas. In countries more finely cultured, such a poet is allowed to revel in his proper

talent, and feats outside of it, or faults in other departments, are not scrutinized. We have heard Rothermel criticised, and even with acerbity; artists of the Delacroix order especially invite the animadversions of wiseheads; but we confess, on those occasions, the party we pitied was the critic, not Rothermel. What is certain is, that when he has sent works to the Paris *salon*, they have been hung in conspicuous places as noticeable acquisitions. When in Rome, about a dozen years ago, his rich color-dreams were highly appreciated. Even distant and luxurious Russia, true child of Asia in an inborn and rapid appreciation of harmonies of tint, owns and prizes a considerable number of his paintings, selected in his Italian studio by Muscovite travelers of taste. A New York connoisseur and expert said to us, "The secrets of composition, the balance of light and shade, the effective contrast of tints, which other artists try for all their lives and miss, Rothermel gets at once, without trying." This artist was represented at Philadelphia by his enormous "Gettysburg," a Veronese-study of grays; by his "Christian Martyrs," a series of exquisite stains and lovely flesh-tints on a life-like scale; and by small cabinet gems like "The Trial of Sir Henry Vane," lent by its owner, Mr. Claghorn, and in our opinion the painter's *chef d'œuvre*. We give a steel-plate copy of this admirable work, which for once is as perfect in dramatic sentiment as in color and chiaroscuro. The subject is all the more interesting to Americans since Vane was for some time a resident of New England, and narrowly missed being made a Colonial governor. The splendid energy of his self-justification, when brought to trial after the restoration of Charles II on the charge of treason, yields to the painter one of the most striking situations in all the history of the martyrs of popular rights. "His spirited defence served as an excuse for his execution," says Mr. J. R. Green, in his "Short History of the English People." In the shameless court of sycophants and jesters, the paid retainers of Versailles and effeminate apes of Paris, Vane thundered with the eloquence of an age that had gone before, the age of Pym and Hampden and Cromwell. Evidently this was a tongue that must be stilled. "He is too dangerous a man to let live," said Charles, with characteristic coolness, "if we can safely put him out of the way." The masterly simplicity and dignity, the richness and beauty of Mr. Rothermel's composition, worthy of the artist and the occasion, are partly revealed by our engraving; the judicious contrast, arrangement and relief of the figures, the

N. Berchere, Pinx.

A Gale on the Nile.

dark splendor of light and shade, are indicated; but the painting glows with a depth and vibration of color and living light which the burin cannot translate. If but a single work were left to stake an artist's reputation and a national fame upon, we wish it might be Rothermel's "Harry Vane."

Our readers may by this time have asked, with some little degree of doubt, why so many Italian statues were described in this commentary. We have alluded in earlier pages to specimens from the atelier of Guarnerio, Caroni, Tantardini, Pozzi, Corti, Pandiani, Rosetti, Barzaghi, and Braga; we have illustrated the masterpiece of D'Epinay (the "Young Hannibal")—the work of an artist who, though born in Mauritius, is by residence and education a Roman; Branca's "Un Monello di Campagna," or "Youthful Grape-Gatherer," has traveled from the Vienna Exhibition to grace the American World's Fair and our pages. But few of these artists were ever previously heard of by our untraveled readers. We are about to speak of other sculptors of Italy. To account for such a seeming preference of one especial nation in a single branch of art, we may properly suggest that the Italians did us the honor to show us a much fuller exhibit of the national sculpture than did any other nation. It was therefore our duty, in order to give this exhibit its relative emphasis, to represent its masterpieces in proportion. Besides the ambition, so flattering to America, of these artists to be fully represented in Columbus's New World, as the inheritors of the peerless sculpture of antiquity, and the possessors of those immemorial quarries that "teem with human form," there were accidental or peculiar incentives added to this patriotic motive. The city where our Exposition was held happened to have an Italian consul, Signor Viti, who has always, like his father before him, felt for Italian sculpture the interest of a connoisseur and a patron.

For another instance, there had happened to be a South American Exhibition just preceding our own, from which the large contribution of Roman and Milanese marbles naturally overflowed to ours. When to these circumstances was added the genial determination of the Italians to favor America with a royal display, a great emigration of the marble people of Latium was insured. The cornucopia of old Rome, filled with stone men and women, was immediately overturned upon America. Our cordial comrade, the public, having listened to what we had to say of several of these shining ones, will please

S. Leggert, Pinx.

A Visit to the Village Artist.

hear of a few more of the white visitors. We resume our discourse on Italian art, taking for text our latest-engraved specimens—the steel-plates of Magni's "Reading Girl" and Rosetti's "Steam," and the wood-cuts of Barzaghi's "Vanity" (page 145), Guarnerio's "Vanity" (page 140)—an identity of titles showing how the greatest minds tend alike towards the preacher's *vanitas vanitatem*—and the "Apotheosis of Washington," by the same Guarnerio, whose "Forced Prayer" is also to be seen on page 48. These selections rather aptly define certain interesting tendencies in Italian sculpture; the "Washington," by its peculiar treatment, indicates a school enamored of old classic traditions, yet willing to treat them with a picturesque and decorative detail and chiaroscuro; the world-famous "Reading Girl" shows modern *genre* art exquisitely chastened by a remnant of the old classic reserve and severity; and the figure of "Steam," with the two illustrations of "Vanity," exhibits that characteristically modern *boudoir* art which is the peculiar invention, and in some of its instances the pride, of contemporary Italian carvers.

Boudoir sculpture, however, though it now shows inventive touches that are genuinely recent, is no new thing in Italy. What are Bernini's "St. Longinus," and Mochi's "St. Veronica," though they support the very dome of St. Peter's, but boudoir statues? What do they display, in their pretty flutter and drawing-room grace, but the mannerism of polite society, placed where we should look to see the religious sincerity of nature? How does Bernini treat the Greek myth of Daphne but in the spirit of a seventeenth-century drawing-room? It is a glitter of dimpled flesh and curling laurel-leaves, as brilliant, and as bereft of true emotion, as, for instance, a poem of Dryden's on some classic subject. It must be understood that since the day of Bernini, himself the very successor of Michael Angelo, Italian sculpture has been constantly characterized by an endeavor to play audacious tricks with the marble, or—more accurately—to develop modern sculpture away from the style of antique sculpture just as freely as modern painting has been developed away from the style of Greek painting.

From what influence, then, do the gay, trifling, over-graceful works of Rosetti and Barzaghi and Guarnerio—the "Steam" and "Electricity," the childish and the maidenly "Vanity," the "Washington"—proceed? They do not partake of the great classic movement of Italian sculpture. They cannot be traced to

the influence of Giovanni Dupré, of Pio Fedi, of Canova. Those artists have given little to the world that is not distinctly classical in spirit—a careful endeavor to continue antique sculpture in its own proper line. But Italy, since the wild and reprehensible inventions of Bernini, has ever nourished a line of *romantic* sculpture, running along with the classical line, and setting its traditions at naught. From the time of Bernini, do we say? Nay, from long before. Already, in his gates for the Baptistery at Florence, Ghiberti had attempted the fascinating, dangerous experiment of making the chisel do the work of the brush, and vying with the art of painting in the elaborate luxury of its compositions, the narrative eloquence of its scenes, and its deftly calculated light and shade. To see the daring originality of Ghiberti and Bernini produced to its most startling limit, we may go to the family chapel of the dukes of Sangro at Naples, the "Santa Maria della Pietà de' Sangri." Here, in a series of works produced about the year 1766, we see the prototypes of all the amazing devices which astonish us in the modern Italian marble. A statue of "Modesty," having the features of the mother of Raimondo di Sangro, is the original of all the "vailed statuary"—the "Vailed Vestals," the "Vailed Brides," the "Bashful Maidens," of the Italian studios. It represents the lady swathed in a long drapery, with the features of the face and the body showing through the apparently diaphanous material. This is by an eighteenth-century artist named Corradini. In the same church is the "Man in the Net of Sin," or "Vice Undeceived," by Queiroli. The meshes of an actual marble net, surrounding the body of the father of Raimondo, are cut out with incredible patience, knot by knot and thread by thread, until the stone of Carrara actually stands out transparently in the air, reduced to a reticulated cordage, around the human form within. Another artist, Sammartino, has adorned the church with a figure of the Dead Christ, lying on a splendid bed of Italian upholstery, and covered with a sheet, whose adhesion to the skin by the sweat of death is mimicked with fearful ingenuity, and the whole edifice is filled with these strange inventions, including, over the door, a marble sculpture of a Di Sangro emerging from an iron sculpture of a tomb. These carvers have in fact amused themselves with playing upon the character of marble as punsters play upon the character of a word; the more the essential sense of the thing is contradicted, the prouder they seem to be. It is hardly wonderful that the compatriots of

F. Guarnerio, S.

As the ex of Washington

these clever marble-workers should sometimes seek to continue the same line of doubtful triumphs; and hence the visitors to the London World's Fair of

1862 were greeted with the wonderful group by Monti, "The Sleep of Death and Dream of Life," wherein the marble represented to perfection the confusion of a thin and transparent entanglement of drapery.

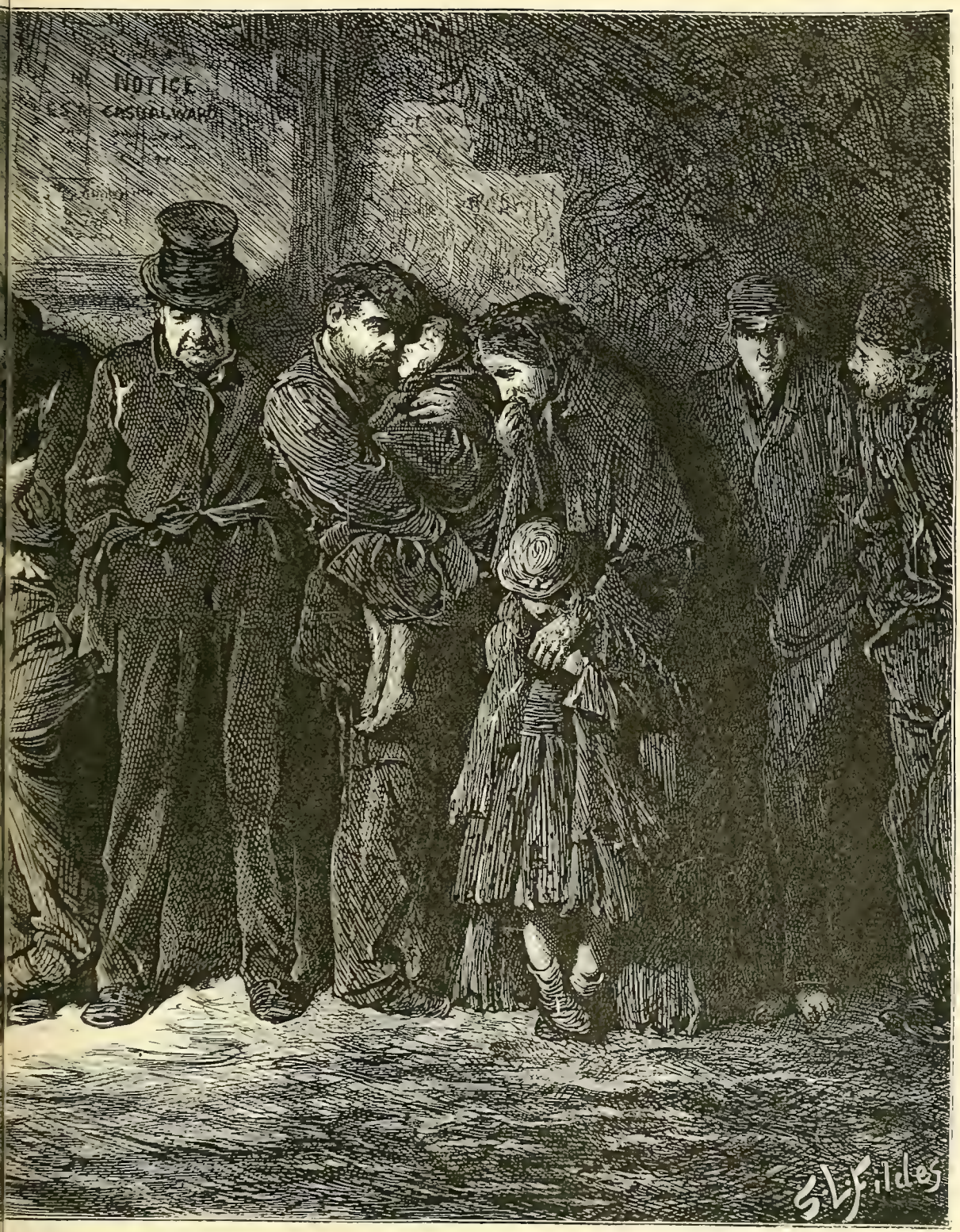
Thus the peculiar sculpture from Italy, which surprised so many visitors as something entirely novel, with its particularized eye-lashes, flying hair and simulated fabrics, we have shown to be the result of a whole succession of eminent national artists—Ghiberti (who chiseled feathers and palm-trees), Bernini (whose Daphne is a sculptured laurel-tree), the decorators of the Pietà church in Naples, and Monti.

The national sculpture was in fact committing itself to this rococo style, when Canova, a man of sincere but weak classic feeling, introduced a counteracting tendency towards the antique spirit. If he had been stronger, he would have left a deeper stamp; but he was one of the false purists, one of the pseudo-Augustuses of the first part of this century, the Wests, Davids and Raphael Mengs. Nor did he ever have the advantage of studying from the very best models—which, whatever the Italians and the guide-books may say, are not to be found in Italy. When he saw the Elgin marbles late in life, he declared that if it were not too late he would radically change his style. He belonged to the day when the Apollo Belvedere and Venus de' Medici were praised and sonneteered as the summit of excellence, and when the Theseus, Illyssus and Venus of Milo had not made their impression upon the schools.

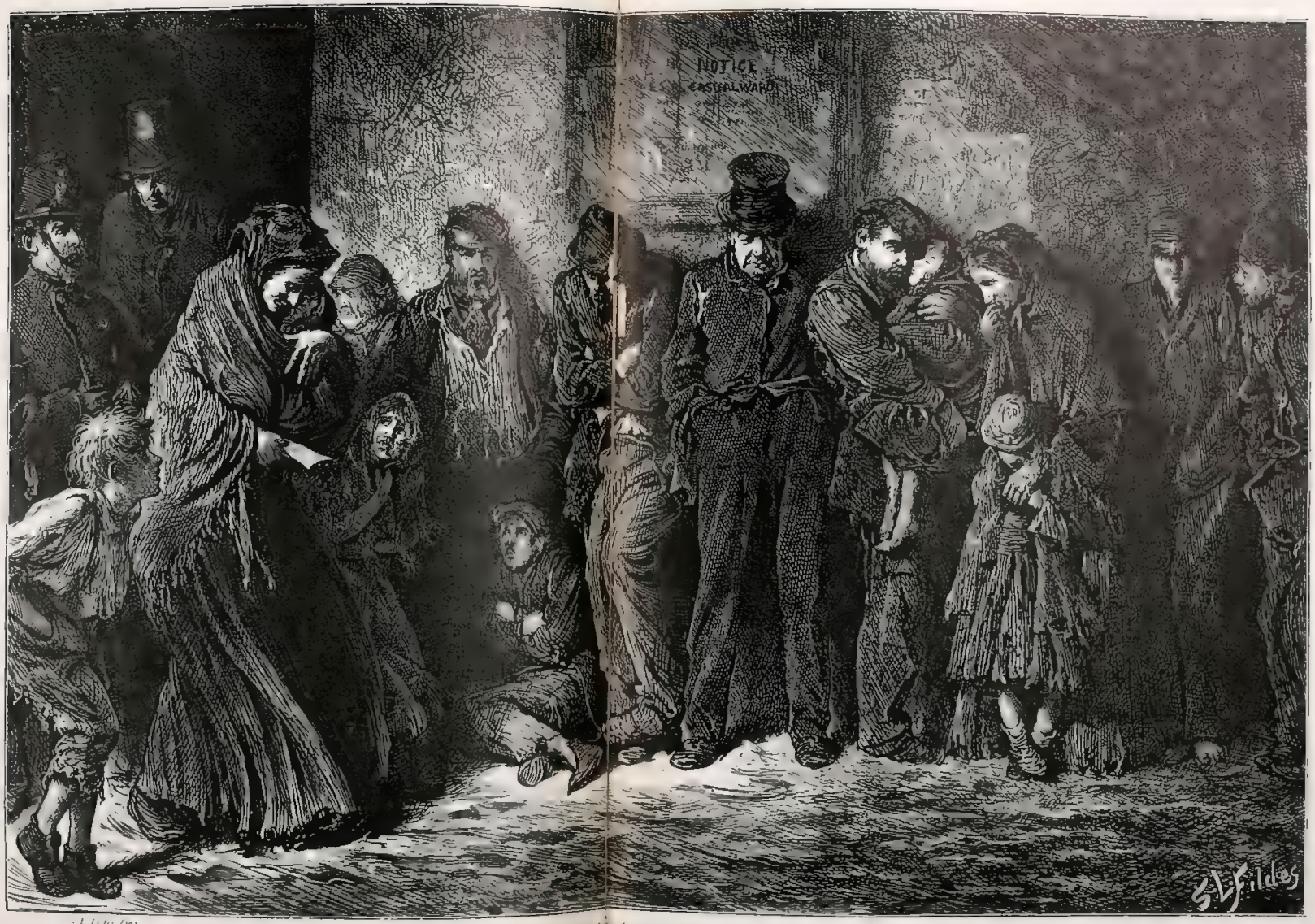
But all this, tedious in length as it is, is but our introduction to the statement of the condition of Italian sculpture at the present epoch, which is one of revolution. The statement will be short, however, though the introduction is prolix.

Take, as a very singular instance, Guarnerio, whose "Forced Prayer," "Maidenly Vanity" and "Apotheosis of Washington" we show by means of engravings. Guarnerio is an art-centaur; he is half classic and half rococo; he is part Bernini and part Canova. Thus in the single exhibit he made at Philadelphia, he showed side by side the statue of "Aruns killing Camilla," which was as cold, correct and pseudo-Greek as it could possibly be, and the "Washington," which was enveloped in a flutter of drapery and a cloud of hair-powder like any portrait by Hyacinthe Rigaud. In the "Aruns," the veins, the creases and wrinkles, the accidents of humanity, were omitted, so, in an

Applicants



Admission to a Casual Ward.



Applicants for Admission to a Casual Ward.

ultra-antique spirit, was the hair; everything but the grand, broad masses of the body was neglected, and the figure altogether was so intensely Greek that it was Egyptian! It was what Benjamin West and Louis David would have made if they had been sculptors. The Washington, alongside, was a fly-away work, full of merit in its way, but the offspring of a different sentiment. Who could tell which represented the real conviction of Guarnerio as a sculptor, the rococo "Washington," or the severe "Aruns"? The Americans, by-the-bye, did not appreciate the statue of their chieftain, because the lower part of the bust was finished off with a gigantic eagle. The more ignorant ones surmised that it must be "Washington on a Lark!" It was hardly fair, however, to make an Italian artist suffer for the average American's superb ignorance of things classic and traditional. Guarnerio had seen a hundred times antique representations of the apotheosis, in which the emperor or hero was borne aloft by the eagle of Jove. To cite a single example, which our reader can easily consult, there is an "Apotheosis of Homer" engraved in Winckelmann, from a silver vase of Herculaneum, in which the poet likewise emerges from the spread wings of a great eagle; it may be seen in plate 21 of the Paris edition of 1789. To an Italian like our sculptor, familiar from infancy with this old authorized form of representing immortality, it was but an accepted use of metaphor, and the adaptation of the American national bird for *aquila Jovis* was graceful and poetic. Leaving out of the question this complaint of the inappropriateness of the symbol, in which we shall rather betray ignorance than penetration, we may contemplate the "Washington" simply as a work of portraiture. In this respect, then, we cannot refuse the sculptor very high praise; the face, as we have heard enemies of the statue acknowledge, is singularly good—one of the best idealizations of the cast taken by Houdon that sculpture has ever furnished; the expression is paternal, benignant; the attitude, with one hand showing the Constitution on which we rest our liberties, is well conceived, and shows Washington as the peacemaker, in which the warrior is merged.

Guarnerio's "Maidenly Vanity" is a work which we select rather to show the possible extremes to which a school may go, than because we think it one of the most beautiful, or one of the noblest, pieces of Italian carving. In this instance the key-note of "Vanity," appropriate to the subject, is struck so perfectly that it reflects upon the general attractiveness of the group. The subject

is vain, and the work is vain. In the opera, Marguerite adorns herself with the jewels, and translates their light and color to music as she regards her

D. Bavagna Sc.

Fleeting Time.

pretty face in the glass. The present heroine is rather the chief figure of a bath-room scene; this fair flesh seems to have been just polished with the

sponge and the napkin in order to relieve with proper effect the glittering hardness of the gems. It is a pure effort at Titianesque flesh-painting, in stone. But, from the point of view at which the sculptor's aims were directed, how perfect his success! Given a purely *boudoir* subject—a topic meant to please sight as one of the five senses, and not as the key of the brain and the understanding—how well the caressing chisel has understood its task! No snow seems softer than those breadths of moulded marble; the dimples, the swelling contours, the soft pressure of flesh against flesh, are expressed with bewildering subtlety. At the damsel's feet, even lazier than herself, leans a youthful assistant with a mirror, a promising novice in this religion of the toilette. A pretty future, forsooth, seems to open out before this tiny disciple, so early instructed in the innermost secrets of the rites of Vanity! The little ministrant tends with willing service upon the caprices of the riper beauty. But, as we contemplate the group and enter into its spirit, she hardly seems to tend alone; for all the sylphs of the toilet, the little modish beings whom Pope imagined around the fair form of Arabella Fermor, seem to be circling about and glancing in the air.

> "Haste then, ye spirits, to your charge repair!
> Her fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
> The 'drops' to thee, Brillante, we consign,
> And Momentilla, let the watch be thine."

So completely does Guarnerio change his touch with the style he proposes to illustrate, that we may notice his inconsistency in treating the iris of the eye, among his various contributions Artists are divided about the proper rendering of this important organ, the crucial difficulty of a statue. The *purists* in sculpture usually treat the ball according to its actual shape, without noticing the marked difference made by the iris and pupil; such was the habit in the oldest and strictest period of Greek art. The *romanticists* treat the organ as it would be treated in a picture, using various devices to represent the blackness of the pupil, the ring of the iris, and the little spark of reflected light which gives intelligence to the organ. Guarnerio, now a purist and now a romanticist, treats the eye of his "Aruns" as a plain ball, while in the "Washington," "Vanity" and other figures, he uses the most ingenious devices to deepen the shadow of the eyelashes, to sink the profundity of the pupil, and to make the glance resemble that speaking one which we find in a good picture. We appreciate

the skill, but we cannot but be struck with the apparent want of conviction on the part of the sculptor. It is as if a painter should paint to-day in the style

Ch. Landelle Pinx.

A Fellah Woman.

of Raphael, and to-morrow in the style of Watteau, according to the orders he received.

The fact is, the present art-generation is in a state of revolt in Italy. The influence of Canova, whose right hand and chisel are presented to the worship of the faithful in Venice, is palpably dying out. The last of his imitators was Fedi, whose group of Polixena is installed in the public piazza of Florence, as if worthy to share the same sun-ray that strikes upon the works of Michael Angelo and Donatello. Dupré is too chastened and pure in style to suggest the pagan animalism of the Greeks, and therefore can hardly be called a classicist; but he does not belong either to the romantic school—the color of Rubens and the Venetians is never suggested by his carving. His "Pietà," like Raphael's Sistine Madonna, is a work of pure *holiness*, transcending all schools, and breathing an atmosphere of its own. Being an ideal, and therefore classical subject, however, its intense life makes it seem realistic and "romantic." His monument to Cavour, being a subject of realistic character, a portrait-study, seems by contrast somewhat classic and severe; thus an artist who soars above schools seems in turn, by the force of contrast, and the sheer difference of his work from what the conventional spectator looks for, to lean to the opposite style. The great inventor of the modern pictorial, or romantic, or realistic school in contemporary Italy, is Professor Vincenzio Vela, of Milan, a pupil of Cacciatori. His chisel was represented at the Philadelphia Exhibition by "The First Sorrow," a charming group of a girl and sick kitten, and his "Dying Napoleon," or "Gli Ultimi Giorni di Napoleone," is now in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. Vela's style has been misunderstood, because, rather than represent nature as the Greeks did, it adds the inventions and new ideas which the Greeks might be supposed to use if their art had been prolonged to our own time. When the "Napoleon" was exhibited in New York, a monthly magazine, whose art-criticisms were at that time contributed by a writer of notorious incompetency, went so far as to call it "a work possessing scarcely a single good quality;" and said farther that the French "made short work of it when exhibited at their last Exposition." The fact is that, in the first place, the French regarded it with great jealousy, because the first brilliant success in applying the romantic style of Delaroche to sculpture did not happen to come from a French statuary: and that, in the second place, the government of the day having chosen to make the figure a Bonapartist emblem, covering its feet day by day with fresh violets and votive poems, the artists, all strong

Edmund Blume, Pinx

The Grandmother's Tales.

anti-Bonapartists, were reluctant to swell the peans of a masterpiece which recalled their political aversions, while it aroused their unwilling admiration. Dupré and Vela are confessedly at the head of their art in their native country; but other sculptors are joined in a friendly confederacy in the experiment of pushing sculpture as far as it will go in the romantic and picturesque, or rather pictorial, direction. They freely imitate satin, silk, velvet, or frieze, with the resources of their clever chisels. It is true the ancients, with as much sincerity, represented in their marbles the limited variety of textures which their domestic looms afforded. Vela's "Napoleon," because it had a blanket so perfectly carved as to deceive the eye, was derided by some sapient persons; yet in a painting, such as Delaroche's "Death of Elizabeth," the realistic treatment of draperies and cushions is not held to impair the grand dramatic and tragic impression. Too many critics of sculpture are still in the same state of development that Reynolds was when he declared that drapery in a historical painting should be neither like silk or linen or woolen, but only "drapery," sublimated, or in a state of generalization. This seems very ridiculous, as applied to painting, but it is still applied, without rebuke, to sculpture. Barzaghi's "Childish Vanity" represents to perfection the rich folds of "gros-grain" silk. Let not this affect our liking for the simple little maiden, as she innocently trails the grand train across the floor.

The figure of "Steam," by Rosetti, needs no special description apart from that of its pendant, "Electricity," already noticed in these pages. Both belong to the modern romantic or "boudoir" school of sculpture, seeking to please by prettiness and ingenuity rather than by dignified and forcible imaginative treatment.

A painting of a class to make the beholder stop and think, is "The Casual Ward," by Fildes, engraved on pages 158 and 159. This picture, which attracted a great deal of notice in the English department, was one of the greatest and best exhibited. It is the work of a young artist, who achieved great popular favor in 1869, and has steadily and worthily maintained his position.

The figures in this picture are portraits of real people. They have nothing in common except hunger, destitution and rags, and are fair types of the classes who drift into the Casual Wards of English cities night after night.

The Anniversary.

The poor woman with a baby in her arms, and a ragged boy and poor girl running at her side, is the wife of a laborer who is now undergoing three weeks' imprisonment for assaulting her, while she is left penniless. Hating the thought of separation from her children, the poor mother is on her way to the country, where she has friends whom she expects to help her.

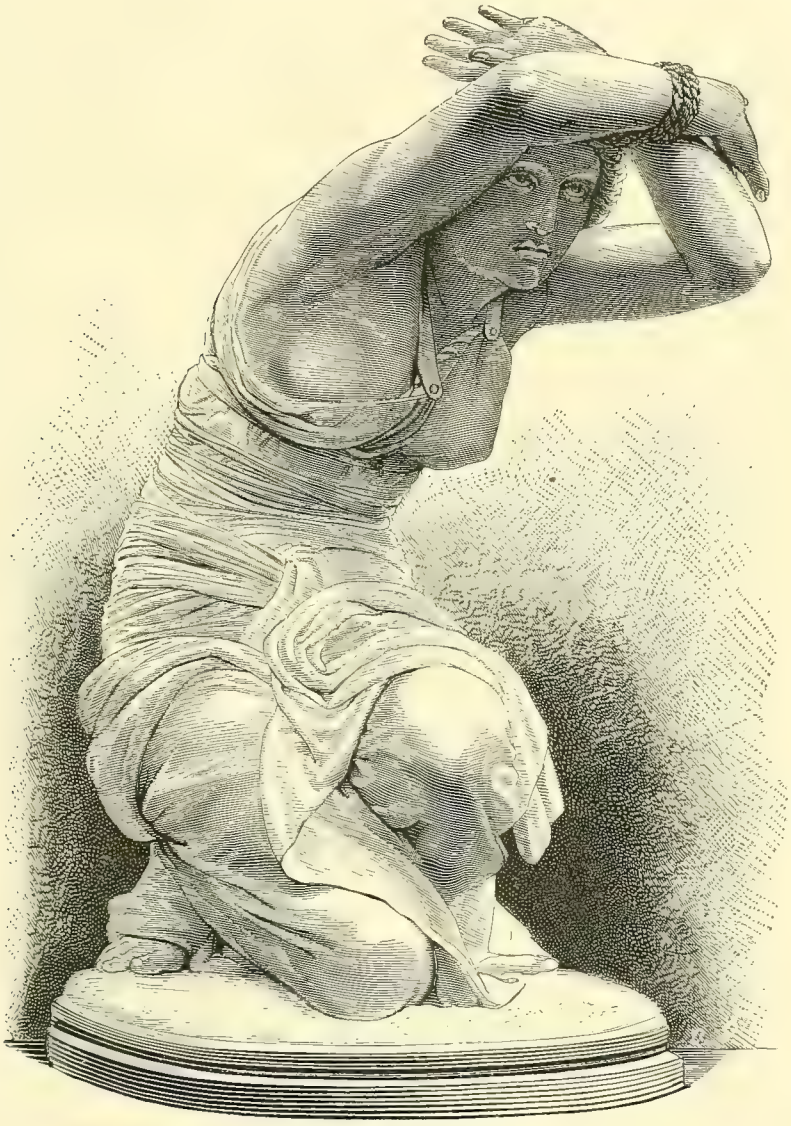
The old man with thin, worn features and a tall hat has been to London to look after an erring son, who, from being vicious, has become criminal, and the father has given the son every penny of the slender sum he brought with him, and carries nothing but a heavy heart back to his native village.

The wretched lad crouched on the pavement has, literally, no history. He never knew father or mother—at least his mother deserted him about the time he could remember anything. He was bred in the gutter, and he lives in the streets. There are thousands of such boys in London.

The two men who come next in rotation are vagabonds. One calls himself "an odd man on the look-out for a job;" the other avers that his health does not allow him to work, and that he subsists mainly on what "ladies and gentlemen who are good to him" choose to give. The policeman could tell you that this man is a well-known beggar, who must have been unusually unsuccessful in his vocation to-day, or he would not condescend to the meagre fare of the Casual Ward. Those folded arms, that shrinking mein, those legs clinging together as if to strengthen each other's weakness, that face and chin buried as they are in the shrugged shoulders, combine to form a tableau, the artistic merit of which seldom fails to make the public pay tribute. Very different is the "odd man," who assumes a sturdy rough-and-ready air, as if anxious to undertake some heavy labor, but this is only another form of pretence. He is always out of work, always professing a readiness to be employed, and is one of the most noted shirkers in the labor-yard, where all these people are called upon to perform a prescribed quantity of work before leaving in the morning, in return for their shelter and food.

The central figure, middle-aged, with the Burgundy nose and damaged presence, who rears himself against the wall and keeps his hands firmly in his trousers pockets, with a half humorous air of philosophic resignation, is one of those too-frequent wrecks from unrestrained indulgence in drink, of whom every reader, we venture to assert, knows some living example. "What a

fellow this must have been in his time!" How often must he have "seen the gas put out!" And was he ever beloved of woman? Doubtless; but as doubtless was that love as Dead Sea fruit—disappointment and ashes! Now



J. Gamboa, Sc.

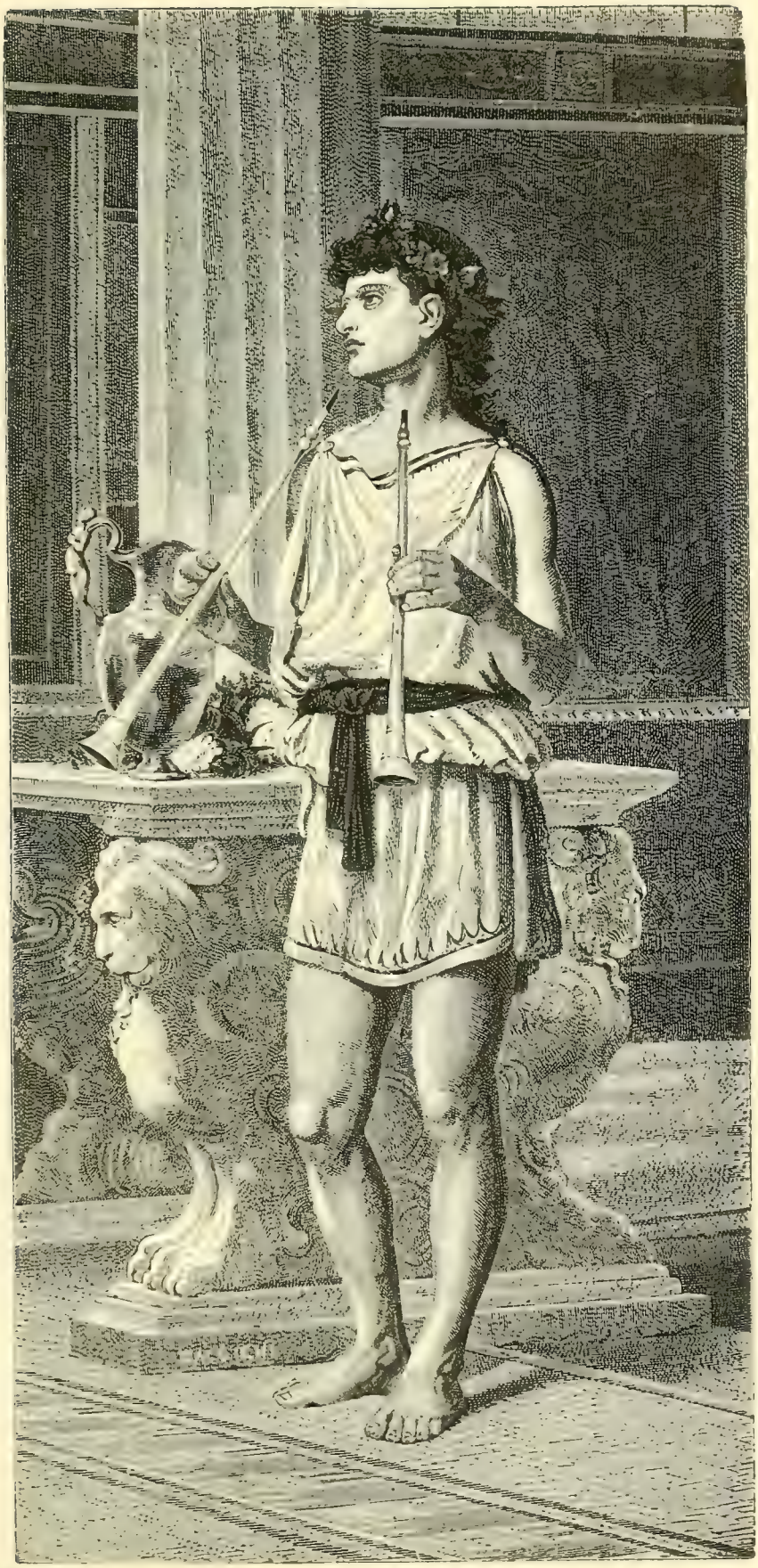
The Erring Wife.

comes the sad down-hill of his career. There is a rich huskiness in his voice, and a twinkle in his bleary eyes, which speak forcibly of tap-room eloquence and pot-house celebrity. Outcast as he is, this casual pauper is a keen politician and will denounce the perfidy of ministers and proclaim the decadence of England to any one who will listen.

The mechanic who nurses his sleepy child so tenderly—a child whose comely features are full of girlish beauty—and the bowed and gaunt woman, his wife, are looking out for work. He has been ill, and was never very expert, so he found his place filled by one younger and more skilful than himself on receiving his discharge from the hospital, and he is now plodding his way to the neighborhood of a distant town, where, as he is told, such services as he can render are in demand.

Of the two youths in the corner, one has been respectable, and the other belongs to the same type as the crouching boy. Several additional years of vagabondage have passed over the head of the other, however, and he is past reclaiming. He is relating some thieving exploit to the youth by his side, who is too much occupied in pitying himself to heed his companion's stories. There is a lurking grin on the face of the scamp in the Scotch cap which is very characteristic; while the air of despairing woe with which the more gently nurtured youth peers into vacancy makes one feel that he bitterly repents the folly which has brought him to his present pass.

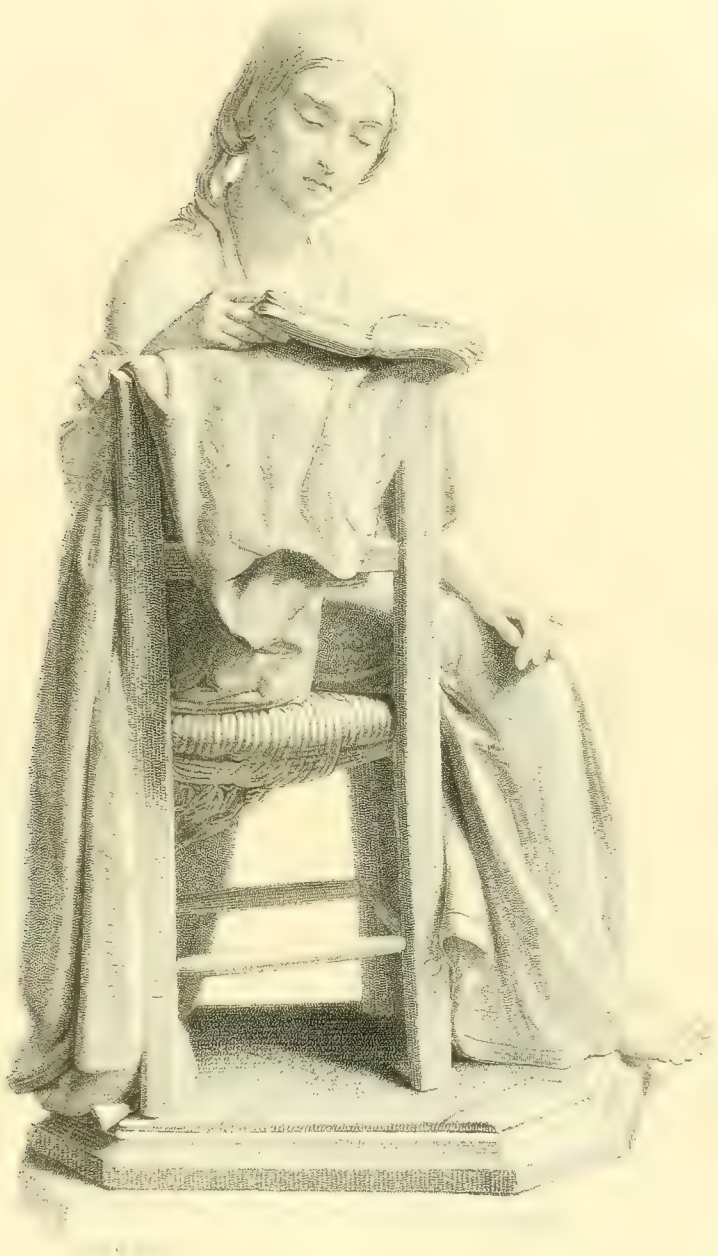
A little while back, and the Italian artists were zealous supporters of the Church, pious defenders of the Pope's temporal power, and humble communicants at the foot of the Roman altar. They lived and labored in the traditions of Michael Angelo, and Raphael and Tintoretto, whose talents developed themselves in the adornment of sacred edifices. Even Canova, though partaking in the classical, Davidian revival of the commencement of our century, made his most patriotic "effect" in reclaiming, as "the patrimony of the Church," the works of art confiscated by Napoleon; after which he solemnly dedicated the rest of his life to religion, repaired to his native town in the robes of a knight of Christ, and had a most orthodox death and burial. In these latter times, the ideal is changed. We hear nothing of the religion of contemporary Italian artists. The bright spirits of the time have for watchword not the Pope's political power, but the "unity of Italy." We hear of Vela as "a warm patriot," and a fighting volunteer under Garibaldi. His favorite pupil, Bernasconti, shares his views. The ambition of a modern Italian artist is to create a warm, human, sensuous art, to emulate the dazzling career of Fortuny; the cold of the cloister has too long influenced the career of genius in this old stronghold of beauty. In adapting the resources of the chisel deliberately to



Pompeian Boy Flute-Player.

what is called *genre* art, the Italians have begun a vast and peculiar experiment, the most extended that has been made by any nation of sculptors since the antique. They sent to Philadelphia a world of figures representing the comedy of life, its accidents, mishaps and fleeting graces. Many of the subjects seemed fit only for the transitory sketches which an artist makes on his studio wall with a morsel of coal. Most of them were *études*—artists' "bits," inspired by a happy accident of light and shade,—the whimsical contrast of a splendid remnant of old silk with a child's naked flesh (as in Barzaghi's figure on page 145)—or a fleeting recollection of the carnival, as Borghi's sleepy, impertinent girl in domino, resembling a guttered ball-candle surprised by the first ray of sunrise. The very titles of their groups forsook the individuality of former work. Just as water-color artists like Simonetti or Induno will entitle their studies according to the artistic problem involved—such as "Effect of Satin by Candle-light," or "The Ball-dress," so these sculptors, instead of heroic or historic personalities, give us titles such as Pessina's "The Costume of Mary Stuart," or Pandiani's "Capricciosa." And the topics selected are sketchy, ephemeral, accidental—the flutter of a smile, the fall of a tear, the blowing of a bubble, the undulation of a veil in the breeze. To expand the capacity of their art in a different direction from that of the grand classical works of Greece was an admirable and honorable notion; it is just what the Greeks themselves would have done if their civilization had continued without a break to our own century; only, it is a pity that so much of the Italian skill took the direction of over-ornament, and rococo and what is called in Rome (from the French *baroque*) "barocchismo."

But we check this querulous complaint in its incipiency on noticing an example which shows all the flexible ingenuity of the modern school without any of its triviality. Magni's "Reading Girl," of which we present a steel engraving, after being more talked of than any statue in the London Exhibition of 1862, was represented, in a diminished repetition, at Philadelphia, where it was designated as No. 253, and attracted the attention of the judicious in the long axis-gallery of the Art Annex. The "Leggitrice," or Reading Maid, has divested herself for bed, let her hair partly down, and prepared her slender limbs for the couch; but ere she seeks its protection, she must give a minute to her favorite chapter. And then, of course, the minute becomes an hour, the



THE READING GIRL

International Exhibition 1876

bare foot grows stone on the chill stone floor, the volume is more than half turned over, and the Leggitrice, fairly caught in the bibliophilist's trap—absorbed like many an inordinate but less beautiful bookworm—forgets time, duty, cold, hunger, and self in the absorption of the page. Prof. Magni has caught her just as she has become petrified into a marble image; she has not as yet lost the sweet grace of life and the flexible charm of girlhood. There is something captivatingly bold and original in the way her lithe figure is thrown sideways on the worn rush chair, and her old robe made a reading-cushion as she rests the volume upon it. Every observer has yielded to the simple spell of this statue, and its repetitions or *repliche* adorn several galleries; one of them is in the Twelfth Saloon of the Brera Gallery in the sculptor's native city of Milan; another is at Padua, in the convent of San Antonio. Besides his "Reading Girl," the artist was represented at Philadelphia by a life-size figure of "Angelica," weeping a big marble tear as she clung to her rock, and a figure of Mme. Ristori in the character of Mary Stuart. His "Socrates" and "David" procured him additional fame, and duplicates of both of them have been recently purchased to adorn the new Hall of Congress of the Chilian Republic. His "Reading Girl," "Socrates," "David," "Angelica," and "Ristori" were all at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. While these pages have been in preparation, Pietro Magni has ceased to live; he died on the 9th of January, 1877. We learn from a correspondent in his own country (Miss Brewster, the admirable news-teller—the "public letter-writer," in fact, for fair Italy at large, that "woman nation" whose lovers in the West are laid under constant obligations for so many skilfully-penned epistles) that his habits were peculiar, and somewhat stained with a facile vice of genius, the love of wine. It is even said that he rented a half-dozen obscure lodgings in Milan, where he was Professor, that he might be conveniently carried to bed from whatever haunt he lost consciousness in. Whatever his frailties may have been, Prof. Magni had the essential, incommunicable quality of genius; and we cannot but feel a measure of regret that this humble tribute, which he might have liked as coming from the to him mysterious West, can never reach him.

A young sculptor of Magni's own city of Milan, Donato Barcaglia, sent to the Exposition a number of groups most ambitiously conceived and executed—works which trifled and toyed with the difficulties of the material as proudly as

G. Cattermole, Invt.

A Call on

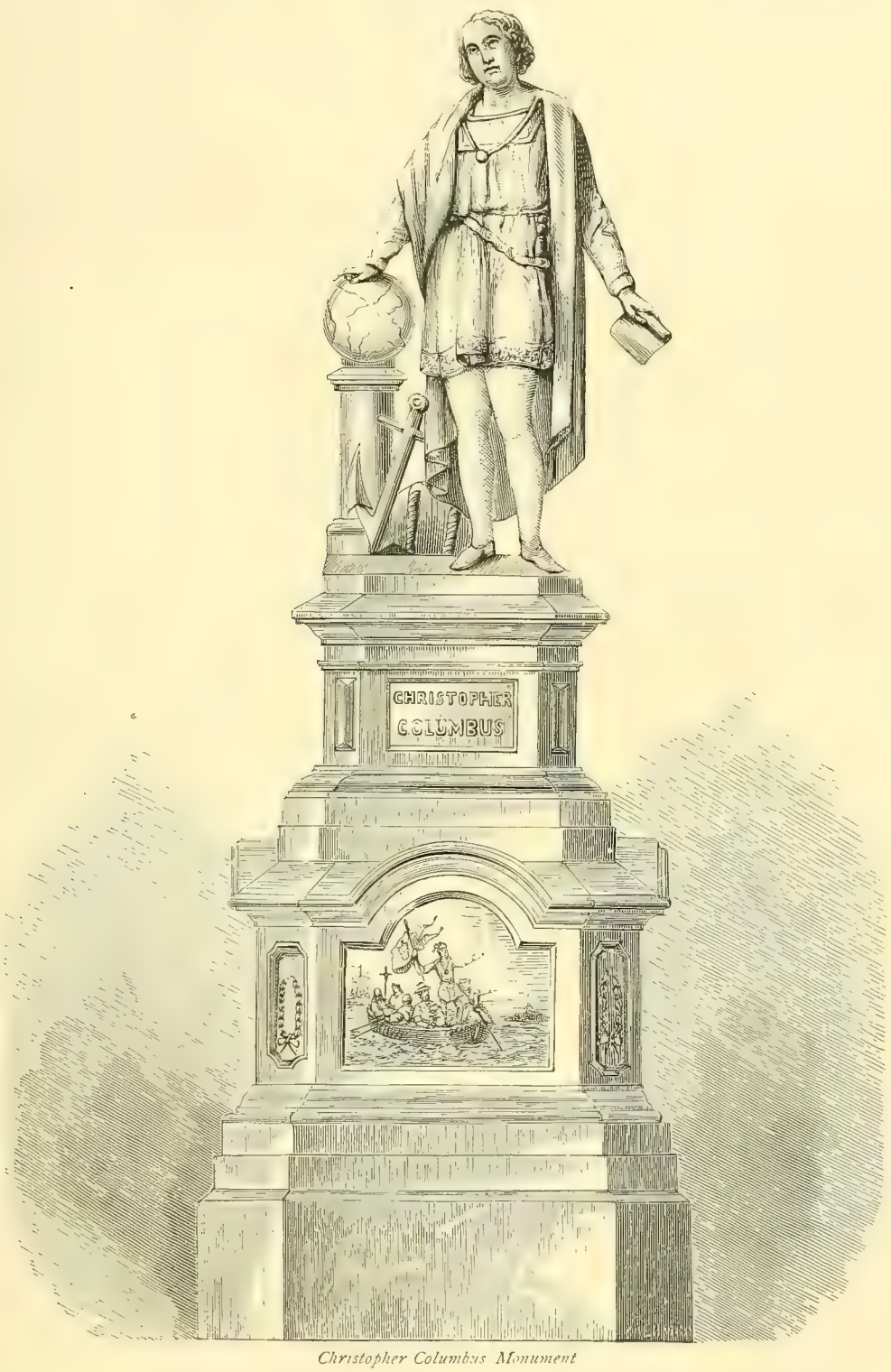
ncle, the Cardinal.

A Call on my Uncle, the Cardinal

any of the singular sculptures of the Neapolitan Church we have spoken of. It can hardly be denied, though, that Signor Barcaglia's groups trenched upon the *rococo*, upon "barocchismo." One of them delineated a balcony overrun with flowers, a soap-bubble, a pair of children, ribbons, laces—all in the size of nature—quite a garden landscape with figures. Another, which though not fulfilling our notion of the most tasteful art-theme imaginable is of great technical interest, we have considered well worth representing, and exhibit its likeness on page 161. It is entitled "Fleeting Time," and consists of two life-size figures in marble. The effect of the principal figure, with his enormous hovering wings beating the air and casting a sinister shadow on the other personage, is of a kind seldom derived from the art of sculpture. The feminine figure, that of a worldly-looking beauty "between two ages," hurried along by the half-grotesque fluttering and prancing phantom she so terribly dreads, is striking if not pleasant. She resists the influence of Time with an expression in which her habitual pouting coquetry is mixed with a real terror. Executed in oils as a picture, this subject would be a universally admired *motif* if wrought by a competent hand. Executed in so many hundred-weight of solemn white marble, it contradicts all our old ideas of the decorum of sculpture. It seems like fan-painting petrified unkindly into stone. But the new school is determined to show that it can indicate all the effects of painting.

Italian painting, too slenderly represented at Fairmount Park, nevertheless sent some distinguished contributions which defended its title to stand up on even terms with the sculpture. The Chevalier Roberto Bompiani, who sent to the "Exposition Universelle" of 1867 a fine picture of "Autumn," contributed to the Centennial Anniversary a beautiful pair of painted panel-subjects, of upright shape, which, though executed in oil, had almost the effect of bas-reliefs, from their statuesque treatment and classic elegance. One, of which we give an engraving on page 167, represented "The Anniversary;" the other (see page 171), delineated a "Pompeiian Flute-Player." The spirit of ancient Italy is revived in these solitary figures, somewhat in the style of Alma-Tadema's marvelous restorations of antique life. "The Anniversary" represents a lady of rank decorating with flowers a terminal bust of her dead husband, the lost head of the household. These memorial busts were set up by the Romans as family galleries of ancestral painted portraits are arranged in more modern

LE DEJEUNER DE LORD CHESTERFIELD.



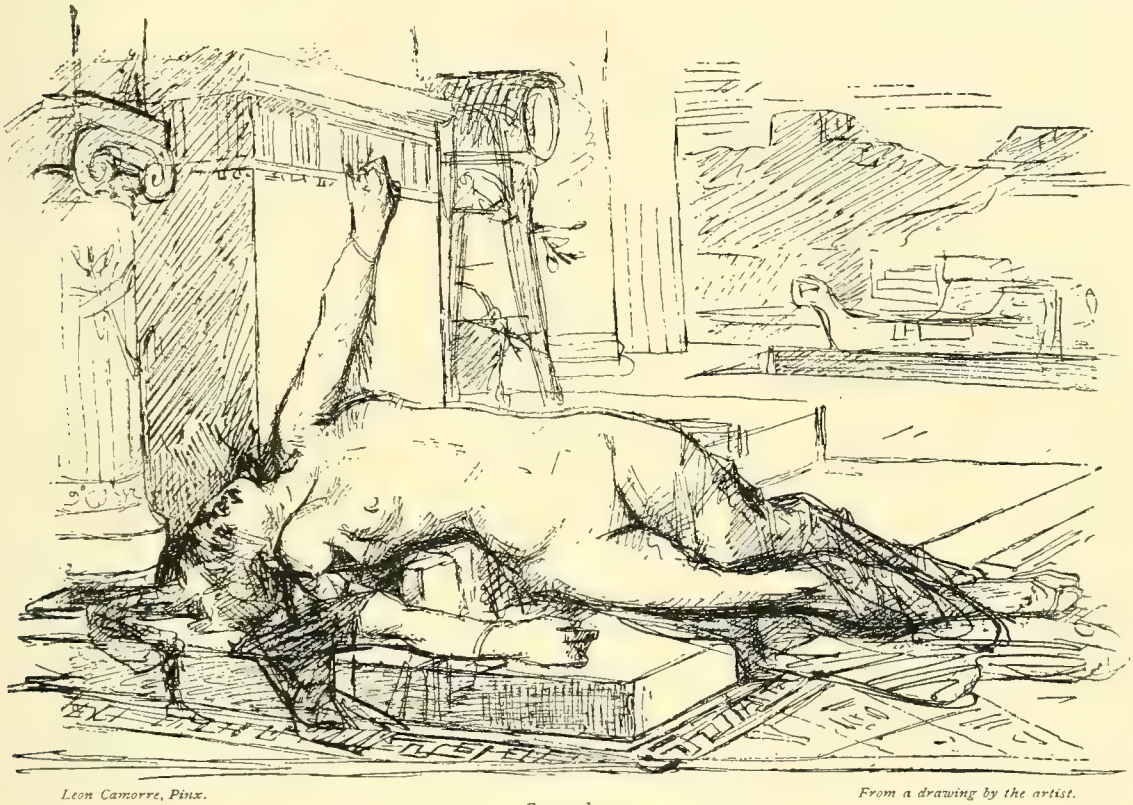
Christopher Columbus Monument

times. The excavations of Pompeii reveal the position and style of these busts, usually crowning a term or square monolithic monument, and provided

at the shoulders with projections on which wreaths were hung. They were common in all houses, and we know that in Rome, at least in the time of the Antonines, the Senate took upon itself to decree what emperors should be represented in statuary within the mansions of the citizens. The stately lady in the picture, whose time for wearing mourning weeds must have long since passed, but whose memory recurs on the solemn day of her bereavement to the impulse of affection she felt as a bride, is a person of obvious rank, fit to grace the noblest atriums of Rome. The subject of the other composition is less aristocratic; the "Flute-Player" steps with bare feet, a poor hired slave, over the mosaic pavement he is hardly deemed worthy to press. Behind him we see a table, copied from a beautiful one unearthed in Pompeii, which has served for a model to more than one artist. The instruments on which he is about to play are the double clarionet, called *tibiæ geminæ*. One of these *tibiæ* was to be seen at the Exposition, in the Castellani collection. The two tubes were blown separately; the tube held in the right hand, and blown with the right side of the mouth, produced the three high notes, and was called *tibia dextra;* the *tibia sinistra* produced the four lower notes, and was played with the other corner of the mouth. This art of sending the breath alternately through two pipes is not yet entirely lost, for the peasants in certain parts of Russia still employ, to console their solitude among the vast flocks of the steppes, double shepherds' *tibiæ*, called in their language "dutka." Our flute-player, crowned with festal wreaths, advances to contribute his share of entertainment to some great feast, of which the scattered flowers, and the elegant wine-vase, yet litter the table; the classic assemblage of music, wine and garlands makes us think of Petronius's description of a Roman feast, or of Plato's more exquisite drama of a Greek one, in the "Symposium."

Classic Rome—the Rome whose monuments are eternal, and whose modern beauties seem but like decorations hung upon the enduring pyramids—is seen in the picture by Chevalier François Antoine Bossuet, represented in our cut on page 125. The flute-player in the last-named picture must have often passed that Mausoleum of Adrianus and that Ælian bridge—works of the time of Hadrian, yet solid still for our own use if we choose. But the centre of the picture is occupied by a modern structure, the proudest effort of the *renaissance*—St. Peter's. And between the sacred dome and the drum-shaped tomb

is seen the square, many-windowed, factory-like Vatican, where the aged and sickly Pope counts the days of his voluntary imprisonment. No view in the world is so suggestive, so thought-compelling, as this. M. Bossuet, who takes us in this picture to the banks of the Tiber and the shores of the past, is an aged painter, born at Ypres in 1800, but residing at Brussels. He sent to Philadelphia, besides a Spanish scene, a view of Grenada. The Pennsylvania



Leon Camorre, Pinx. *From a drawing by the artist.*

Cassandra.

Academy has long possessed one of his beautiful landscapes, and enrolled him among its honorary members—a distinction which he mentions in the catalogues, just after his installation as Chevalier of the order of Isabella the Catholic of Spain.

But old as is the Tiber, the Nile seems older. By a Paris landscapist, N. Berchère, we have a view of the Nile in the time of its inundation—an original and striking picture, of which we present a fine engraving on page 151. The Father of Rivers, which we are accustomed to think of as peaceful, sad and somnolent—tedious with the weight of its immemorial history and

date—is here represented stretching almost to the horizon, and lashed to turbulence by one of those fierce, rainless storms which are called "gales" on the water, "simoons" on the desert. The light fiery cloudlets in the sky are torn to fibres in the tremendous blast. In the foreground two boats have become entangled, and their broad lateen sails are tearing each other to pieces. This novel storm effect, with its element of tremendous heat added, gives one of the most startling conceptions of Nile travel ever suggested by art.

Frederick Goodall's "Cairo Fruit Girl" (pages 146–7) and Charles Landelle's "Fellah Woman" (page 163) are suitable figures with which to people our reveries of modern Egypt. They show the characteristic ways of telling travelers' tales indulged in by the English and French artist respectively. The Englishman gives us a commonplace, broad-cheeked woman of the people, tattooed on the forehead, bearing a basket of bananas and lemons through the street (we fancy her crying her wares in a voice as astringent as the first and as acid as the second), and smoking a commonplace cigarette. Behind her are clustering stalks of maize. She is vulgar, not uncomely, and represented with uncompromising truth. Monsieur Landelle (one of the most popular portraitists and religious painters of Paris) must give a more poetic turn to his Egyptian goddess. In her sphinx-like cap, turning her face full-front upon you, she penetrates you with a glance from her long eyes bordered with *kohl*—a glance sad, hazy, mysterious, and suggestive of innumerable generations of servitude or unalleviated toil. She leans her hand, whose wrist is loaded with heavy, tasteless jewels like fetters, upon the enormous water-vase, whose like she and her countrywomen have carried to the Nile from a period long anterior to the selling of Joseph into Egypt. Mr. Goodall's Egyptian woman is advancing; M. Landelle's, even like the Egypt of our dreams, is motionless. Which is the truer? or are they both different aspects of a truth?

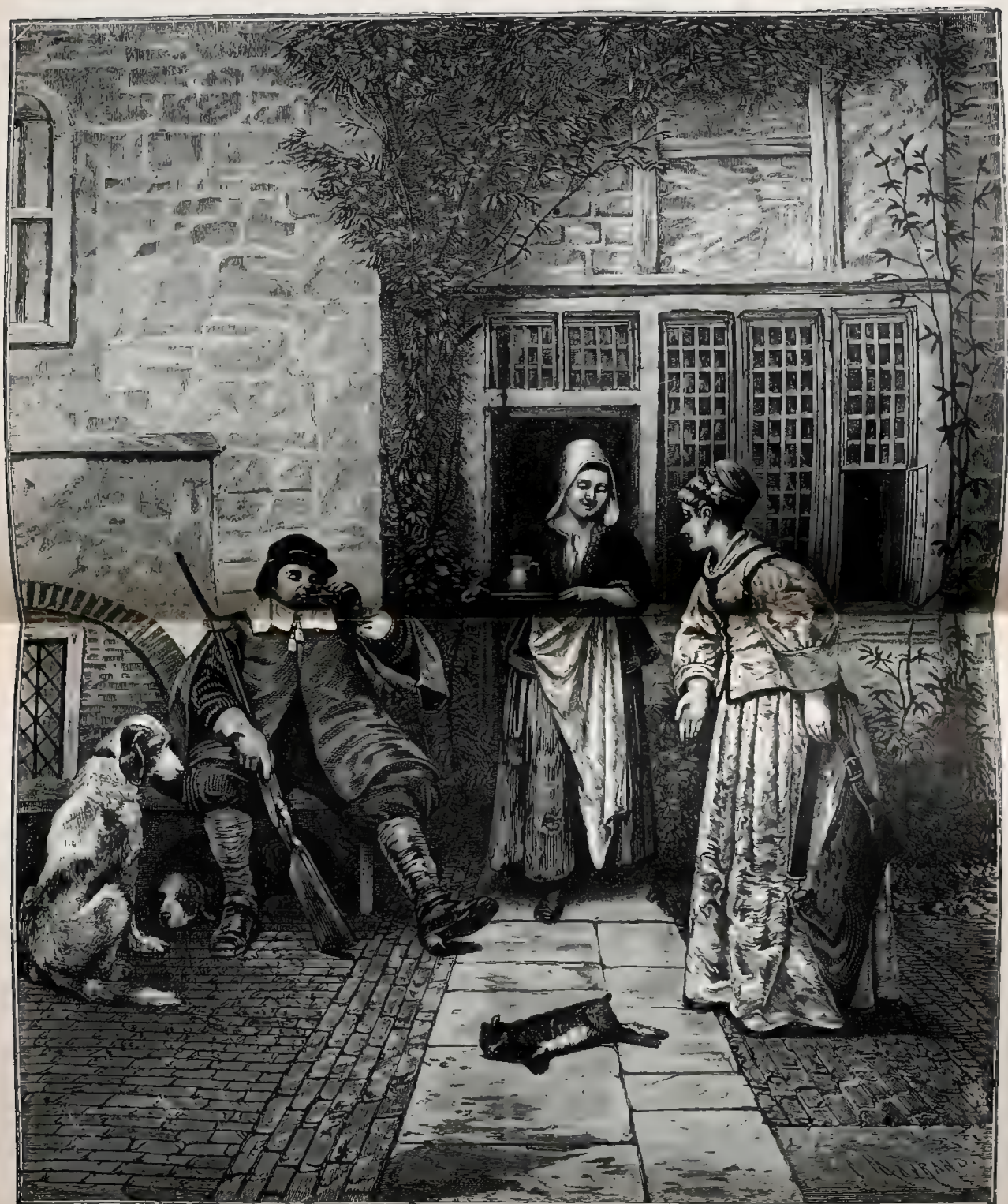
The lovely park-scenery and succulent turf of Old England is represented in the picture of "Haddon Hall: the Warrant," of which we gave an engraving on page 98. By the same painter, Giuseppe Castiglione, a Neapolitan residing in Paris and exhibiting at Philadelphia among the French artists, is our selected picture of "A Call on our Uncle, the Cardinal," engraved on pages 174–5. Now, the character of garden-landscape is totally different in the two countries of England and Italy. The Italian trees are harsh, dry and severe-looking; they

tend to compact, monumental, almost architectural forms; covered with dust, or, after a rain, reflecting the deepest of skies from each leaf suddenly turned into a mirror, they are massed in strange grays and blues against the heavens. The ilexes, olives, stone-pines, and cypresses seem like sculptural shapes, carved in solid clumps, and with the accustomed green of northern vegetation modified into shadowy browns and grays. "Turf," as understood in England, cannot be obtained in the South; the grass is irregular, thin and parched, except for a short season in the spring, or for the few hours following a storm. A nation of artists has known how to harmonize this "monumental" kind of vegetation with appropriate effects of architecture, and accordingly the "Italian landscape-garden," with its imposing flights of very broad low steps, its balustrades, its alleys, statues, and vistas, has been created among the stately villas of Rome, and sometimes imitated in the North. But a Southerner suddenly transported, on a bright day, into an English park, is simply blinded and overcome. "The effect," says Taine of Kew Gardens, "is too strong; in the sun, it is overpowering; the incomparable verdure then assumes tones so rich and intense that they cannot be transferred to canvas." M. Castiglione has proved himself capable of appreciating both types of park-scenery. His "Haddon Hall" is a rich tapestry of varied greens, almost covering the space of the canvas, and developing a sunny gradation of tones in an infinity of leaf-forms. The present composition is a blue sky, dentellated with the noble but sparse forms of the stone-pine and cypress, which escape from behind the urns and balustrades of an elevated terrace. The grass is a straggling intruder among the pebbles of an ill-kept gravel-walk; and the view is not over a turfy glade, but over a gleaming city, like Rome seen from the Pincian. Into this mosaic of lustrous and formal shapes, come the figures which M. Castiglione knows so well how to distribute: at the right, the Cardinal in his scarlet hat, attended by a monk and an aged nobleman; at the left, his attendant Suisse, halberd in hand and *salade* on head; and in the middle, ascending the terrace-steps, a bevy of youth and beauty, gay mundane youths and maidens in the gallant costumes of the epoch of Louis XIII.

Another landscape-gardening effect is sought by Achille Formis, of Milan, whose picture of "The Park," hung in the Exhibition near to Fontana's striking scene from "Robert le Diable," we engrave on page 133. In the original, the

G. H. Storey, Pinx.

Only a Rabbit.



Only a Ribbit

gleam of positive sunshine, glancing on the stone-work and on the forms of the dogs and human beings, was singularly successful. The composition is marked off into strata by a horizontal line of balustrades, above which are bunched together the thick bundles of perpendicular tree-stems, while beneath are parties of ladies in modern Worth dresses, meeting and introducing each other. The Cavaliere Formis is a member of the Art Academies of Milan and Naples, received a prize at the late World's Fair in Santiago de Chili, and exhibited at Philadelphia, besides the present picture, a striking scene on the banks of Lake Como, entitled "The Alpine Tourists."

These qualities of pure translation—the conveying of positive sunshine and air, the exact relief and "value" of foliage against the sky, or, in figure-painting, the truest representation of flesh in light and shadow, are characteristic of the *Continental* schools of painting. The aim of the intellectual, English school, on the contrary, is rather *interpretation;* the giving of a meaning to nature, sermons to stones, its subtle poetry to the ocean or the forest, and, in human beings, the look of the soul rather than the look of the body. To paint natural objects just as nature's chemistry makes them, and just as nature's air and light color and relieve them, is the *grammar* of art. The best of the old masters sought principally for this; only, as they were invariably great poets, the romance of their souls tinged the work and made their pictures imaginative. To represent nature candidly as it is, is the only safe way; to paint it as you fancy it might be, if it were sentient enough to attitudinize for the grand poem you think you have in your head, is the tempting way and the perilous way. We have no space here to go into this, but would simply point out that a practised critic can always find a strained *falsetto* effect about a picture which the artist paints to make you perceive, not the scene he beholds, but his thoughts in beholding it. Even the "Mountain Gloom," a large water-color by A. P. Newton (pages 138–9), though a patient, pains-taking and impressive picture, is perhaps gently tinged with a literary kind of sentimentalism. The incident of the shepherd's dog, watching the carcass of the lost sheep against the arrival of the birds of prey, is thoroughly Wordsworthian. The title, "Mountain Gloom," is unfortunate, as it simply advertises the painter's obsession by a famous chapter of Ruskin's; and the whole composition is an illustration in colors of these delicate phrases of that author, which best

describe it: "The summits of the rocky mountains," says Mr. Ruskin, "are gathered into solemn crowns and circlets, all flushed in that strange, faint silence of possession by the sunshine which has in it so deep a mel ancholy; full of power, yet as frail as shadows; lifeless, like the walls of a sepulchre, yet beautiful in tender fall of crimson folds, like the veil of some sea-spirit that lives and dies as the foam flashes; fixed on a perpetual throne, stern against all strength, lifted above all sorrow, and yet effaced and melted utterly into the air by that last sunbeam that has crossed to them from between the two golden clouds."

F. Barzaghi Sc. *The First Friend.*

Another specimen of the celebrated English water-color school, of whose products we never have the chance to see as many as we should like,—there having been (for instance) but fifty-four of them at the Centennial,—is "The Beacon," by J. Absalon, a London painter of some eminence, though no representative of the modern "thoughtful" creed. He simply gives us (page 187) a Scotch or Cornish girl, the fisher's bride, who holds a flaring torch to guide to shore her husband's fishing-smack. She is not so elegant a figure as "Little Em'ly,"

watching with the light for her uncle Peggotty; but she is gentle, sincere and good; and the forgetfulness that makes her stand on the rough rock in the salt wind is an earnest of that form of human love which in its unselfishness is most like the Divine.

The charming oil-painting entitled "Mistress Dorothy" was engraved and published by us on page 68 of this work. In the merited fulness with which we desire to treat the products of the British school of artists, we add (pages 182–3) a large copy of "Only a Rabbit," by the same artist, Mr. George A. Storey, of London. The scene carries us back to the good old days of sport in the English greenwood, when every grange kept its pack of beagles, and when Cowper and Burns had not yet raised the voice of sympathy for animals shot at. Before the uprising of our modern humanitarian sentiment, all hearts beat in unison with the excitement of the dogs and hunters.

"What sweeter music would ye hear
Than hounds and beagles crying?
The startled hare runs mad with fear,
Upon her speed relying."

Only a Rabbit, and a single specimen at that, has been the reward of the squire on this luckless day. His wife pleasantly twits him with his want of skill, holding the flaccid game-bag in her hand, and pointing to the solitary evidence of his prowess. An intelligent dog looks upon the meagre booty with obvious shame and disgust. The easy squire, who is getting too stout to follow his pack through the bracken, drowns his discomfiture in fast-following glasses of ale, which the neat serving-maid replenishes from her flagon. Out of the unlucky hunter's failure, Mr. Storey contrives an artist's success. His picture is well diversified, in a quiet key appropriate to the humbleness of the incident, and his personages are distributed with skill. Each figure assists in telling the tale, and the composition is *dated*, as it were, by the assemblage of antique costumes and architecture, all homely and countrified, and all appropriate to the epoch when Milton was reviving English pastoral.

This anecdotic faculty—the skill with which an incident is told—is the grand characteristic of the British school, and is a legacy from the genius of Hogarth. Two or three more pictures contributed to the British section we will notice as instances of this narrative power, by means of which art with our cousins per-

J. Absolon, Pinx.

The Beacon.

forms many of the functions of literature. Other schools, we may hint, rather understand art as existing through purely plastic qualities. Before an English picture we wonder what the personages have been doing, or what they are going to do. Before an Italian picture—the saints of Raphael or the goddesses and allegories of the Venetians—we wonder what they *are*, and are lost in the purely artistic contemplation of their form, their essence, and their grace. Mr. Calderon, an artist in high repute in London, contributed "After the Battle," a touching picture, illustrating fully what we have said of the *literary* character of English art. We have inserted a steel engraving of this work. The sensation in examining it is the same as that of reading the chapter of "Esmond," where the young orphan is found in the deserted house by Dick Steele and his fellow-soldiers. We see in Mr. Calderon's picture a French farm-house, of which one side has been blasted out, entered by a merry gang of English soldiers during the war of the Vendée. Their red coats make spots of color against the plastered wall. On an overturned cradle sits a little French child of six years, solitary guardian of the devastated home. The soldiers, examining and prowling here and there, have stumbled on this incident of war—the cradle upset, the undressed child with one wooden shoe, the trimmed and useless lamp upon the dresser, the key hanging on the nail, ready for the door that has been blown to atoms. A pretty drummer-boy, like Hogarth's young drummer in "The March to Finchley," leans over, face to face with the little unfortunate, and would ask a question but that their languages are different. The painter, in his search for an anecdote in which art could perfectly take the place of literary narrative, has actually found a scene where the persons are of necessity dumb! As the French infant is scared and silent, and the English intruders are evidently not the kind to know a word of the language, the narrative is really as eloquent on canvas as it could have been in reality. English tableau-drama can no further go! Art no longer feels its lack of uttered speech! The painted novel is perfect, not even a *word* being lost!

This tendency to take the place of narrated anecdote by means of art is also characteristic of Mr. Alexander Johnston's "Covenanter's Marriage," of which we have presented to our readers a careful engraving on steel. It is like an act in a drama. The scenery is painted with the rocky fastnesses of Scotland, in whose most secret recesses the persecuted Campbellites solemnized

the union of two of their sect. King Charles's cavalier troops are on the alert, ready to prevent the illegal and hated ceremony. Already, on a distant mountain path, we see them, their horses spurred and royal standard waving, while the band of faithful Calvinists go calmly on with the rite, in the form which their conscience approves. Their sentinel, posted on a horse among the group, perceives the peril, warned by a breathless lad beside the pine-tree, who waves a signal of danger; but, with characteristic and heroic courage, he raises his hand to prevent the boy from shouting, determined that the sacramental rite shall be consummated before the group seeks its safety in retreat. In addition to this swift, running, tumultuous action of his picture, making it a rival of some chapter of Sir Walter Scott at his liveliest, Mr. Johnston has patriotically included a set of Scottish types of unimpeachable naturalness, from the shepherd in his plaid who holds the register, to the Scotch hound crouched in the foreground, and from the thorny thistle at the left to the buxom bride and bridemaidens, worthy to be sung by Burns and Allan Ramsay.

Nor is the anecdotic quality one would signalize in British art lacking in Mr. E. M. Ward's picture, a picture which may justly be called famous, and which merits the excellent steel-plate we publish—the painting of "Chesterfield's Ante-room." Here we have the "anecdote" carried to its utmost limit in the art of painting, so that every figure has the epigrammatic point of a good after-dinner story, and seems more like a piquant paragraph than a sketch in color and light and shade. The yawners and gapers, the poor and swaggering captain who lifts his eyeglass to the pretty girl to prove that though his purse is lean and preferment would be welcome, he has not forgotten the points of a fine woman—the young lady herself, in powder and patches, who totters on her high heels, attended by two servants, a negro and a beau, and who laughs with delighted curiosity at that rare animal, Dr. Johnson the lexicographer—the glimpse of Chesterfield himself, smiling upon a departing client, and the more ferocious figure of Johnson—all are touched with the vivacity, the neatness, of a finished story-teller. It is a letter of Horace Walpole's in paint. The person in the doorway having the interview with Chesterfield is Colley Cibber. "A sudden disgust was taken by Johnson," says Boswell, "upon occasion of his having been one day kept long in waiting in his lordship's ante-chamber, for which the reason assigned was that he had company with him, and at last, when

F. V. Luminais, Pinx.

M. Pannemaker, Lugr.

King Morvan.

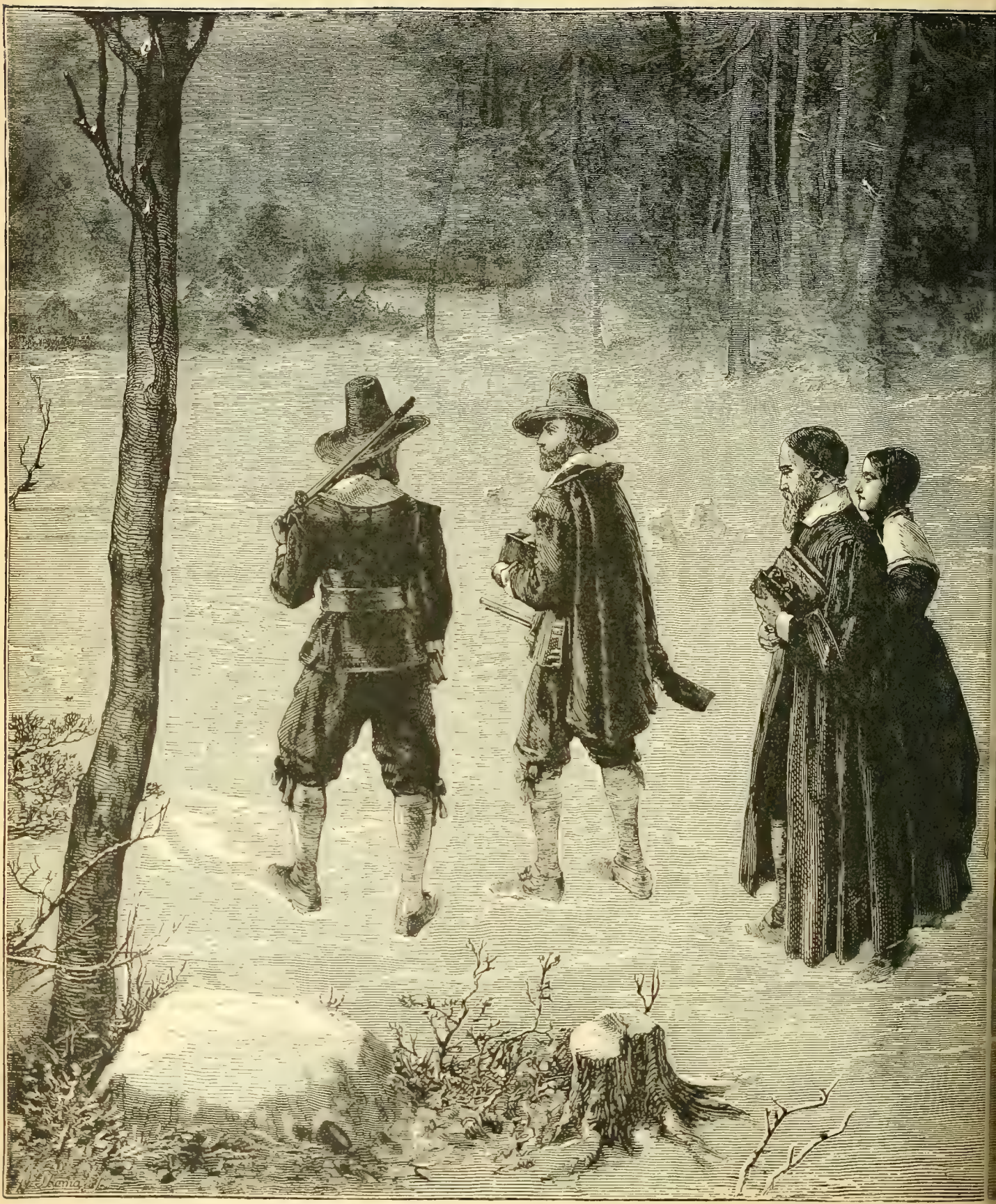
King Morvan.

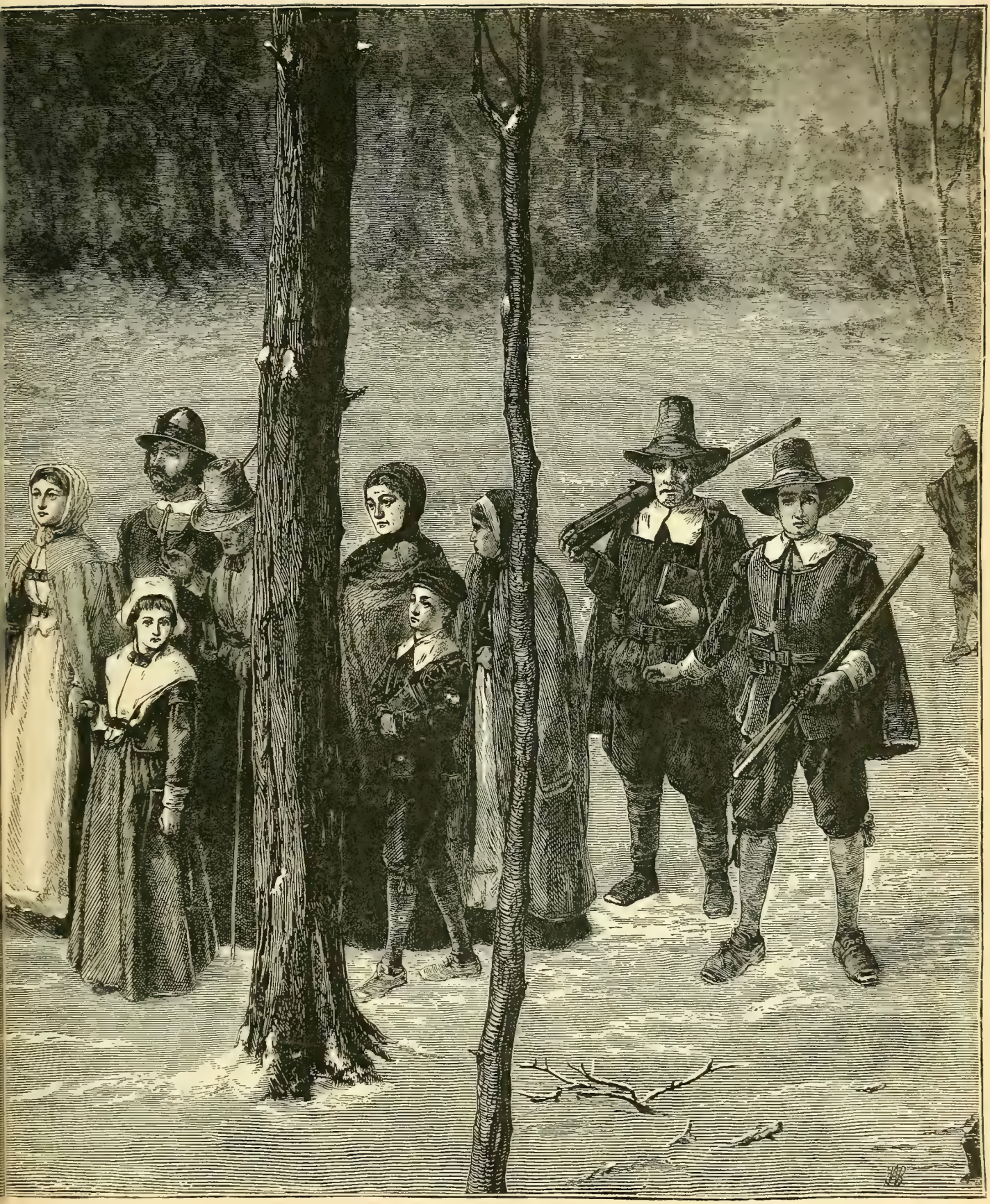
the door opened, out walked Colley Cibber." If there is a misconception in the picture, it is in representing Johnson as somewhat too old. "Seven years, my lord, have now passed," he says in his famous letter of 1755, "since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door." Seven years previous to 1755 would take us back to the year 1748, when Dr. Johnson was thirty-nine years of age; and the painting represents a man in his forties rather than a man in his thirties. The quarrel between the author and the lord was the sign of a grand revolt; it announced the close of the era of feudalism in letters. Before that angry protest, an author was a pensioner, who hastened to put himself, with each new work, under the patronage of some eminent person, who reaped a good half of the glory by advertising the production in his circle of acquaintance, and procuring publicity for the cleverness he protected. Johnson, by a sturdy blow, showed that one author meant to be independent, and could be. "Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before," he said. "He is the proudest man existing," said Johnson of Chesterfield, in high glee at the honor of coping with a rival power of such magnitude. "I think by your own account you are the prouder man of the two," said a listener, Dr. Adams.

We cannot more fairly illustrate this predominance of the literary faculty in English artists, than by taking up a good French picture, of a sort which likewise seems at first sight to be mere anecdotic painting. Let us examine "King Morvan" (pages 190–1), by Evariste-Vital Luminais, a painter born at Nantes. Here are Morvan, a chief of the Bretons in the ninth century, his wife, and the priest Witeher. The holy man appeared at the rude court in Brittany as an envoy of Louis the Débonnaire, son of Charlemagne; Morvan, who owes suzerainty to Louis, has long neglected the payment of tribute; the priest has come to persuade him to his duty. As the holy man delivers his tedious sermon, the young wife of Morvan emerges from their nuptial apartment, takes possession of the chief, sits upon his knee, fondles his hand, and persuades him to refuse the contribution. The story is told with marvelous power, especially in insisting on the pertinacity, the clinging, lingering persuasiveness, of the woman. The ambassador may be prolix, but there is a prolixity of affection which always contrives to sit out the most patient pleader whose motive is less deep than that of love. Now this anecdote-painting, though not

neglected by the French artist, is soon felt to be but a subordinate invention. What is really in his eye is the plastic impression, the grouping of the supple woman and rigid king, like the bow and the cord, and the monumental support which the figure of Witeher lends to the composition; the costumes are well studied, and they assist the story, but they are seen to be used as artistic decorations; not a single artistic *motif* is neglected which the subject affords, from the ecclesiastical embroidery on the priestly garments to the savage buckskin suit of the primitive king, sitting so sturdy and sullen upon his wolf-skin. The three figures are interwoven into a group that has the stillness and calculated grace of sculpture. As for the topic of the picture, it amounts at most to a "situation"—a contrast of motives and dispositions; it is hardly a "narrative," a sequence of events. A true artist has three chief concerns, the coloring of his picture, the lighting of his picture, and its plastic difficulties or difficulties of drawing. A literary man astray in the craft of art thinks first of his narrative. If his expressions are telling and his incident lively and readable, he believes he has made a good picture—and the world, little occupied with such distinctions, is easily induced to think so too.

We have delayed thus far to describe the work of a pupil of the last-mentioned painter—Miss Emily Sartain—because we wished to give this modest but promising young artist some of the reflected credit proceeding from the glory of her instructor, Luminais. Miss Sartain is easily at the head of the lady engravers on steel in this country, her portraits inserted in many important works bearing testimony to the exactitude with which she catches a likeness, and the artistic way in which she handles the problems of texture and chiaroscuro. It is within a very few years that this accomplished young lady has ventured upon the difficulties of oil-painting, and the number of works by which the public can judge her in her new walk is limited. After many months of hard practice under the admirable tuition of M. Luminais, she has produced the picture entitled "The Reproof," which certainly does credit to her abilities, and has few or no marks of what is called the "prentice hand." The costumes are of the time of Henry VIII: a young girl, who gives an indefinable impression of having a will of her own beneath the temporary humility of her downcast eyes and bowing posture, is listening to the strictures of a stately lady, who seems to be the "maiden aunt" of the period. Some suitor, who has perhaps





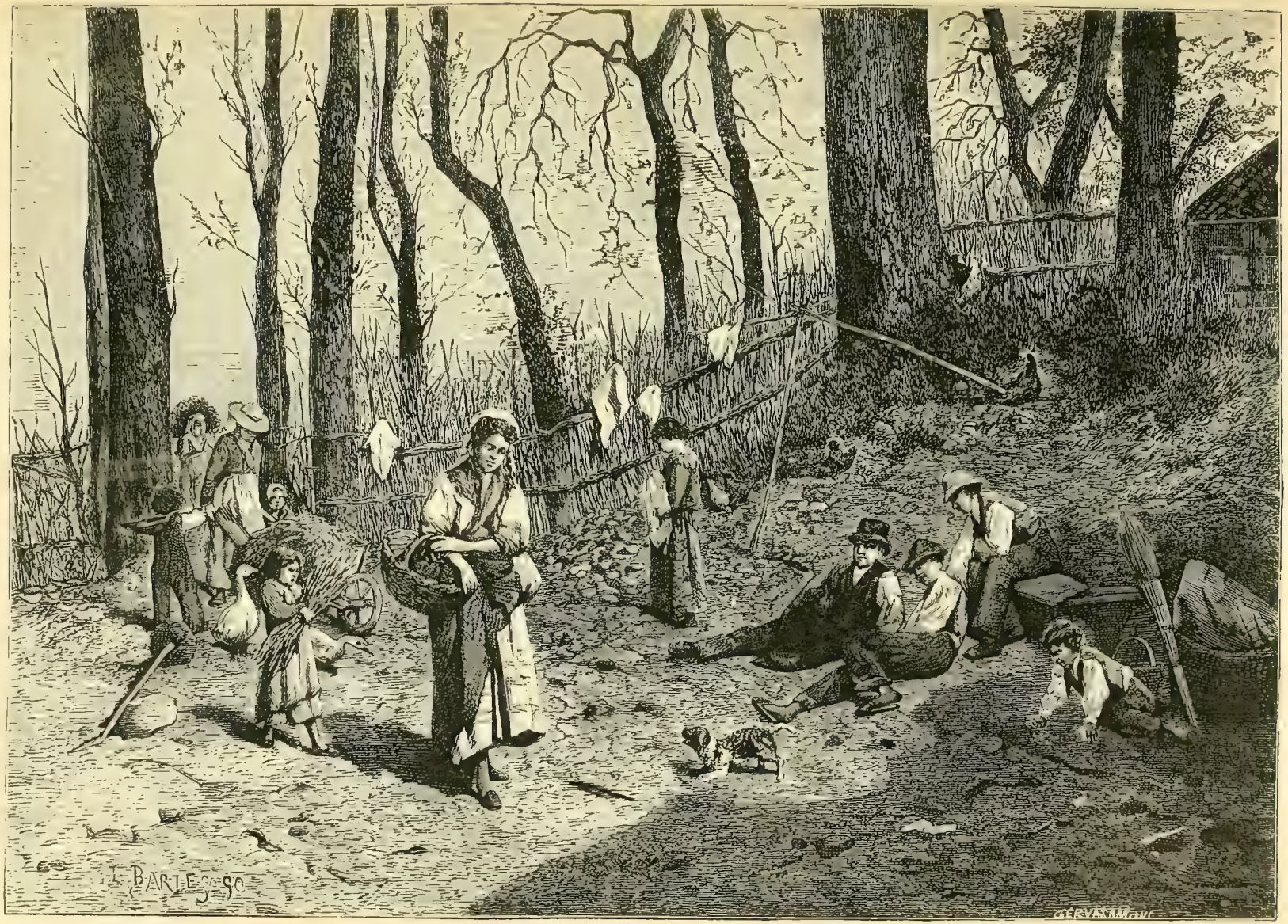
ing.

C. H. Bingham, Pinx

Sunday Morning.

conferred the fine jewels she wears upon her neck, has captivated the heart of the maiden, but does not meet the views of her chaperone. It may result in a restoration of the necklace, with the feuds, separation, and heart-burnings of two noble families, or it may lead to an elopement—who shall say? Miss Sartain has sketched the hesitancy, the doubt, of a situation still in abeyance; further than that it is not the province of art to go.

A "situation"—the sudden flash of artistic vision illuminating a scene, as if the lightning were quickly to blaze upon some telling tableau of history, of poetry, or of modern manners—that is the Continental conception of pictorial art, in opposition to the English, which is apt to look before and after. This is the case even with such a painting as Pierre-Charles Comte's "The King's (Louis XI) Entertainment" (pages 118–19). Although the scene is a passage of history—quite as much as the "Chesterfield's Ante-room"—yet the pre-occupation of the distinguished painter has especially been to build up his composition with art and grace, to color it well, to please the eye with the skillful arrangement of forms, and to cast over the whole group an agreeable unity of light and shade. Still, we do not deny that the painter in this case trenches somewhat on the ground of the anecdote-painters, that he occupies himself with witty contrasts and effective bits of character, somewhat in the manner of Hogarth. The most exacting advocate of "art for art's sake" cannot fairly object to this, if the great qualities of *plastik*, as the Germans call it, are not allowed to suffer, and are kept paramount. M. Comte exhibited this picture in the Paris Salon of 1869, attributing his anecdote to the poet Mellin de Saint-Gelais, the friend of Ronsard. Whether authentic or not, the incident is very droll. The sick king, whose soul was between the hands of his barber-surgeon and his priests—the former of whom stands at the bed-head, while a pair of the latter are praying at the fireside—has admitted a pair of roving bohemians, who entertain him with their dancing pigs. A pair of the absurd animals are smirking and bowing to each other, one with knightly sword, the other with the high *coif* of a court lady. The vagrant's wife is preparing three more of the trained animals to take part in the exhibition, while Tristan the Hermit and his men-at-arms surround her with openly-smiling faces. The sour-visaged king, in bed, lets his lean countenance smile, at least on one side of the face; the barber-surgeon smiles too, but in mere courtly complaisance, secretly deeming



Lurico Bartesago, Pinx.

Noon in the Country.

the cure by laughter an infringement of his rights as physician. The best of the joke is the expression of the two monks, who cast sheep's eyes of intense appreciation at the learned pigs, while muttering their paternosters for dear life. The picture glows from margin to margin with the keenest life and humor, and is altogether worthy of the artist, whose repute in treating the episodes of history is very high.

The French motto of "art for art's sake" has led the French artists into frequent study of the nude—not so much from any unworthy sentiment, we fancy, as for the sake of passing off what is really a phase of preparatory, academic study, by the introduction of some decorative accessions, as a finished work of art, and so getting a little money to replenish the ever-lean artistic purse. The principal studies from the undraped figure in the French department (which scandalized the public, we believe, rather more than the undraped statues in Italy's exhibit) were Chartrin's "Angelica," Faivre-Duffer's "Venus," Cetner's "Salammbô," Garnier's "Bather," Perrault's "Bather," Tortez's "Echo," and Camorré's "Cassandra." Not to neglect entirely a characteristic feature of the French contribution, we select a subject purified by history and poetry, Camorré's "Cassandra" (page 179). In Æschylus' "Agamemnon" we have a moving and gloomy picture of the last hours of Cassandra—her return with Agamemnon after the Trojan war to his unfriendly palace at Mycæne—her oracular prophecies to him, which Apollo will not suffer to be believed, of treachery and death within his home—and then the murderous deed of Clytemnestra, involving Cassandra's own death with the assassination of the King of Men. It is one of the gloomiest pages of Hellenic fable, involving the subsequent revenge and madness of Orestes, the Greek Hamlet. M. Camorré's noble, all-womanly figure was a strangely impressive one; the prophetess, whose youth had been made wretched by the love of Apollo—for the gods' costliest gift is their love—lies at the foot of the smoking tripod of sacrifice, her fate having been to see all the woe of the world in vision before it happened, and to be laughed at for her discernment. Our sketch has the interest of being an artistic autograph—the painter's first thought for his picture, copied by a mechanical process in exact *fac-simile*.

We have already illustrated (page 145) the amusing figure of "Vanity" by Francesco Barzaghi, of Milan, and given a steel-plate of his "Finding of Moses."

Signor Trombetta, Sc.

The Bird's Nest.

On page 185 we show a third work by the same artist. "The First Friend" represents a little night-gowned girl, fatigued after a day's romp which has tumbled her curls all into her eyes, shaking hands for "good-night" with a

fringy-pawed dog which is carried in her arms, and for whose living comradeship she has contemptuously thrown her doll to the floor. We are reminded of the pretty scene in "Les Misérables," where the inn-keeper's daughter of Montfermeil, Eponine, plays with her cat: "Do you see, sister, this doll is funnier than the real one. She moves about, and cries, and feels warm. Come, sister, let us play with her. She will be my little girl, and I will be a lady, and I will come to pay you a visit, and little by little you will notice her moustaches, and that will surprise you, and then you will notice her ears, and then you will notice her tail, and that will surprise you. And you will say, Good heavens! And I will say, Yes, madam, it is a little girl of mine; little girls are made so this season." Victor Hugo, reporting this conversation, says that the grace of childhood, like the brilliancy of butterflies' wings, vanishes when you try to hold it; but our sculptor, at least, seems to have succeeded in catching this infantile grace just before its vanishing.

Childish again in its *naïveté*, but of more masculine sentiment, is the bronze figure of a young "Shinty Player," from Chili, which many visitors to the Exposition must have admired in the western end of the Main Building. It is truly gratifying to find the arts so advanced in the wealthy republic of the South as this excellent statue indicates. The form is capitally poised, the coltish look of a boy's unshaped joints and tendons is given without mincing the matter, and the type is full of interest. The young half-breed, engaged in a native game which might be described as "Polo without the horsemanship," lifts his curved stick over his head with a gesture full of energy and decision, preparing to strike the ball at his foot; another ball is held provisionally in the left hand. His stiff Indian hair is confined with a fillet, and he wears the short drawers of the Tropics. Our engraving on page 128 presents the best view of the statue—the leaning line which passes through the raised arm to the advanced leg, and connects with both of these members the torso so finely thrown back, appearing in the cut to great advantage, and marking a pose which all artists must admire.

Likewise in bronze is the figure of "The Erring Wife," by Jules Cambos, a French sculptor born in the town of Castres, and now practising at Paris, after an assiduous study of his art under the leadership of Jouffroy. The present model was first exposed at the Salon of 1869, in the material of

marble. It has since been cast in bronze, and, like nearly all the French sculpture exhibited in Philadelphia, was sent to us in the latter less fragile material. Near by, in the Art Annex, stood the same artist's "Cigale" (or grasshopper—from La Fontaine's fables—the improvident minstrel, who "having sung all summer, may go and dance all winter"). M. Cambos is also known for a statue of Eve, exhibited at Paris in 1872, and a "Young Gaul," executed in 1868. He has received repeated medals. The statue we represent on page 169 shows a woman tightly swathed in drapery of a complicated and original cast, who has thrown herself on the ground in an agony of terror, and raised her bound arms before her face, as a shelter from the terrible Jewish form of execution. The fact that she has rushed up to the immediate presence of the Saviour is skilfully indicated by her kneeling just upon the celebrated words, written in the dust a moment since, and here given in French: "Que celui parmi vous qui se trouve sans péché jette la première pierre." We should remember, in regarding this statue, that it is an historical, not a symbolical figure. This immortal culprit, to whom we owe one of the tenderest sayings of Jesus, and whose moment of humiliation before the Jerusalem rabble creates for us the most merciful edict of the Christian law, really existed. She was an historic character, though the splendor of the moral illustruted so absorbs the mere actual incident, that she is probably classed by many careless thinkers among the shadowy imaginations of Divine Parable; but the Teacher needed not to invent a parabolic story for every axiom; he could evoke the axiom, with the most burning impressiveness, out of the actual history of each long warm Syrian day.

We should like to pen some observations illustrating the preparation of bronze statues, of which we have just described two. For the history of bronze-casting we might go back to Pliny the Naturalist, who gives the pre-eminence to this kind of sculpture, though antiquity has not left us nearly so many specimens in bronze as in marble. Not to stray into this impertinent kind of antiquarianism, we may say that modern artistic bronze-founding has been most successfully practised at Paris, at Munich, and at Florence. In America, also, by the importation of skilled artisans, the industry has prospered to admiration, and faultless bronzes have been cast at Philadelphia by Robert Wood, as well as at Chicopee in Massachusetts. A fair specimen of Paris bronze was the

W. C. Penny sc. Penn

Th

of Cleopatra.

W. C. Printing Fine

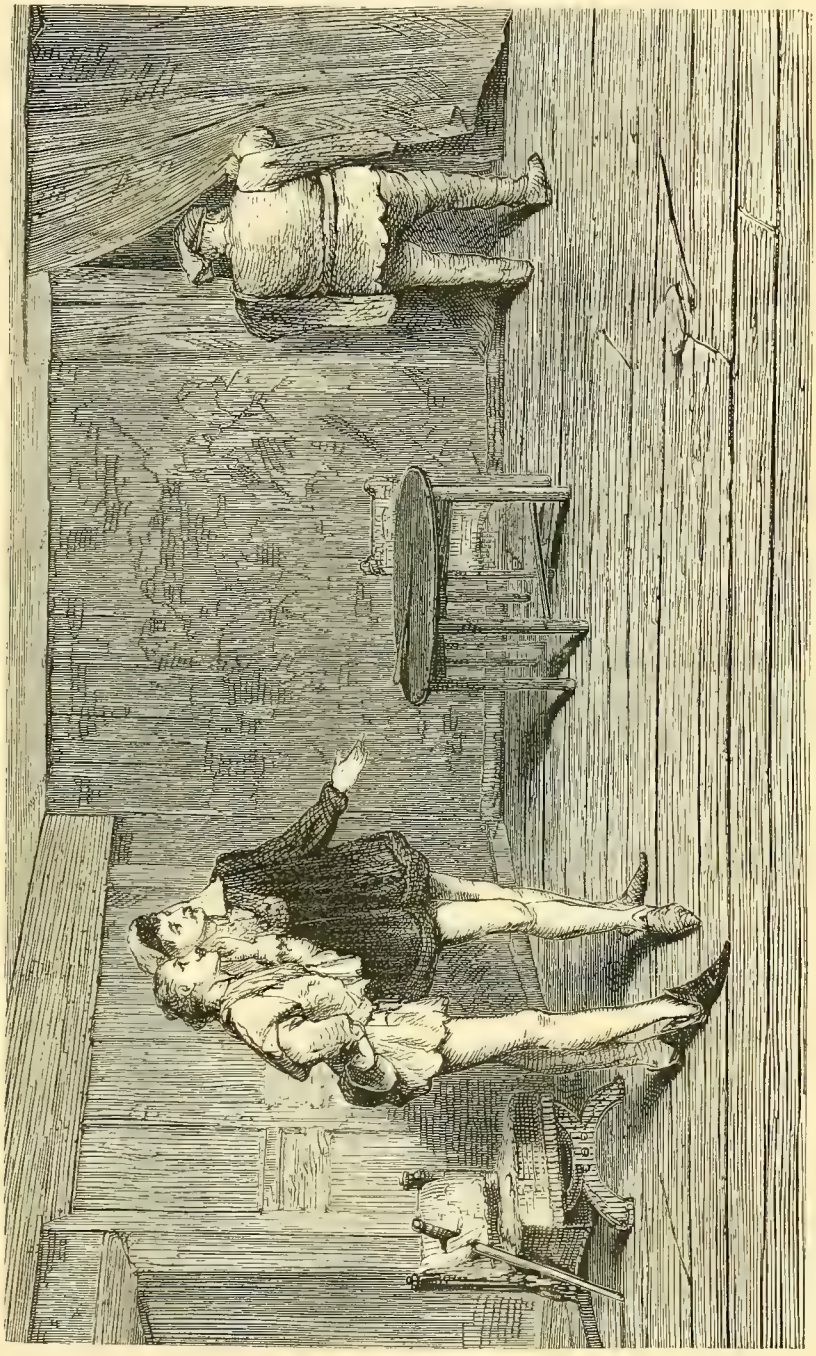
The Death of Cleopatra

last-mentioned statue, "The Erring Wife." It illustrated the French theory of leaving the sculptor's touch upon the clay, so far as possible, in all its natural spirit and roughness, avoiding in great measure the evidence of the chaser's tool, the "riffler." The great foundry of Munich is very celebrated, an example of its work being the Probasco fountain at Cincinnati. It is objected to its method by French bronze-founders that it casts large statues in separate squarish blocks, which though united by invisible seams, may afterwards change color unevenly, so as to deface the monument with an arbitrary square patchwork. Perhaps the best bronze-establishment in Europe was that of Papi in Florence, lately closed by the Government. Its casting of Michael Angelo's "David," in the size of the original, was a celebrated achievement. Barbedienne is at the head of bronze manufacture in Paris, but his experts look up with envy to the flawless moulding and tasteful finish of the Florence bronze statuary. Great attention was attracted at our Exposition to the Russian bronzes, cast by Chopin, of St. Petersburg, from the inimitable equestrian statuettes of Lanceret.

A good German bronze is "The Dying Lioness" by Wolff, a Berlin artist, a group which, from the time of the Exhibition and since, adorns the grounds of Fairmount Park, near Memorial Hall. The figures are at least as large as life, and include a lioness, whose shoulder has been pierced by the poisoned arrow of the Kabyle hunter, a male lion, and two cubs. There is something fine in the true family sentiment of this wilderness group, where the little ones pathetically feel at the stiffening body that will shelter and nourish them no more, while the desert lord lifts himself in towering but unavailing rage, and menaces the hunters with the thunder of his roar. The copper-plate which illustrates this piece of sculpture we are glad to be able to declare one of the most artistic plates contained in our work. It is by an American etcher and painter, Mr. Peter Moran, brother of a whole group of artistic celebrities, and himself an animal-painter of distinguished skill, as may be judged from his picture seen on page 9, for the engraving of which, however, we had not the advantage of his cunning burin.

Another permanent decoration of Fairmount Park is the monument to Columbus, to celebrate the installation of which we have prepared the large engraving on page 177. The history of this memorial is closely intertissued (to use Shakespeare's word) with that of the Exposition. During the year

before the Centennial Anniversary a movement was set on foot among the Italian residents of the city of Philadelphia for the raising of a fine monument



Prince Henry, Poins and Falstaff.

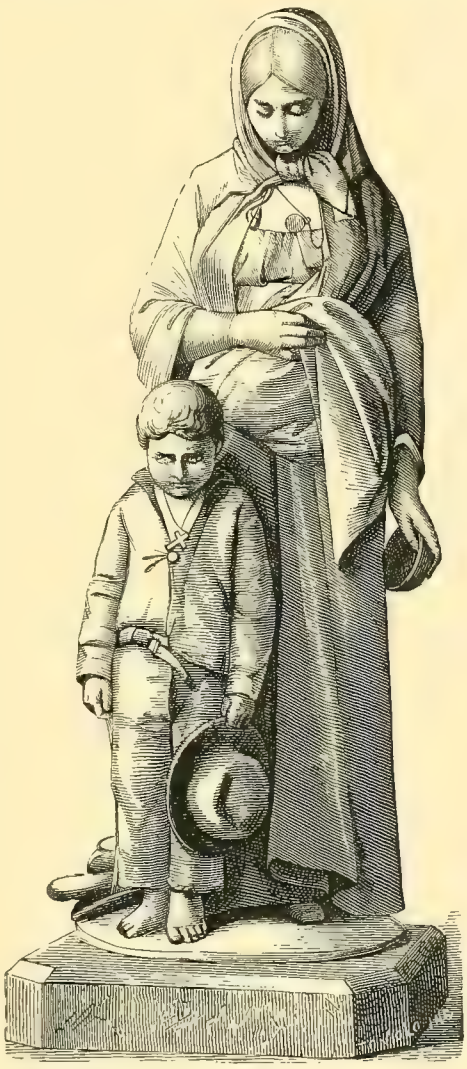
W. Q. Orchardson, Pin.x.

to the Discoverer of America, in the Centennial year, near the commemorative Exhibition; the society found themselves able to collect funds with agreeable

rapidity, and soon an order was sent to Italy for the execution of the first statue of the deathless Genoese navigator ever set up by private subscription in any one of the United States of America. In January, 1876, Mr. Viti, the Italian consul in Philadelphia, who had charge of the enterprise, received photographs of the model, and before the end of the Exposition the whole monument, including the elaborate pedestal, was in place. It now graces the embowered grounds of Fairmount Park, near the site of the International Fair, to which Italy, in an especial degree, contributed the impression and stamp of artistic distinction. It is very lofty. The statue on the summit is colossal, and of the fairest white marble. Columbus is shown in his attributes as discoverer, geographer and navigator. He stands resting his hand upon a terrestrial globe, among whose Continental divisions his fingers have settled upon the part representing America. At his feet is an anchor, signifying that it was through navigation his invaluable boon was conferred upon mankind. His name, "Christopher Columbus," is carved in large letters on the socle beneath his figure. On the pedestal below is seen a bas-relief, representing Columbus leaving the Pinta in a boat to plant upon the beach the Castilian flag. During the latter part of the Fair's duration this marble Colossus looked calmly out upon the grounds peopled with a world's hurrying multitudes. If anything could lend life and intelligence to the stone eyes of a portrait, it would be the fact of Columbus, standing on the soil of that continent which he gave to Europe as a wilderness peopled with barbarians, at length throwing his shadow upon our mighty city, where Europe's arts and nations were met in homage to our national existence.

We have been somewhat neglectful of the prosperous Austrian school of painting, since giving a cut of that great masterpiece, the "Catherine Cornaro," by Makart, who must be considered an Austrian painter since he has accepted a professorship in the Vienna Academy. Makart and Feuerbach, both offshoots of the Munich school, are prominent instructors in the Austrian capital, and have greatly changed Vienna art for the better. Since the days when Pettenkoffer and the other old academic spirits were the leading influences, a more intelligent and broad manner has been developed, to the obliteration of former national distinctions, and the assimilation of Austrian art with the intelligent art of the rest of Europe. In fact, the recent tendency is towards the identification of great art principles across the continent, and what we may call a

diffusion of the light of French intelligence throughout the academies. In Munich, the great contemporary master, Piloty, is a pupil and imitator of the French Delaroche; and Munich is supplying schoolmasters to the rest of Teutonic Europe. The Belgian painters have long been completely French in feeling. The ancient landmarks are rapidly dissolving, the old hard German manner, the Düsseldorf manner as it is called in America, being out of favor even in its former strongholds. Austria made a very creditable display at Philadelphia of about one hundred and twenty oil paintings, almost all from the city of Vienna; about thirty water-colors; and some fine etchings by Unger—while, again, the sentinel bronze groups in front of the Art Building representing Pegasus led by History and Music, were by the Vienna sculptor, Pilz. We select another Austrian work for illustration, and take a humble domestic scene; opining that our readers will be ready to descend from the Pegasus of Pilz and the Venetian spendors of Catherine Cornaro to see what more familiar fare Vienna art can offer him. Here it is, simple and genuine as Vienna bread, a rustic group listening to "Grandmother's Tales," in the picture of Edmund Blume (page 165). The background is the familiar porcelain stove. On the bench built around it the grand-dame is sitting,—her spinning-wheel stopped,—the flaxen thread floating down out of her fingers as the interest of the narrative culminates. The tale, in its progress, has passed through the reminiscences of infancy, which are for little Rahel, sitting rapt with her baby-wagon; past the epoch of school-days, which are for young Fritz



Signor Rizzarpo, Sc. *The Mendicants.*

as he leans against the stove; and has attained the period of universal interest, the history of love, which the old woman is sensible enough to address, without any pretence of beating around the bush, direct to Gretchen, who will understand it. "His eyes were blue, my dear, his hair was golden." And so on, through the eternal, interminable idyl, which to girls like Gretchen is never long, and perpetually new. The painter's joke in all this is the paradox about the thread of the story and the thread of the spinning-wheel. When an ancient gossip reaches the period of what Disraeli calls "anecdotage," the line of flax is often forgotten and is forever in jeopardy; but the line of talk, supernaturally sustained, spins on perpetual, endless, invulnerable!

From the excellent Munich school, which in a single generation has sprung up into a formidable rival to Paris, we select for illustration a delightful picture, painted in 1875, by Sigmund Eggert. It is called "A Visit to the Village Artist," and is engraved by us on page 153. Here we are in the ground-floor work-room of one of those humble Raphaels, common enough in Catholic Europe, who paint nothing but saints for churches. Even the tiny child, neglecting her doll, plays with a little picture of a real saint, with a real halo. The light that comes through the bull's-eye panes falls on nothing but martyrs and holy men and women, who swarm upon the walls, stand upon the dresser, and rear up against the jack-towel. The artist, a lean and slippered pantaloon, is receiving a call from some village magnates—the teacher of the seminary and a couple of barefoot monks. The critical expression of the first, as the painter exhibits a sacred picture larger, and consequently holier, than any in his stock, is exquisite. Against the doorway lean the pictures commonly seen in Catholic churches, representing the "Stations," or pauses, on the road to Calvary; that which is most plainly visible is the Fainting under the Cross. Behind the artist is a wooden statue—some bishop of happy memory—painted in the brightest colors which the adjacent palette and bunch of brushes can supply. Everything here is routine and custom—the artist's most pious inspirations savor quite too much of the tracing and the stencil, and the decorous critics are people of routine too, and contemplate the most awful subjects in this museum of martyrs with professional *sang-froid*. The artist has interpreted very slyly and delicately one of the quaint scenes—or rather one of the quaint behind the scenes—afforded by rural Catholicism in the old Fatherland.

A picture of real religious interest, which we approach with anything but levity, is the large and pathetic composition by Ernest Slingeneyer, of Brussels, entitled "A Christian Martyr in the Reign of Diocletian." We present a fine engraving on page 125. Fortunately, this important work, the most remarkable contribution made by Belgian art to religion of late years, is so widely and admiringly known that our task in describing it is almost a sinecure. Some of the visitors to the Centennial had already seen the painting in the London Exhibition of 1862. Many others were familiar with the fine steel print by Demannez. The story told by the two principal figures, which are life-size, is appallingly simple. We are in Ancient Rome—the Coliseum is crowded. The lighter preliminary plays are over, and now comes the exhibition of the *bestiarius*, or fighter with beasts. The slave opens the gateway of the den where are confined the lions in their cages, the human antagonists on their beds of straw. In the present case the brutal slave pauses surprised—for the victim is sweetly sleeping! He is a poor Christian boy, given up naked to the fury of the beasts and the Roman lust for blood; his only wealth is the reed crucifix, the symbol of triumphant martyrdom. He grasps his cross, and is not afraid to sleep. The rolling applause of the people in the amphitheatre beyond—the more disturbing stealth of the pacing beasts, going softly about the cages on their velvet feet,—nothing has prevented that innocent, that divine slumber, precursor of the eternal repose on high. In another hour a little troop of humble people—his Christian friends—will be permitted to visit the *spoliarium* or dead-room of the circus; they will find a mangled body, the ruins of life and strength in a wreck of bones and flesh; they will be allowed to compose the shattered limbs, to wash the red skin white again, and bear the martyr away to his obscure grave in the catacombs. Such mercy Rome could allow to the body whose living thoughts and opinions she felt bound to crush—as foreseeing that they contained the elements of her own dissolution. Christianity was bound to dissolve the government of Cæsar; therefore Cæsar, in the natural instinct of self-defence, must do what he can against the Christian while it is yet time, for the day is coming when Christianity will obliterate Cæsar. In dismissing, almost without description, M. Slingeneyer's important picture, we would merely recall what has often been pointed out by its admirers, the admirable management of the light, which relieves the hot glare of the circus against the deep

OSTENDO
NON OSTENTO

George Lance, Pinx.

The Unwelcome Guest.

The Unwelcome Guest.

shadows of the cell, and allows one thread of intense sunshine to cross the knees of the martyr, so often bent in prayer. We would point out, too, through all the stark simplicity of two nude forms, how plainly shows the difference between the heavy brutality of the attendant and the distinction of the young Christian's figure, in its unconscious grace.

American art, not yet able to compete with that of European centres in producing great figure-subjects, can best sustain comparison in works of marine painting. In this line several of our artists have evinced peculiar powers of perception and execution. Our selection of masterpieces contains three works of decided excellence in marine or water-side study, which may be put with some confidence beside the works of even able French painters, because the ablest French painter can seldom look at the sea (at least from a vessel) without becoming ill, and therefore cannot represent it sympathetically.

"Fog on the Grand Banks," by W. E. Norton, of Boston, is a painting whose very peculiar impressiveness steals on you after a period of contemplation. The picture is filled with a sense of vapor—air evenness, a *clearness* of mist, not too heavy, which makes a unity of everything in sea and sky. We venture to compare it with a *clearness*, because it simplifies vision, discards the emphasis of heavy shadow, and expands a subtle light over the whole face of nature. Through this clear-obscure, the distant sails, the top of the light-house, are faintly sketched. And out of the zenith of this purity of haze drops one furtive ray, just catching in the bows of the nearest vessel, whose sails are piled, like a mountain of marble, high into the sky. We have given a steel engraving of this very expressive picture.

A fine coast-scene, with which our engraver has been uncommonly lucky, is the view of Genoa, by George L. Brown, likewise a Bostonian. By slightly emphasizing the radiance of the sun and its reflection, beyond the emphasis used in the painting, the burin has arranged an effect of *values* compensating for the pictorial effect of *colors* in the original, which of course was beyond its grasp. Genoa is known to every picture-lover by the oft-painted amphitheatrical view of its crescent of buildings as observed from the sea. Its aspect from a near point of land is rather fresh and unfamiliar. Mr. Brown has arranged his details with great skill, the bouquet of trees and old tower to the left forming an excellent balance for the setting sun and its trail of glory on the other side

Benjamin West. Pinx

Christ Blessing Little Children

J. Lavallee. Engr.

of the picture. The breadth of water, which almost gives the painting the right to be called a marine, recedes successfully from the eye, with a perfect sense of knowing its right level.

Compare with either of these the "Lake George" of the late John F. Kensett (page 52), in which, by-the-by, the proportion of water is of the smallest. We are here in the presence of a talent formed upon the old English models. Treatment of sky, treatment of breadths of lake or ocean, treatment and drawing of trees, all recall the style of certain English water-colorists contemporary with Stanfield. Throughout his career Kensett worked in oils with the traditions of water-color and distemper painting, and his best canvases have a thin look in comparison with those of men who have used a more generous impasto. In compensation, his works reveal a singular sense of space and purity, his skies and sea-beaches seem uncontaminated, large and austere. The delicate intricacy of his touch in foliage is partly indicated by our cut. Kensett was born in 1818, studied at first in England (after an apprenticeship to the engraver Dagget), and learned to sketch foliage by practising in Windsor Forest. He died December 14th, 1872. His paintings are highly prized by Americans, and with justice. His work has more freshness and realism than that of Cole, and attracts to the study of Nature by a certain Wordsworthian breadth and dignity of feeling.

In the honorable history of American sculpture few names have stood higher than that of William Wetmore Story; yet we think it cannot be denied that the more intelligent art-lovers, who had heard his fame reported from that Italian capital where he has lived so long, were somewhat disappointed in the works he exhibited at the Centennial—his "Medea" and "Beethoven." Mr. Story's residence abroad has been under circumstances agreeable and perilous to an artist—he has kept within the circle of American and English colonists at Rome. Here, in the receipt and exercise of good-hearted hospitality, visited by American newspaper-correspondents apt to see the best side of everything American, or by English writers attracted by his eminent literary qualifications and by the facts of his matrimonial connection—Mr. Story has long enjoyed the fatal sweets of a common admiration-society. Those who remember his delicate and pathetic filial tribute at Mount Auburn—a portrait figure of his father, the celebrated Judge Story, cut with a most patient and sensitive chisel—will per-

MEDEA.

GEBBIE & BARRIE

haps think he would have done better to have remained in an American atelier. The "Medea" (which we have engraved on steel) in common with the "Semiramis," "Sibyl" and "Cleopatra," is a work which somehow convinces the spectator of the bookish culture of its author; and so far it is well; we feel that he has approached his conception through literature. As we look upon the towering and monumental figure of the murderess-mother, through whose head a whole Fifth Act of stormy emotions seems sweeping, we feel that the statuary has compacted his theories after intimate acquaintance with

A. Tantardini, Sculpt.

The Reader.

the tragedy of the Greek Euripides, and that of the Roman Seneca. A mere bookman, as in the case of all this sculptor's figures, is strongly prepossessed in contemplating the work. An art-proficient, however, looks for technicalities; and it must be confessed that in matters of manipulation, flesh-texture, the hinges of the bones, the stress of muscle, the drawing and playing of the skin, and other such requisites,—an artist's want of ease in which is like a countryman's want of ease in grammar or spelling,—Mr. Story's work lacked any very high distinction. How could it be otherwise? The American artist in Rome scarcely ever hears severe, healthy criticism. Unlike the American artist in Munich, who sees the measure of his success as in a mirror in the publicity of art-

comradeship, in the enthusiastic appreciation of his Bavarian fellow-artists, and in the discriminating encouragement of his professor—unlike the American artist at Paris, for whom the harsh grunts of the *maître* and the merciless irony of the "school" quickly distinguish every fault and weakness—the Yankee at Rome is a little king, a great diner-out, a frequenter of "At Homes" and "Thursdays," one of the sights of the city, and a power that may be cultivated or neglected, but never weighed. Mr. Story has brought a better list of results out of this unfavorable soil than might have been expected. The unmistakable seal of book-culture on a work of art will always make it interesting to literary people; and Mr. Story's "Medea" and "Cleopatra," his "Jerusalem" in the Philadelphia Academy, his "Semiramis" and "Sibyl," are overgrown with this creeping feeling of legend and tradition: no ignorant, unread man would ever have conceived them so. As for the "Medea," we see her stand, as a female tragedian on the stage, the grimness of murder in her attitude and gesture, while the bleeding victims, according to the nice taste of the Greek drama, are out of sight. One hand grasps the dagger; the other, which has been supporting her chin, is still clenched, as the head is lifted with the firmness of a new-born purpose. This is that Medea—somewhat *Americanized*, as we fancy, in type and visage—who stood before the Greeks in many a theatre, the embodiment of jealousy and feminine revenge: the mother who could destroy her offspring because their father had left her to wed another. We need hardly remind the reader of the facts of the old classic story. The murder of Mermerus and Pheres, the children of Jason by Medea, is said by a Roman writer to have been really committed by the Corinthians. Finding that Corinth suffered in consequence, in reputation and by the scourge of pestilence, the inhabitants of that city engaged Euripides, for five talents, to write a tragedy which should clear them of the murder, and represent Medea as the assassin of her own children. The ruse was a perfect success; Corinth was rehabilitated, and the poetic version has obtained credit with the remotest posterity, to the present time; and, more wonderful than all, Euripides' fiction must have imposed upon Jupiter himself, who seems to have promptly stopped the pestilence. Jason's posterity by his second or Corinthian wife, Creusa, doubtless became the aristocracy of that city, able to give the best possible reasons for their father's having selected their mother as a resource from that violent, impracticable

Medea; and they doubtless enjoyed without hesitation their fortune derived from the golden fleece, though it was all earned by Medea for their father. Mr. Story, the sculptor of the "Medea," has just had the peculiar good luck of seeing five of his largest statues at once sold and boxed up in his atelier for delivery in a single week. The other day his "Delilah" was thus encased, awaiting transportation to California to its purchaser, Mr. Shilliber; while a copy of his "Cleopatra," with the "Vesta," "Alcestis," "Libyan Sibyl" and "Cleopatra" were being packed for the Pompeiian Palace in Paris, formerly Prince Napoleon's, now the Hungarian Count Palffy's, who now owns both the mansion and these valuable figures. We cannot take leave of this statue without a reference to the question of damage done to works of art in the Exposition, of which unfortunately the "Medea" offered an example. The knife in the right hand, though elevated above the height of a man's head by the dimensions of the pedestal, was broken off at the hilt—a disaster easily repaired. The other injuries, very few, considering that the rooms were generally not at first surrounded with railings, and that the crowds could not be deprived of their umbrellas and sticks, were as follows: The Italian statue "After the Bath," by Malfatti, had the middle and ring fingers broken; the remaining fingers, extended, accordingly represented a superstitious and vulgar gesture in use among the lower Italians. The outrage was probably therefore committed by an enemy and a native of Italy. Another Italian statue, "The Reader" (439), had the little book broken off, doubtless by a relic-hunter in

Cyprien Godebski, Sculpt. *From a drawing by the artist.*

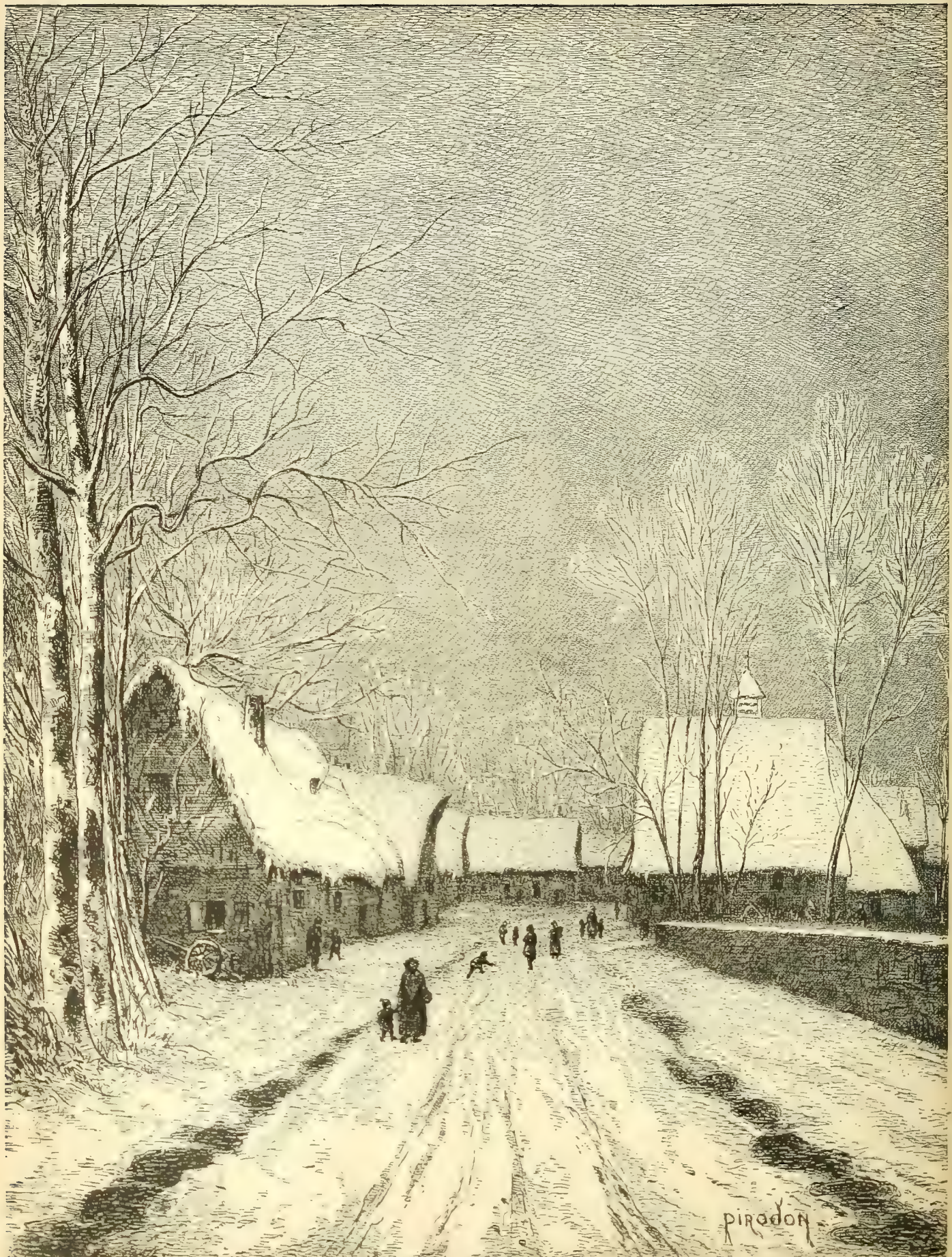
Moujik Ivre.

want of a paper-weight. In the Austrian department, a panel-picture called "Children's Tenderness," by Berres, was scratched, and the great "Catherine Cornaro," by Makart, was blistered, both owing to defective packing. Among the German pictures, that of the Crown Prince had a hole pierced through the thigh, and one other canvas was slightly marked. These, with a trifling damage to a single American painting in the Art-Annex, comprise the sum of the mutilations, and on the whole form a high testimonial to the good manners of an almost uncontrolled American crowd.

The fame of the Spanish school of art, which has been revived of late years by the dazzling success of Fortuny and his fellows, caused a deep and perhaps an exaggerated interest to be taken in the hardly adequate exhibit made at Philadelphia. The picked works of Spanish art, to the number of forty-six, occupied a room in Memorial Hall, while about two hundred less select examples were arranged in the Art-Annex and in the Spanish Governmental Pavilion in the Park. Among the choicer selections, which ranged from the religious works of Alonzo Cano and Morales, and the figure-subjects of Velasquez and Spagnoletto, to the "Two Friends" of Agrassot and the "Jeanne la Folle" of Valles, we choose the pathetic example of Morales seen in our steel engraving. Luis Morales was born at Badajoz in 1509, and died there in 1586. His life, addicted to the most ascetic kind of sacred art, was not a prosperous one, and when Philip II, shortly before fitting out the Invincible Armada for the conquest of England, happened to travel through Badajoz, a gleam of remorse passed through his not often remorseful heart on finding Morales, whom he had commanded to decorate the Escorial and then forgotten, suffering from penury, age and neglect. He amended his unpressed orders about the Escorial by paying him a pension without commanding any work in return. Morales thus enjoyed for the remaining five years of his life an annuity of three hundred ducats. He was called "The Divine," from the uniformly religious character of his subjects, and is sometimes termed the Spanish Perugino. His style indeed allies him to this and other "pre-Raphaelite" masters, for he exhibits the anxious care in copying nature, the minuteness, and the trace of hardness, which characterized the predecessors of the grand Urbinate, and which are imitated by the English inventors of the term. It shows, however, how topsy-turvy in regard to dates, and how thoroughly independent and

original and *sui generis* was the career of Spanish art, that this "early" master, this exemplifier of the style that preceded Raphael, was literally a post-Raphaelite. In his painting of the "Ecce Homo," the cross which the suffering Saviour bears is a microscopic copy of a just hewn piece of timber, with all the fibres, from which the sap seems to have scarcely dried, assiduously painted like a bit of wood-grainer's work. Just so would Holman Hunt, or any other modern emulator of the pre-Raphaelite masters, delight in painting. The whole style of this picture, both in its quaintly exact drawing and in its pure naïve color, reminds us of John Bellini or of Perugino; yet Morales comes into the calendar of painters long after Bellini and Perugino, born respectively in 1422 and 1446. He is even considerably later in date than Raphael and Titian; for he survived them both thirty or forty years, and first saw the light in the sixteenth century, while they were born in the fifteenth. Fine specimens of "El Divino Morales" may be seen in the University of Salamanca, justifying, says Augustus J. C. Hare, the title of Morales to be called the Spanish Perugino which late ages have accorded him as an honor, but which Morales himself, in his high Iberian pride, would have rejected as degrading.

Mr. George H. Boughton, like Leslie and Benjamin West, is a gift of America to England; he has developed, without seriously changing it, the style he formed in this country, and is now pleasing with the results of American art-lessons the most cultured classes of the old world. Mr. Boughton, at three years of age, was brought to the United States, his parents being residents of Norwich, England. His youth was passed at Albany in New York, and already during his early life he impressed upon the American public a conviction that a painter of uncommonly delicate and refined powers had arisen. One of his patrons was Mr. August Belmont, who now exhibits in his gallery "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," our artist's early American work, in which it is easy to recognize the wonderfully subtle landscape feeling which still pervades the achieved masterpieces of this admirable painter. In the year 1853 Mr. Boughton went to visit the family friends in Old England, being then nineteen years of age. After some desultory wanderings and studies, he at length definitively abandoned his American studio in 1860, and passed to France, where he received instructive hints in art matters from the accomplished genre painter Edouard Frère. He presently crossed the Channel and settled his artistic lares and



Emile Breton, Pinx.

A Village — Artois in Winter.

penates in London, where he still resides. The first picture of Mr. Boughton's which made a sensation in England was "Passing into the Shade," exhibited at the British Institute in 1863, and representing two old peasant women entering the gloom of a forest, which symbolized, with that fine adaptation of landscape sentiment to human feeling which Mr. Boughton has made a specialty, the autumnal shadow of life. The specimen of which we offer an engraving (pages 194–5) is taken, with the largest and best class of the artist's works, from the history of the Puritans in New England, which seems to have impressed Mr. Boughton as forcibly, considered as a repertory of art-effects, as it did Hawthorne the novelist. Our selection is entitled "New England Puritans going to Church." It represents a train of wayfarers passing with solemn caution through a snowy landscape, the men armed to the teeth, except the venerable pastor, whose defences are the holy book he carries and the good angel who walks by his side in the person of a lovely daughter. The especial inspiration of this picture was the following passage from "Bartlett's Pilgrim Fathers": "The few villages were almost isolated, being connected only by long miles of blind pathway through the woods. . . . The cavalcade proceeding to church, the marriage procession (if marriage procession could be thought of in those frightful days) was often interrupted by the death-shot of some invisible enemy." Each figure in the picture is seen against the snow—a sombre silhouette. Fathers, mothers and innocent children proceed with serious, God-fearing expression through the desolate landscape, of which any tree may hide a savage enemy. It is strange and touching to watch these earnest men, in their peaked hats and leather jerkins, each with a Bible in his belt and a musket on his shoulder. Such was the terrible preparation which in those days was necessary for worshipping the Prince of Peace. Our large engraving gives much of the austere charm of this strange painting: it is easy to see, in the whole style of Mr. Boughton's composition, the man of culture and broad historical ideas superadded to the skilful painter. Every picture which leaves the tasteful studio at "Grove Lodge" conveys this agreeable mixed impression, as if a delightful poet, a keen student of men and events, and a man of high social position, had somehow got kneaded into the clay of the gifted artist. Mr. Boughton has never forgotten the impressions of his American life, and a large series of his most powerful works represents the incidents of Pilgrim history, the finest undoubtedly being the

le in Alsace.

Smeeton & Tilly, Engrs.

C. A. Fabet Fec.

A bride in Alsace

Imp. Lemercier Tilly Entre

"Return of the Mayflower," to be seen in a Philadelphia gallery,—that of Prof. Fairman Rogers. Owing to the mixed destiny which makes Mr. Boughton at once a sufficiently good Englishman and a very loyal American, his contributions to the Centennial Exposition became mixed through the works delegated from both countries. The "Puritans going to Church" and his "Going to Seek his Fortune" were exhibited in the department of American art; his "God-Speed," a large and important picture illustrating "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," was exhibited in that of British paintings.

Our illustration on page 197 represents an Italian painting of merit, "Noon in the Country," by Enrico Bartèsago, a Milanese artist. From this faithful transcript of actualities in the land of the Cæsars it will be seen that the Italian peasant of to-day by no means wears the rich pictorial costume to be found in those ideal pictures studied from Roman professional models—the embroidered apron, the folded napkin on the head, the laced boddice and full white sleeves for the women, the knee-breeches and goatskin jacket for the men. Those garments are as false to nature as any costume got up for the stage of the theatre, and what the Italian of the lower orders really looks like is the dull, ill-dressed, slouching being seen in Bartesago's picture. Here is the unadorned, every-day life of the contemporary contadino, which is a rather sordid and squalid affair. The male laborers are apt to make the noontide *siesta* a long chapter in their existence, and lounge with every mark of satisfaction beside the implements of their toil, their sense of comfort being enhanced with all the piquancy of contrast by the sight of their wives going on in a course of labor which is heavy and unintermitted—for in Italy as well as nearer home the proverb holds good that "women's work is never done." Accordingly our artist shows one matron wheeling a barrow of turf, another bending beneath a shoulder-load of faggots, while a stalwart maiden bears a basket, and another is industriously hanging clothes to dry on the winter hedge. This picture is a piece of good wholesome prose, a page of actual life transcribed while the impression is fresh, and worth a great many canvases of brigands or flower-girls copied from the vagabond actors and actresses who lounge in the Piazza di Spagna in impracticable costumes.

Like most English paintings unsatisfactory in color, the noble design and monumental composition of V. C. Prinsep's "Death of Cleopatra" make this

picture peculiarly suited to the effects of engraving, and justify the ample translation into black and white which we give of it on pages 202–3. It is a vivid reflection from one of the most impressive pages of Plutarch: "Cleo-

E. Trombetta, Sculpt

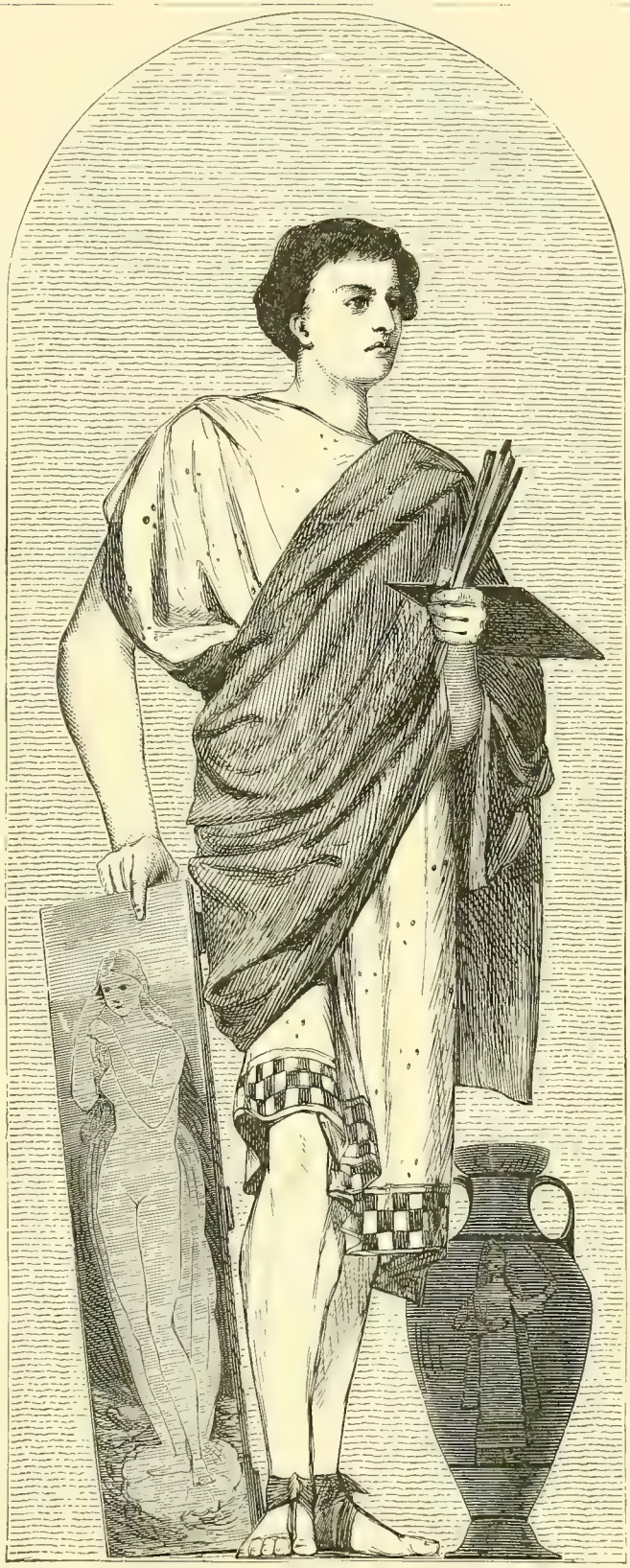
The First Step.

patra," says the versatile old historian, who ever seems to laugh or cry at need, according to the burden of his subject, "has erected near the temple of Isis some monuments of extraordinary size and magnificence. . . . Cleopatra sent a letter to Cæsar, and, ordering everybody out of the monument except her

two women, she made fast the door. . . . They found her quite dead, lying on her golden couch, and dressed in all her royal ornaments. Iras, one of her women, lay dead at her feet, and Charmion, hardly able to support herself, was adjusting her mistress's diadem. One of Cæsar's messengers said angrily, 'Charmion, was this well done?' 'Perfectly well,' said she, 'and worthy a descendant of the kings of Egypt.' She had no sooner said this than she fell down dead." Mr. Prinsep omits the incident of the asp, except so far as it is suggested by the overturned basket of figs at Iras's feet. Cleopatra, with no wound or scar upon the shapely fulness of her arm, sits on a deep-seated chair or throne before a tripod, on which incense is burning to the manes of Antony; laurels load this portable altar in memory of the warrior, and flowers and garlands in his honor decorate the scene. In the background, behind the Egyptian idol, is the doorway which will quickly give entrance to the emissaries of Octavius. The queen, stately and superb in death, has just leaned her head back, with perfect grace, on the throne, upon which the tottering Charmion supports herself, while Iras, a beautifully posed and foreshortened figure, curls around her mistress's feet with fond canine fidelity. The picture has the decorous, measured harmony of a fine bas-relief.

Another British artist, Mr. William Quiller Orchardson, contributed to the Exhibition an admirable figure-subject, called "Prince Henry, Poins and Falstaff" —as well as the beautiful marine view, which we have already illustrated, of "Moonlight on the Lagoons of Venice." An excellent understanding of Shakespeare is evinced in this painter's treatment of the scene with "the wild Prince and Poins," which we illustrate on page 205. We need but call to mind those passages of "Henry IV" which earliest introduce us to the fat knight, to perceive the full adequacy of Mr. Orchardson's interpretation. Falstaff is brought to notice for the first time as a seedy hanger-on about the royal palace in London, declaring that to be a hangman would jump with his humor as well as waiting in the court, and idly thinking to make capital out of the brewing rebellion of Douglas and Owen Glendower. To lighten the drama which is dedicated to such great events, Shakespeare creates the colossal jest of the sham highway-robbery at Gadshill; and our artist delineates its inception. The madcap Prince is flinging his wild oats abroad, thinking little of his father's cares, and adopting the incorrigible Falstaff as his bear-leader; Poins is his

chum, the Achates of this Æneas, the dissolute Horatio of this Hamlet out-of-mourning. In the palace guard-room is the fine project of the amateur highwaymen hatched. Poins bursts in with the news, "My lads, my lads, early to-morrow morning, at Gadshill, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings . . . we may do it as secure as sleep! If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged!" The Prince listens, and demurs, and consents. "Who, I?—rob?—I a thief? Not I, by my faith," he says at first; and a moment after, "Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap." In another minute he is for giving up the scheme, upon which Falstaff leaves the half-hearted robber for Poins to operate on alone. This is the moment chosen by the painter. Falstaff turns his broad back upon the pair of wild lads, with a devout invocation to Heaven that the Prince may become a thief: and young Henry calls after



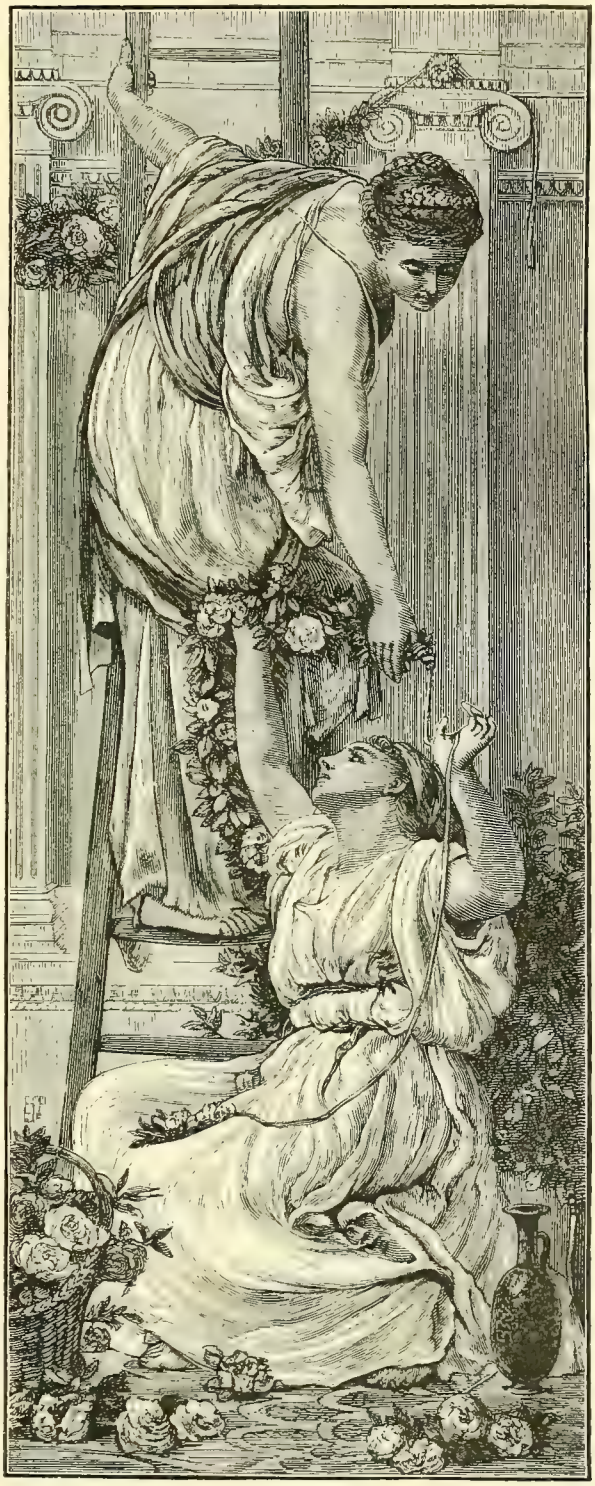
E. J. Poynter, A. R. A., Pinx. *Apelles.*

him, "Farewell, thou latter spring, farewell, all-hallown summer!" The brace of untamed spirits form a group at the left, and a broad space of wall, which somehow links the composition together instead of introducing a dissonance, intervenes between them and the huge knight, who leaves the scene with the waddling motion common to women of the people and plethoric men of quality. We know how it will turn out—that Falstaff and his rabble will commit the robbery, to be in turn robbed by Prince Henry, upon which the old rogue will invent his magnificent tale of being set upon by eleven men in buckram. Mr. Orchardson's composition is original, peculiar and singularly artistic, notwithstanding that it is of the flat order, with little depth and no perspective in particular. It is like one of those intermediate scenes in a theatrical act, played against a wall, while carpenters are operating behind for the next grand set-out that will show how deep the stage is. The varied powers evinced in this figure-subject and the "Lagoons of Venice" give an interest to the biography of the painter. Mr. Orchardson is an Associate of the Royal Academy; he was born in Edinburgh in 1835, and is consequently forty-two years of age; his portraits were noticed in an exhibition of the Scottish Academy so early as 1861; he came to London in 1863; his "Christopher Sly" was favorably regarded in the Paris International Exposition of 1867; the present picture of "Falstaff, Poins and Henry" was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1868.

The group illustrated on page 207—"The Beggars," by R. Galli, of Milan—stands out conspicuously from the generality of Italian sculpture by a wholesome severity of style, and the entire absence of ornament. It is refreshing at length to find an Italian carving that is not *baroque*. The mother and child in this group are clothed from head to foot. The modest and rigid drapery of the woman falls in perpendicular folds, skilfully broken by the gesture with which she catches up her apron to her bosom, in a bashful way, while she almost hides the contribution-cup which mendicants of a bolder sort protrude so officiously. The little boy, whose lithe Italian figure is quite lost in the rough bunchy roundabout and trowsers bungled by the unskillful needle of poverty, is provided with a good large hat for collection-taking, but he does not proffer it. The traditions of a wholesome family piety, as this is understood in Italy, are evinced in the talismans worn by both—the cross hung around the neck of the boy, and the sacred medal on the bosom of the woman. Just as these

timid poor folk appeal to the heart by their ignorance of the brazen art of beggary, so the sculptor is at some advantage over his decorative compeers by his inability or intentional neglect to follow the lines of beauty and the grimaces of grace.

Another Italian piece of sculpture, Tantardini's "Reader" (page 215), though conceived in a vein which does not admit of such absolute simplicity as the last, is likewise distinguished by a search after repose and the absence of meretricious ornament. A patrician maiden, at once stately and simple, is seen walking slowly forward reading a letter. Her dress, of antique cut, moulds within its narrow closeness the firmness of the fair young torso, and touches of embroidery and a hem of lace give accent to its strictness here and there. The beautifully-modeled head, wearing only the honors of its abundant hair, is slightly bent over the written page. The spectator thinks of Ophelia receiving the celebrated love-letter, "Oh, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans—but that



E. J. Poynter, A. R. A., Pinx.

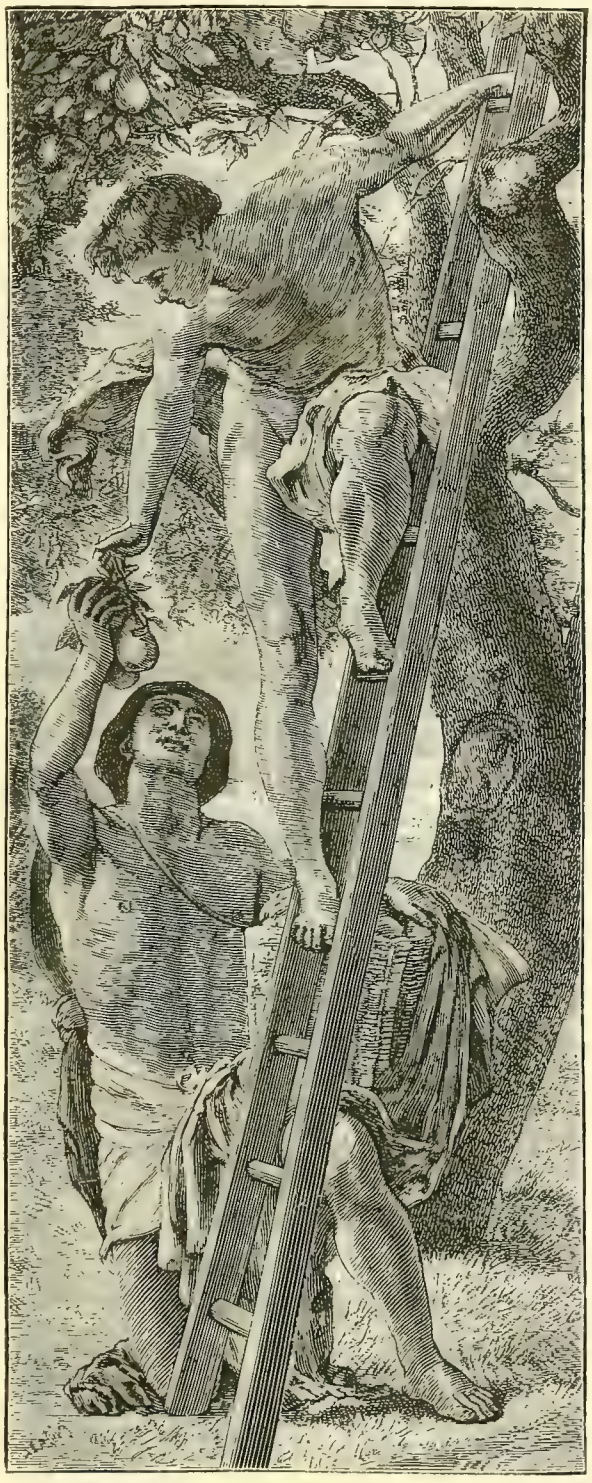
The Festival.

I love thee best, O most best, believe it." We prefer this figure to the same artist's "Bather," engraved on page 72.

A very different artistic problem is that which M. Cyprien Godebski proposes to himself. His "Drunken Moujik" (page 217) is an effort in the direction of the closest realism. This disheveled head is tottering with drunkenness—not the fiery drunkenness of excitable Southern lands, but the colossal, concentrated stupor of Russia. This broad pug nose has been dipped for hours in the cup of *kwas*, that foaming brown beer which the brewer of Moscow knows how to make out of soaked crusts of black rye bread. The narrow forehead and the broad Tartar cheek-bones reveal the nationality of this helpless subject, whom the artist has succeeded in catching from the very life. The spirit of the reproduction is surprising; the stupid glance of the dim eyes, the helpless roll of the heavy head, have been caught, as it were, on the wing; for once the marble has contrived to play the part of the instantaneous photograph. Of this odd and characteristic study we are enabled to offer our readers the artist's own record. The sketch is from M. Godebski's hand; and, though it may look rough and uncouth to a public spoiled by the professional smoothness of the ordinary engraver, to the artistic eye it is peculiarly precious. The lines of expression, the indications of texture, are all authentic and at first hand. Every touch tells, and the draughtsman contrives, by simply changing from a contiguous to a jagged stroke, to express the difference between the long brush-like hair of the scalp and the matted and filthy beard, cemented with icicles and spattered mud during a whole month's drive in the three-horse *troïka*. We are glad to vary, with work of a very different nationality and complexion, the full exhibit we feel bound to make of Italian statuary. M. Godebski exposed this bust among the contributions from Belgium; he is, however, something of a cosmopolitan, being an academician of Saint Petersburg, and residing at present at Neuilly, on the outskirts of Paris. He was born in 1835.

On page 225 we give an engraving of a Milanese piece of sculpture, by Signor Trombetta, who sent less of his work than many of his compatriots of Italy, but of whose artistic and agreeable style we should like to see more examples. It is called "The First Step"—or, as an inscription on the base, in the cosmopolitan language of France, expresses it, "*Titubante*," or "Toddling."

The simple grace of this figure justifies our return to the oft-illustrated sculpture of Italy. A charming little girl, whose short skirt is artfully dropped from one shoulder so as to reveal as much as possible of her fair chubby person, is hovering over a chicken which she wants to catch, and which steps about with the distracting uncertainty and ubiquity and elusive fortuitous way of chicken-kind from time immemorial. When you stoop for a chicken that looks as if it had made up its mind to stay in that particular spot for a competent length of time, the chicken is suddenly gone, and is picking nonchalantly for food in a spot just alongside. This wily behavior of chicksy's will directly bring our youthful sportswoman down upon all-fours in a state of ruin; and the downy fledgeling, not much more secure on its feet than its pursuer, will go on with the game, with inexhaustible relish and enjoyment, as far as baby pleases, or as the barn-yard extends. Is there not something strange and baffling about the shyness, the air of "keep-your-distance," in many domestic creatures? Wherever



F. J. Poynter, Pinx.

The Golden Age.

man settles on the globe, they follow him, and thrive only in his close companionship; but they never permit a real personal intimacy or contact, and they keep up, in the very warmth and tenderness of the snuggest human home, the untamable Diana-like reserve implanted with their earliest ancestors in the wildwood. The distance which this little chick instinctively maintains between its wee self and the baby's gathering grasp is symbolical of the distance between ourselves and the vast inexplicable heart of Nature—between, shall we say, the civilized gods of Olympus and the wild and mighty Pan. The firm-set barrier between two races of Heaven's creatures—a barrier thawing but never warming—is what Trombetta's pretty symbol expresses, and is well defined in the cold material of sculpture. But sculpture has detained us long enough for the present, and we will turn our attention again to the pictures.

It is high time now that we should represent another work of Benjamin West's, a painter who has a peculiar function in connecting the art of Philadelphia with that of the old world. While the Queen and the Royal Academy respectively lent to the Exposition his "Death of Wolfe" (engraved by us on page 53) and "Christ Blessing Little Children" (page 213), and his "Moses Striking the Rock" was placed by an American owner in the Twelfth Gallery of the Art-Annex, these achievements of his maturity were contrasted with the crude portrait-work of his youth, in specimens exhibited in the city museums, not to say in the houses of city families, representing the half-dozen years he supported himself as a likeness-taker in Philadelphia. The "Christ Blessing Little Children" is an uncommonly agreeable specimen of West's occasionally dry and formal style. There is, of course, not the slightest oriental *cachet* about it; the Hebrew mothers are English brides of the Mrs. Opie type, and a Roman landscape and vault, derived from much study of Poussin, form the background; but the attitude of the Saviour is eminently good, the carriage of his head is free and noble, and there is a happy expression of movement about his figure. St. Peter, who immediately receives the rebuke, is a fine and even a Jewish personage, and the graceful feet of the dandled child, and the confidence with which he plays with the Saviour's hand as the latter points, are happily conceived. There was much disposition, in the last decade, to ridicule West; but this feeling has given way to one of greater justice, and it is conceded that, without being endowed with the hot fire of genius which belongs to the innovators and

THE OLD MILL.

creators in art, he exerted a valuable conservative influence in England for nearly half a century, and evolved a vast life's work with energy and power.

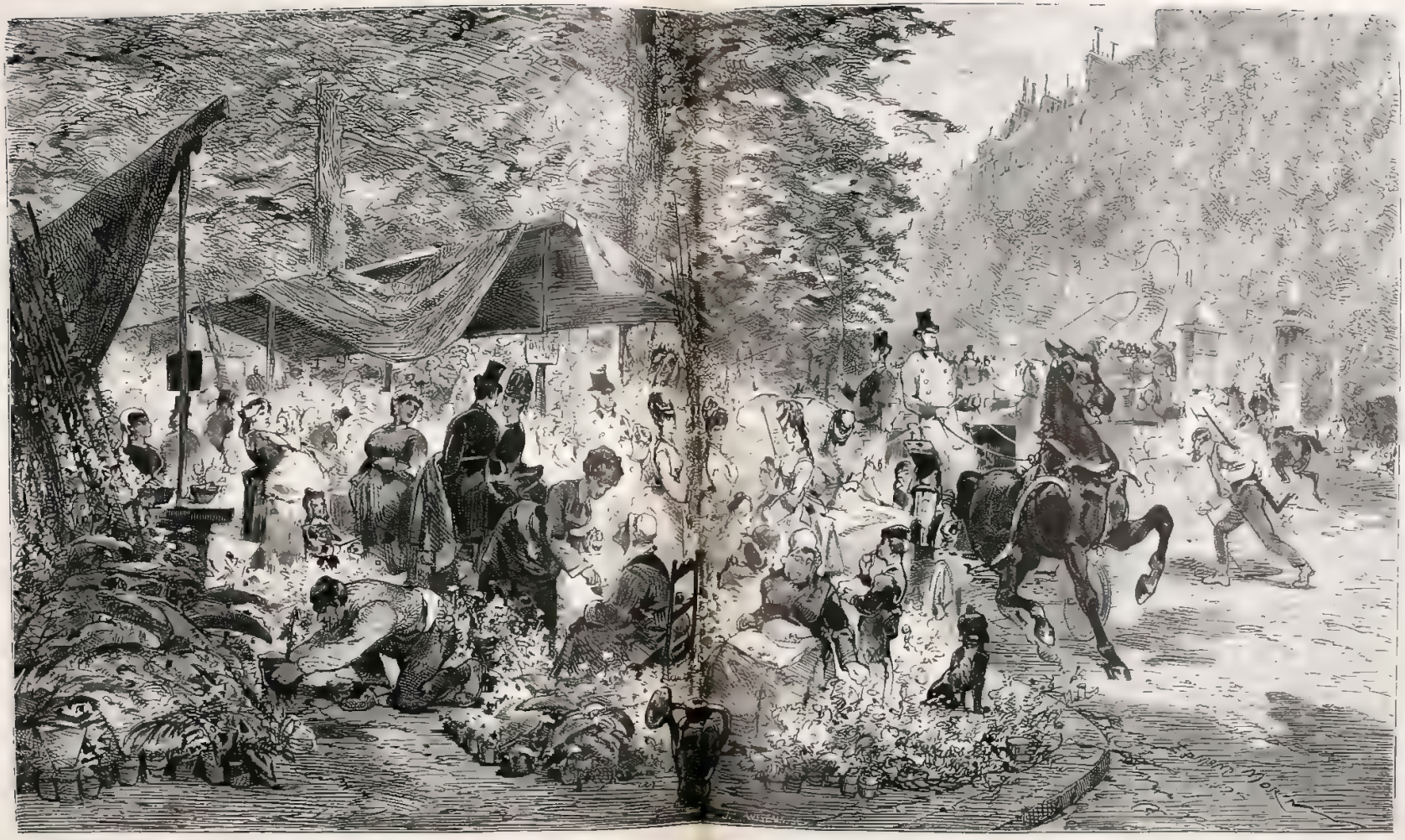
We have already engraved, on page 76, a fine landscape of Emile Breton's, and have described his curious rustic life on page 86. He sent another country scene to Philadelphia, in its way not inferior to that we first engraved, and we give our readers a representation of it on page 219, by a newly invented etching process which capitally represents the quality of a sky charged with snow, and of a perspective of white roofs and slushy roads. "A Village in Winter" is painted with infinite skill, in the style called in the latest slang of French studios the "impressionist" style. No time is wasted in needless detail, but the effort is to stamp, almost at a blow, the virgin imprint of a scene received by the eye at its first glance. By recording this, in large, hasty, inspired touches, the textures, qualities, reliefs, and colors of the principal masses in a scene are fixed; and if successful, a more vivid suggestion is produced than was always possible by the old painful and highly-wrought methods. This picture of Breton's gives the *animus* of a damp, snowy, heavy day. It makes the spectator *feel* exactly as he felt the last time he had to go out in similar weather; and this involuntary *feeling* is just what many an exquisitely-wrought winter-piece never gives at all, and is one of the highest triumphs of an artist. We breathe this bitter weather. We take the water-mark, as it were, upon the pulp of the spirit, and it is thenceforth indelible. It is a success that only a genuine artist can achieve.

Having introduced Mr. Poynter, the English artist, to the good-will of our readers with such a beautiful pleader as his "Ibis Girl" (the subject of one of our most graceful steel-plates), we will e'en exhaust the contribution made by this painter to the Philadelphia Fair, by introducing copies of his other works *seriatim*. The sketch with an arched top on page 227 represents Mr. Poynter's cartoon for a fresco to fill one of the spaces in an arcade at the South Kensington Museum. To the British painter was confided as a subject a great painter of old—"Apelles." The artist delineates his predecessor as a young Greek, standing in all the gallantry of life's early prime, his locks dark around his broad forehead, an archaic decorated vase, representing the origin of Grecian painting, at his feet. In his left hand is a square tablet, on which the waxen colors were laid, and which led up in time to the modern palette. His left

Edouard Manet, Pinx.

The Madele

Flower-Market.



Edmund Morun, Pinx.

The Market Lower-Market

hand rests upon his picture of Venus Anadyomene. This is the first example of the painter-courier—the retainer who multiplies portraits of his royal patrons through a lifetime, like Velasquez in the court of Philip IV. Apelles represented Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, and subsequently became the portraitist allowed a monopoly of painting Alexander's likeness; the conqueror, and his horse, and his generals, he repeatedly delineated on the walls of Macedonian palaces. Apelles was initiated into the mysteries of Eleusis, a mark of culture and aristocracy. It was on the return from this sacred festival, in the softly-rounded bay of Eleusis, that he saw Phryne, the most beautiful woman in Greece, emerging from the sea and wringing out her locks upon the beach. He thereupon painted Phryne as Venus, and again in his old age, at Cos, endeavored to repeat the delineation on a more faultless scale of perfection, and died before he could finish it. His repeated attempts to give the Grecians an adorable Venus led our artist to represent a panel with this subject in the hand of the most accomplished painter of antiquity. Mr. Poynter's cartoon, with one or two more by other hands from the same series, occupied at Philadelphia a room entirely dedicated to South Kensington and its course of instruction.

In the end of the long corridor which led to the little room containing Frith's "Marriage of the Prince of Wales"—set up on either side of the door like panels, and very neatly fitting the space—were Mr. Poynter's "Festival" and "Golden Age," of which we present engravings on page 229 and page 231. Notwithstanding the bricky flesh-color—so little like *English* flesh, of all flesh in the world—which pervaded almost completely the exhibit of British paintings, and was very conspicuous with Mr. Poynter, his pictures pleased, on account of their elegant drawing, their happy subjects, and their fortunate and becoming position. "The Festival" represented two graceful Greek maids of the antique times, dressing with garlands an Ionic portico, perhaps for the reception of a bride. The "Golden Age" showed again a pair of figures, this time both males. Two lads were gathering pears into a basket from an overburdened tree. The period was so early that they had not yet invented much costume, and their primeval energy had seemingly exhausted itself in constructing the ladder with which they reached the fruit, and the basket into which they piled it. The harmony of lines was very satisfactory in these pictures, but most particularly

Ashton Lennox, Pinx.

The Lake.

so in the female subject; and in this, again, the draperies were of faultless and even conspicuous beauty—light, complicated, natural and inventive, without a particle of that *marble* look which results when a painter of antique scenes lets himself be too much enamored of antique statues. Our readers, we are sure, will especially admire this happy classical subject of "The Festival," wherein the two fair figures, closely intertwined, form Hogarth's line of beauty, or the "long S."

Some writers tell us that Toledo was the cradle of Spanish art, fostered by the wealthy churchmen of the metropolitan cathedral. Others say that Barcelona and Saragossa, from their early connection with Italy, through commerce, were the first places in the peninsula to feel the influence of that country in taste for art. Except for antiquarian purposes, it may be assumed, generally, that the latter half of the fifteenth century was the period when Spanish art began to assert itself, in a more or less tentative way. The conditions of its progress, however, were very different from those of any other school in Europe. Elsewhere the revival of intellectual life was accompanied by an awakened taste for the Greek and Roman classics and mythology, which supplied artists, when they too appeared in the general movement, with an infinity of subjects for inventive treatment.

No such opening presented itself to the Spanish painter. The political history of his country debarred him from any knowledge even of the picturesque and romantic beliefs of ancient nations. Everything that was not of Christian origin had for ages been identified with the dominion of the Moors, aliens in blood and in creed. Yet, little as the Spaniard would confess it, in every department of secular learning, his country owed much to that Arab immigration which had brought in its train a knowledge of astronomy and its kindred sciences, and through which even Greek philosophy was once more restored to Europe. But a feud, deadly and lasting, separated the native Spaniard from the descendants of his ancient oppressors. What was not Christian was Moorish, and therefore detested and avoided. Thus limited to a field of small dimensions, revived art had no choice but to reproduce scenes in the history of Christianity, or to paint portraits from the life; and such, in fact, is a summary of Spanish art-subjects, even of the period of its greatest eminence. Landscape, except as an auxiliary to sacred history and portraiture, is comparatively

rare. Another efficient cause of the exclusively religious character which is stamped on the art of Spain was the all-powerful and all-pervading influence of the Inquisition, dwarfing and withering all originality, all invention, all thought that dared to express itself, except in the stereotyped forms permitted to a nation that was held in perpetual leading-strings. Nay, even in religious art, the rule of the "Holy Office" was maintained in a series of regulations as to the treatment of such subjects; the colors, the attitudes, proper to various classes of saints, for example, were all defined and strictly enforced under the eyes of a hundred censors, who kept watch on every studio, on every picture-dealer's window. Nor was the office of censor restricted to sacred subjects. The most rigid prohibition of the nude struck a direct blow at all attempts to reproduce scenes from classical mythology. A life school, in the modern sense, was not to be thought of. Considering the systematic compulsion under which artists had to work, it is a matter of wonder that they could produce what they did produce, when thus laboring in fetters. But so it was; and this must ever be borne in mind, in estimating the productions of the Spanish school.

Cav. Ugo Zannoni, Sc

Affection and Envy.

Whatever may have been the earliest beginnings of painting in Spain, after the Gothic conventionalities were dropped, the history of its art practically resolves itself into three divisions relating to as many chief centres or schools. There was the school of Castile, originating at Toledo, at some imperfectly

ascertained date in the fifteenth century. As Madrid grew in importance, under Philip II and his successors, Toledo was superseded, as the art-centre, just as Valladolid had ceased to be the political capital; and Madrid thenceforth gave its name to the school of Castile. Then the school of Andalusia, with its centre at Seville, entered into rivalry with the other, both in the matter of its antiquity and of the eminence of its painters. "The beautiful *terra Bætica*," says Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, "was prolific of genius. The country of Lucan, of Seneca, of Trajan, and of Averröes, brought forth Vargas, Velasquez and Murillo."

Valencia gives its name to the third principal school of Spain, which took its rise from two foreign artists; their nationality is disputed, but they executed some important decorative work in the cathedral, near the close of the fifteenth century. The school of Castile, also, on several occasions was indebted to the visits of artists from Flanders and Italy. It remains a matter undecided whether Titian actually visited Charles V in Spain, or whether their frequent intercourse took place only at Bologna and other cities of Italy. Certain it is that the intimate connection maintained during the reign of the Emperor, and that of his son, Philip, between Spain and Italy, introduced many works of the Italian masters into the Peninsula, examples of which, at this day, adorn the National Museum at Madrid.

Such were the chief schools, or art-centres, of Spain. They had this in common, that they were all of them, more or less, connected with the art-traditions of Italy, and all were alike distinguished by their severely devotional character. The Church was their best patron; and whether patron or not, the Church took care to exercise a maternal superintendence of their style and execution. It was under her direct command that Pacheco laid down this canon, as his *Arte de la Pintura:* "It is the chief end of the works of Christian art to persuade men to piety, and bring them to God." With so exclusive a motive, how could painters much differ one from another? why should they ever dream of leaving the beaten track? In fact, many of them made a religious exercise of their art; like Fra Angelico, they prepared themselves, by the reception of the eucharist, for the commencement of an important work. Others were noted for the austerity of their lives and practices. It is related of Vargas, not only that he frequently used the discipline of the scourge, but that he kept a coffin in his house, and used to lie down in it, from time to time, to meditate on death.

View of the Spanish Department, Art Gallery.

Some of the painters were ecclesiastics, and of course saw everything through an atmosphere of incense and with the plain-song's distant murmur in their ears. Can we wonder that this world and its interests counted for little with those men, or that, as a rule, their conceptions, even of the future world, were gloomy and monotonous, and unattractive to the taste of "Philistines"?

Wandering through the Spanish Court and glancing again at the "Ecce Homo" by Morales, El Divino, one of the best specimens of his divine hand, we remember the story of his smart repartee to the king, who, when passing through Badajoz, was waited upon by Morales. "You are very old, Morales," remarked Philip. "Yes, sire, and very poor," was the reply. On which, the king desired his treasurer to pay the artist a pension of two hundred ducats "for his dinner." "And for supper, sire?" rejoined the old man—a word of repartee which gained him another hundred ducats, as the story goes. Morales was never out of Spain; yet he managed to clothe his devotional subjects with the feeling and expression associated with Italian art, and more particularly with the school of Rome. The elaborate finish of his pictures, always painted on panel, and the purity and grace of their composition, procured for Morales the title of the Parmegiano of Spain. He seems to have thrown his best and most characteristic work into representations of the Crucifixion, and of the dead Redeemer on His Mother's knees, called a *Pieta*, in Italy. Such a picture, among others of his, may be seen in the Spanish Gallery, Louvre. The painter's finest works were formerly preserved in his native city, but the French pioneers of civilization robbed it of four of them, and time and repainting have ruined the rest. Others may be looked for even in comparatively obscure churches in Estremadura. "With Morales," says Sir E. Head, "pure Christian feeling ceased in the school of Castile. His son and others of his pupils imitated him with little success, yet so as to injure his reputation, for their weak productions have not unfrequently been attributed to the master himself."

While the Spanish section, considered as a whole, is most unsatisfactory, it nevertheless contains a goodly number of very superior pictures, and so far as we are able to judge from these, the traditions of the noblest epoch of the art of painting have survived in Spain with greater force than in any other country. A considerable portion of the wall-space in the western gallery in the Memorial

Hall allotted to the Spanish pictures is occupied by large works, and several of them have merits of a very positive kind. Such pictures as "Torquato Tasso Returning to the Monastery of San Onofie," by G. Maureta; "The

A. Bartholdi, Sculp.

The Young Vine-Grower.

Landing of Columbus," by D. Puebla; "Christopher Columbus in the Monastery of La Rabida," and "The Last Moments of Don Fernando IV, el Emplazado," by I. Casado, are of various degrees of badness, and may be dismissed with a mere mention, while "The Landing of the Puritans in America," by A. Gisbert

although it is a better piece of work than the others named, is chiefly interesting because no one hereabouts would ever have expected a Spanish artist to choose such a theme. "The Landing of Columbus" (see sketch on Spanish art view, page 241) is, or ought to be, an entirely congenial theme with a Spanish painter, but "The Landing of the Puritans"—that is a very different matter.

Of the paintings which demand notice on account of their merits, "The Burial of San Lorenzo at Rome," by A. Vera, is one of the most important. The Raphaelesque draperies and statuesque poses of the group which surrounds the bier of the martyr are reminiscences of a former age and of a style of artistic workmanship for which there is but a very limited demand in these days. There is much eloquence in these figures, but they are expressionless, and in seeking for repose the artist has drifted into inanity. The figure of the dead deacon who has joined the noble army of martyrs is, however, very beautiful. Peacefulness, restfulness and bliss beyond the grave are expressed in the slight smile that hovers about the half-parted lips, and it needed not the aureole about the head to indicate that, having been faithful until death, he has obtained his reward.

The sentiment which is so well expressed in this picture also finds expression in "The Translation of St. Francis of Assisi," by B. Mercade. In this the canvas is crowded with figures, a group of nuns being represented standing at the foot of the couch, while at the head stands a bishop who is reading the service for the dead, and a number of ecclesiastics. Simply considered as a composition, this is a very superior work. The story is effectively told, and nearly all of the figures are admirable studies—those of the nuns in particular being exceedingly fine. Among the individual figures, that of the acolyte beside the bishop, who turns his head for a moment to look towards the spectators, as if attracted by some occurrence in a distant part of the room, is worthy of special praise.

"The Death of the Count of Villamediana," by M. Castellano, is a very dramatic composition. We know nothing of the story, but the situation is expressed with great force by the artist; and without knowing who the Count of Villamediana was, or what cause he died for, the spectator is able to enter into the emotions of the crowd which congregates about his body. The dead

man is represented as lying on the ground, in a pool of blood, under the shadow of a gateway. Some one is examining his wound by the light of a lantern held by an acolyte in attendance upon a stern-faced priest, who forms one of the crowd gathered about the corpse. In the street beyond, a crowd of people fill the windows and balconies of the houses, and it is evident that the death of the Count has been preceded by a great turmoil of some kind. The gray light in the street indicates that it is late in the afternoon of a dark and cloudy day, and the different effects of light are most skillfully managed. This is certainly one of the best historical pictures in the Exhibition, and is especially noteworthy from the fact that, although it deals with such a subject, it is free from any suspicion of sensationalism, and is marked by a dignity and a genuine dramatic power such as we too seldom see in modern works of kindred theme.

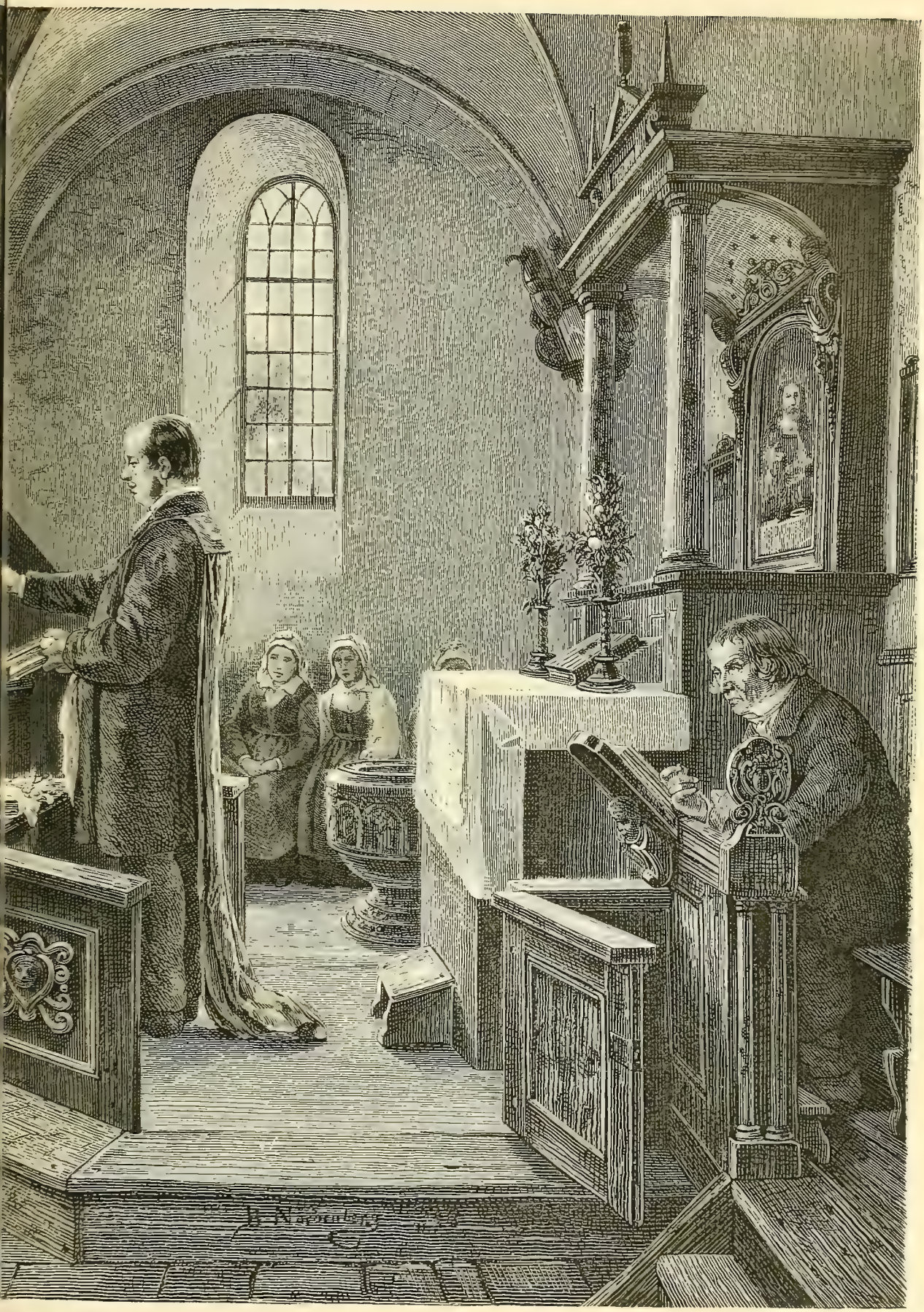
"The Insanity of Donna Juana of Castile," by L. Valles, of which we show a sketch on the view of the Spanish section of the Art Gallery, page 241, is also a very genuinely dramatic work. The heroine of this picture refused to believe that her husband was dead, and would not permit his burial. The artist has shown her after having swept away the flowers which had been placed upon the dead man's pillow, making a gesture of silence to those who are pleading with her. The figure of the mad woman is a thoroughly fine piece of painting, but the other figures—especially that of the kneeling old man in the green mantle—are rather commonplace. The artist has evidently expended his energies upon the principal figure, and although he has told his story with exceptional power, he has failed to achieve a work which will command unreserved admiration.

The "Duel in the Seventeenth Century," which hangs above the north doorway, is painted with much force, and the figure of the disarmed man who is leaning against the wall is admirably drawn, and is most spirited in action. The other figure, however, is not particularly good, and the pose certainly is not the most expressive that the artist could have chosen.

One of the finest works in the section is that entitled "The Prayer," by A. Munoz Degrain, although there are others that are superior to it in some special qualities. In this a group of nuns are shown joining in the evening services of a church adjoining their convent, from which they are separated by

B. Nordenberg, Pinx.

Wedding in a Su



Country Church.

B Nordenberg Fins

Wedding in a Scotch Country Church.

an iron grating. The sentiment of such a scene is expressed with much felicity, and simply as a tone study, the picture is one of remarkable merit.

Near this picture is "The Two Friends"—a little peasant girl asleep on the ground, with a white kid beside her. This is a very clever work—a little dingy in color, but finely drawn and skillfully handled.

The "Capuchin Monk before the Roman Conclave," by Francisco Jover, has the appearance of being a very literal record of an interesting scene, although it is lacking in picturesqueness. The Pope is shown seated on his throne, surrounded by a number of ecclesiastical dignitaries, while before him kneels a friar, who is apparently the subject of the paper which one of the purple-clad personages is reading. All the figures are full of character and individuality, and are doubtless very accurate portraits of the Pope and his immediate councillors.

The "Choir of Capuchin Monks," by R. Navarette, is a remarkably fine interior study, the subdued tones of the dimly illuminated apartment being rendered most skillfully. The section, in addition to this picture, contains a number of very interesting representations of interiors, the majority of which are by Perez Pablo Gonzalvo. Of these, the largest and most elaborate is the interior of the Cathedral of Saragossa.

Few of the landscapes in the Spanish section possess much merit. There are a couple, however, in the west gallery in the Memorial Hall by Carlos D. Haes, which are rather superior performances. They are entitled "Suburbs of Madrid" and "Reminiscences of the Pyrenees." The subjects are similar—blue mountains in the distance, a rich and fertile country between them and the spectator, and some broken ground in the foreground—and in each the effect of a subdued sunlight such as would be due to a vapor-filled atmosphere, is very happily expressed.

The American school of landscape-painting is the only one we can boast of as possessing a strongly marked individuality. Our best landscape-painters are at least original and distinctly American in their styles, even if in some particulars they fail to accomplish all that is accomplished by their European rivals. This is something to be grateful for, and there is no pleasanter task that a visitor to the Art Department of the Exhibition can put before him than to make a comparison between some of the best renderings of natural scenery

C. A. Pratkin, Sculpt.

The Young Mother.

of the American section and those of the French, Belgian, Austrian and Italian sections.

In illustration of our comparison we would recommend to the attention of our readers any of the paintings by American landscape artists illustrated in our pages, especially the two steel engravings of paintings by James M. Hart and J. F. Cropsey, named respectively "Landscape and Cattle" and "The Old Mill." Mr. Hart's picture bespeaks the earnest enthusiast in every detail of his masterly work. The drawing and grouping of the cattle, the correct handling of perspective and atmosphere, the pleasing result of light and shade, all stamp the artist as a worker in the very first rank. "The Old Mill" of Cropsey shows much of the best qualities common in Hart's; but the treatment of the water in the mill-stream is a little too sparkling, the sheen or gleam absorbing the attention of the beholder to the exclusion of the patiently worked details of the surroundings; though, on the whole, hardly equal to Mr. Hart's picture, it is far above mediocrity.

Compare these landscapes with M. Van Elten's "Heath-Field in Holland," or Henrietta Ronner's "The Last Hope"—both of which we engrave on steel—two of the best pictures in the Department of the Netherlands, and the reader will feel that we have no occasion to fear the comparison. The painting by Henrietta Ronner, "The Last Hope," we have named as a masterpiece of landscape art, although it would more properly be classed as an animal-painting. The open country in which the hare is chased by the setter-dog is fragrant of autumn stubble; the pathway-plank over the brook, towards which "poor puss" is hurrying on in hope of escape, is the primitive, insecure "make-shift" with which all country frequenters are familiar; the choice of the dog (not the English greyhound, which would have made the chase a dead certainty, but a thoroughbred setter, who really has no business chasing a hare at all, his proper mission, if carefully trained, being to "point" or "set," not to chase, a hare) shows that the artist intended that the "Hope" should be hope in reality, for the hare's chance of escape from a setter, every sportsman knows, is not a forlorn one. We have seen a visitor, on entering the Netherlands Department of the Art-Annex during the hot days of July, when few visitors were there, place his hands on his knees and stoop to await the result, so interesting and close looks the struggle between dog and hare. This picture is in every way a success.

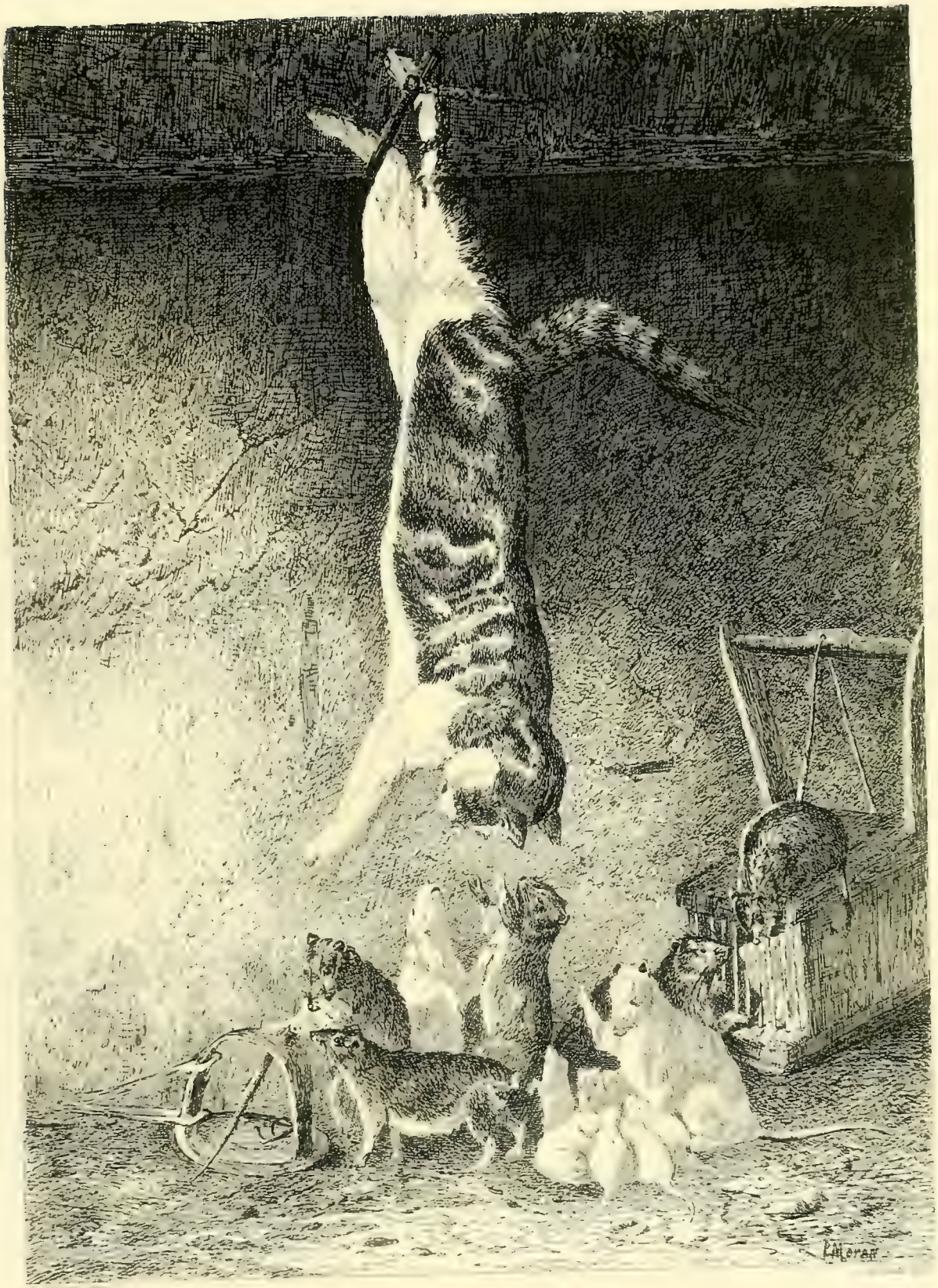
F. Hiddemann, Pinx.

In the Park.

"Heath-Field in Holland," by R. Van Elten, is one of those quiet nooks common in Europe—the streamlet issuing from a clump of scrubby trees, among which stands a stout and shady giant with gnarled trunk, whose leafy shadow over the pool where the stream emerges into the open is suggestive of trout and pike; the rich carpet of heath, variegated with wild flowers, and the cool gray atmosphere and cloudy sky account for the sleepy shepherd and his dog, and quiet sheep wending their way aimlessly on the distant horizon.

Turning to the right hand in the Netherlands Art Gallery from Henrietta Ronner's "Last Hope," the picture which strikes the beholder most prominently is Gempt's illustration of La Fontaine's fable, "The Cat Feigning Death," of which we have made a steel engraving. An immense gray and white tabby (the white of the cat being exceedingly clean, and the gray correspondingly fresh) is suspended by the hind legs, according to the well-known fable, and the rats, who have become so cunning as to be next to impossible to catch, being cautiously satisfied that the cat is really dead, proceed to discuss traps and cats and other enemies to their peace in a free and unreserved manner. A steel spring-trap to the left has been sprung and nearly caught one of the largest rats; indeed it has caught and abridged his tail close to the root. This must have been some hours ago, for he has by this time regained his composure and returns with the rest, and the picture catches him in the act of examining, in a thoughtful mood, the appendage which formerly helped him to steer his way in the world. Two old fellows, in order to "make assurance doubly sure," are on their hind legs, stretched up to see whether the cat be really dead, and a white old mother-rat with a family of six is learnedly warning her brood of the traps and pitfalls and cat wiles which endanger the youthful prime of inexperienced rathood. An old-fashioned rat-trap appears on the right, which two dark gray fellows are engaged in inspecting in a curious and contemptuous manner. The cat sees and hears all this—as the cat is alive and looks painted alive, for there never was such a healthy skin on a dead cat. The light and shadow of the cellar in which the scene is appropriately cast are admirably rendered, and we observe that the picture is sold, which shows that it has found an appreciative admirer who meant business.

A most important picture is the finished steel engraving of the "Portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds," from a painting by himself. This painting is one



of the few pictures in the north-west gallery, where most of the British loan pictures are grouped, that justifies the repute in which the artist was held. This is a thoroughly satisfactory example of a good style of painting. There is a simplicity, an absence of anything approaching trickiness, and a manly vigor in the modeling of this head, that is in marked contrast to the work of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who is represented by two pictures—a portrait of the late Lord Ashburton, and a large canvas containing the portraits of the three first partners of the house of Baring. This last named is the best picture of Lawrence's, but there is no such workmanship upon it as we find in the portrait of Reynolds, which might with great propriety have been catalogued "The Portrait of a Gentleman," for any one who knows anything of the history of the Fine Arts need not be informed what a model gentleman he was. Is not his life familiar to all readers?—as the friend and companion of Sheridan, of Burke, of Goldsmith, of Johnson, of Garrick, of the Kembles, and of Mrs. Siddons, whom he painted as the Muse of Tragedy. Sir Joshua Reynolds has been called by his countrymen "the great founder of the British School of painters," and he was undoubtedly one of the greatest painters that ever lived. The British Government did itself great credit and did us high honor in sending the portrait of their first President of the Royal Academy, painted by his own hand, to grace our Centennial Exhibition. Indeed, we consider this the most important picture of the foreign exhibits, and "the British nation," whose property it is, paid us a graceful compliment in sending it.

As Reynolds was foremost among portrait-painters in England, Turner in marines, Constable in landscape, so was George Lance in "still life." Emerging from the room in which hung the portrait of Reynolds, on the left-hand side hung the example illustrated on pages 210 and 211, entitled, in the English Catalogue, "The Unwelcome Guest," but the picture is known in England as "Harold," the name of the pet peacock, we presume.

Lance was born in 1802, and died in 1864. While a youth he was a pupil of Haydon. His peculiar talent for the representation of objects of "still life" was first practically noticed by Sir George Beaumont, who purchased his pictures. After this he soon had patrons in plenty. Though the labor bestowed on these paintings was very great, four hundred of them remain to testify to his industry and application. They are found in the best galleries of modern

The Disp

Voll.

Howard Hardy, Print

The Elephant at Home.

art, and have a high commercial as well as artistic value. In his peculiar style Lance rivals the best of the Flemish masters, exhibiting equal brilliancy of color and minuteness and delicacy of touch.

It is told of Mr. Lance that he became a fruit-painter by accident. He was busy with a picture from history, in which it was necessary to introduce chalices and grapes—the glories of the hot-house and the goldsmith's shop. Like a sensible artist, he made careful studies of every portion of his intended picture. His men and women, it is said, promised well, but his metal-work and fruit more than realized the expectations of his warmest friends. He transferred Benvenuto Cellini and Covent Garden to canvas in a way that delighted Jews, antiquaries and fruit-sellers. Critics and connoisseurs foretold in Mr. Lance an English Van Huysum or Van Os, and in this instance their prophecies have been fulfilled.

The works in the British section, of which mention has been made already several times in the course of this publication—either because of their importance as marking the progress of British art, or as possessing characteristic merits of their own—form but a small proportion of the entire collection, and are far from representing all the pictures that are worthy the attention of the visitor. We must therefore content ourselves with a selection of what we consider *representative* examples, one of which, "The Disputed Toll," we illustrate on pages 254 and 255. Mr. Hardy has given us here a rich piece of humor. A wandering showman with a huge elephant are disputed passage at a turnpike-gate, where the smock-frocked keeper, ready enough to fix the toll of a wagon of hay, or the squire's gig, is evidently nonplussed as to the price which so unusual a traveler should pay for his right of way. He has probably consulted his voluminous tariff, which ranges from a herd of bullocks to a drove of pigs, but from which the *genus* elephant is only conspicuous by its absence. The worthy keeper then determines to be on the safe side, to do his duty to his employers, and demands a good round sum. This the showman does not feel inclined to pay, and a wordy war is going on between the two disputants, while the elephant is apparently inclined to put an end to the discussion by lifting the gate off its hinges, and thus settling the question. A diminutive terrier belonging to the gate-keeper is evidently doing his best, as far as barking goes, to aid his master. The sketch, we believe, is taken from

Renato Peduzzi, Sculp.

Berenice.

an actual incident, the showman in question making it a practice to dispute the toll demanded, at every turnpike-gate. After some discussion he would walk on, and the elephant in endeavoring to follow him, would so batter and strain the gate that the keeper would be ultimately only too glad to let the animal pass at any price. The situation Mr. Hardy has portrayed in the picture before us is eminently comical, and the whole subject is humorously and artistically treated throughout, the elephant especially being an admirable piece of portraiture.

Italian art is fond of delineating the subject of "Charity;" Del Sarto's illustration of it, depicting a lovely woman nourishing a group of children, is admired by every visitor to the Louvre. Signor Trombetta has contrived to represent the same idea with birds, instead of children, as the subjects of benevolence. We give an engraving of "The Bird's Nest," by this artist, on page 199. No reliever of human wants could have a lovelier expression, or show a mood of heavenlier tenderness, than this maiden who feeds from a quill a nest of young and helpless fledgelings. When womanhood's whole soul goes out, as here, in an effusion of love for objects other than self, the most finished graces of our imperfect nature are realized, and human beauty takes its fairest and completest expression. This Italian maid who leans against a pedestal, and warms the little flock against her pure breast—gathering in one embrace the cross that hangs upon her bosom and the downy group of the birds—is actuated by the same feeling, and expresses the same grace, as the benefactress of starving multitudes. For the purposes of art, the type is identical. The sculptor therefore has used all his power to give tenderness to the attitude, and the brooding patience of a nursing mother to this maiden still in the bud. It is the nature of woman to nourish and to give life; and these helpless nestlings are unwittingly setting in motion a current of nobler feelings, of more developed intelligence, than they could ever have aroused in the mere bird who was their real parent. The beauty of the statue is in its perfect representation of the female instinct: whether the objects be winged or wingless it matters little. The exquisite outgoing of woman's soul in care for another is all there, and the easy grace of the head, the skillful gathering and fall of the drapery, and the poise of arrested motion in the hovering hand that confers the nourishment, are but subordinate attractions. It is a somewhat hackneyed

Federico Ashton Pinx.

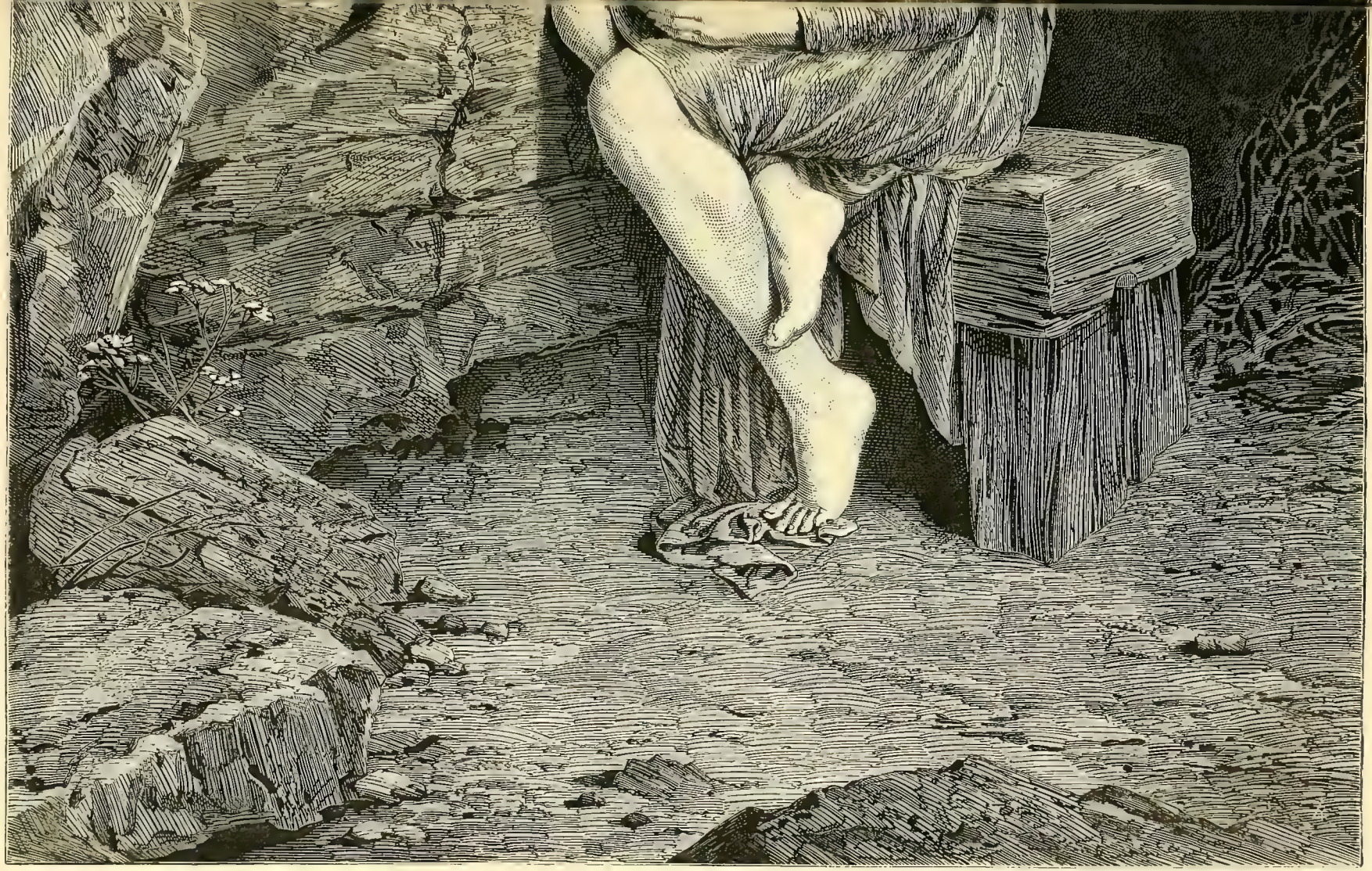
Woods in Autumn.

subject treated with an essential truth and understanding that gives it as much emphasis as originality or audacity of treatment would have done.

The gay costume and solid comeliness of the Alsatian peasantry have long proved an attraction to painters, and the picture whose copy we insert on pages 222–3 exhibits agreeably the character as well as the effects of color visible in a group of those half-French, half-German borderers. The types are well chosen, the composition is admirable, and the coloring is rich and grave, in M. Pabst's painting entitled "A Bride in Alsace." We see an old-fashioned, heavily-timbered room, furnished with the painted wardrobe, the ponderous linen-chest, and the rude bench of a German cottage, all of which have a kind of sincere and honest beauty beyond the imitative starkness of "Eastlake furniture." A bride is being ushered in by her mother to her group of bride-maidens, the oldest of whom is about to fit upon the proper finger the marriage ring. The intending bride is a simple-looking and comely blonde, who regards her ring-finger with a calm and dispassionate air, as if the ring and its implied pledge were the responsibility of some one else. She is gaily and tastefully dressed; about her thick waist is tied an embroidered apron; her frock is bordered with velvet, and a breast-knot of fresh flowers rises and falls with the heaving of a bosom that no hysterical emotions excite and no morbid apprehensions depress. Her little brother comes in at the door with another nosegay, while a still larger bouquet reposes on the bench at the side of the youngest bride-maid. The house, all around this quiet group and peaceful essay of the ring, is of course in uproar; one fancies the noisy arrival of the groom and his young men at the portal, the assemblage of the neighbors, the marshaling in array for the church procession. "Nodding their heads before them goes the merry minstrelsy." Curious relatives are peeping in at the door upon the phlegmatic and hesitating bride. And even in the quiet room, the sacred maiden's chamber which no hint of connubial confusion has heretofore invaded, we see, beside the bride and her little group, a busy nymph who rummages in a coffer for the wedding-scarf, and a damsel who dispenses cake and wine. The women all have the peculiar head-dress which is the easy distinguishing-mark of Alsace, a large bow of black ribbon, like a monstrous butterfly, perched on the top of the head; the bride's alone is colored, the rest sombre as Hamlet's cap. M. Pabst's workmanship is peculiarly firm and broad,

and has a special harmony with the buxom, well-nourished and vigorous style of comeliness he represents.

What is this burst of brilliancy, this seeming flight of all the world along the *Champs Elysées*, this explosion of flowers across the pavement, and sudden spotting over earth and heaven of glistening foliage, pink babies, and Easter bonnets? It is the "Flower-Market in front of the Madeleine," and the particular florist who evokes all the bloom is Edmund Morin. The exuberance of spring and the brilliancy of a volatile population could hardly be more cleverly hinted. Not a figure is complete, not a single object is in rigidly perfect drawing; but there is a purpose in every blunder of the artist's, and his loosest work is done where just the typical feature of the object is to be made emphatic and exaggerated. These extravagant curves are the *italic lines* with which the artist gets his energy. Here is indeed the glancing, quick effect of the market held in front of the steps of the Madeleine Church in Paris. The liveliest climax of the mart—the moment when the latest housekeeper is going home with her gilliflowers, and the earliest lorette is galloping out for her white camellias—the time when the sunshine is intensifying, the flowers are bursting open, the children are chattering, and the blooded horses are trotting towards the "Bois,"—is recorded in M. Morin's glittering picture. The original work, be it understood, is a large oil-painting, that hung in one of the long corridors of Memorial Hall; but it was put on wood for our cut by the painter himself (see pages 234–5), who is a constant worker for the better class of illustrated periodicals in Paris. Here is the quick walk of the workman, pipe in mouth and *hotte* on back; here is the exaggerated high-stepping of the boulevard horse, the high chin of the flunkey, the theatrical and overdone matronliness of the "bonne femme" who sells the roses, the modish elegance of the French lady, the hooked moustache of the French beau. How much is expressed by this touch-and-go hastiness of drawing!—what wonderful brilliancy the draughtsman secures by a splash and a dot! When we think of it, a spectator really could get no better or more distinct view of a changing crowd—a picture photographically and minutely finished would really be false to the impression created. "I feel as if it was beautiful fireworks being let off in my head," says Mrs. Lirriper of Paris in general. And M. Morin succeeds in conveying this peculiar sensation, not the least characteristic of those which Paris creates. The



Louisa Starr, Pinx.

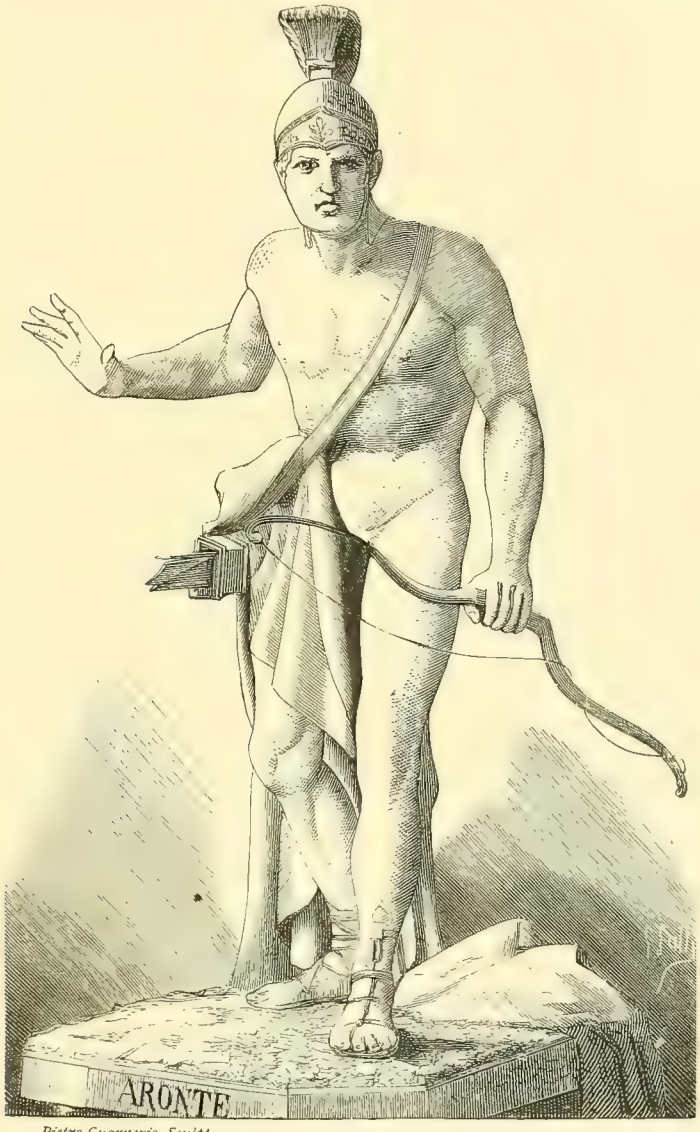
Imogen.

style of work is suggestive and very skillful. As the reader observes it, however, he will be very likely to ask himself if the same art-secret is not embodied in work he has often seen before. These spots and surprises of printer's ink—these crisp high lights and deeply underlined shadows—he has watched as long as he has watched the pages of the *London Illustrated News*, and other publications embellished by the talent of John Gilbert. The style is a modification of Gilbert's style, and the secret of M. Morin's peculiar brilliancy is, that he was a pupil of Gilbert.

Il Cavalier Ugo Zannoni, of Milan, is the author of the group of three individuals, two animals and one human, engraved by us on page 239—subject, "You're Jealous," or "Affection and Envy." It is a pretty little maid, in a laced nightgown, who seemingly is taking her kitten to bed, while the pet terrier, in a passion of jealousy, yelps around her bare feet. The child looks down gently upon the discarded courtier, but like a royal patron, keeps fast hold of the reigning favorite while smiling tenderly upon the parasite she rejects. Evidently, Fido's too sincere tongue is what has got him his dismissal. In nurseries as in courts, it is the sleek, comfortable toady, that takes all the favors it can get, basks in the warmest bosom it can find, and says nothing, that the caresses go to; burly Fidelity, barking and snapping for pleasure at every salute, is too noisy for a bedfellow. The cat, in the picture, does not exhibit the least triumph, or hate of its rejected rival; and that is another attribute of the finished courtier; even to remind the Throne of a past satellite is an error. Anne Boleyn might have lived longer, if she had been just so much more kittenish than she was as, to resolve never to mention Catherine's name.

We publish on page 237 an engraving of a landscape, "The Lake of Piedilugo," by Federico Ashton, a Florentine artist. Few scenes convey a sentiment of such uninterrupted peace. A broad expanse of water, led off by a succession of low banks to the horizon, reflects a sky of Italian blue, except where, pierced by the arrows of saggitate leaves, and overhung by fantastic trees, it is stirred by momentary ripples and shadowed by darker reflections. A light scow floats on the lake, wherein a solitary fisherman stands to spread his net. The mild, basking, grassy shores, the plume of green trees, and the blue sky crossed by sailing ranks of white cloud, make up the prospect. If there is any one quality which more than all others contains the inner charm

of Italian landscape, it is its idleness. Labor seems banished from that part of the world. Those whose lot requires them to work, do so in a leisurely and matter-of-course routine, like this still fisherman, whose scow brushes the



Pietro Guarnerio, Sculpt.

Aronte.

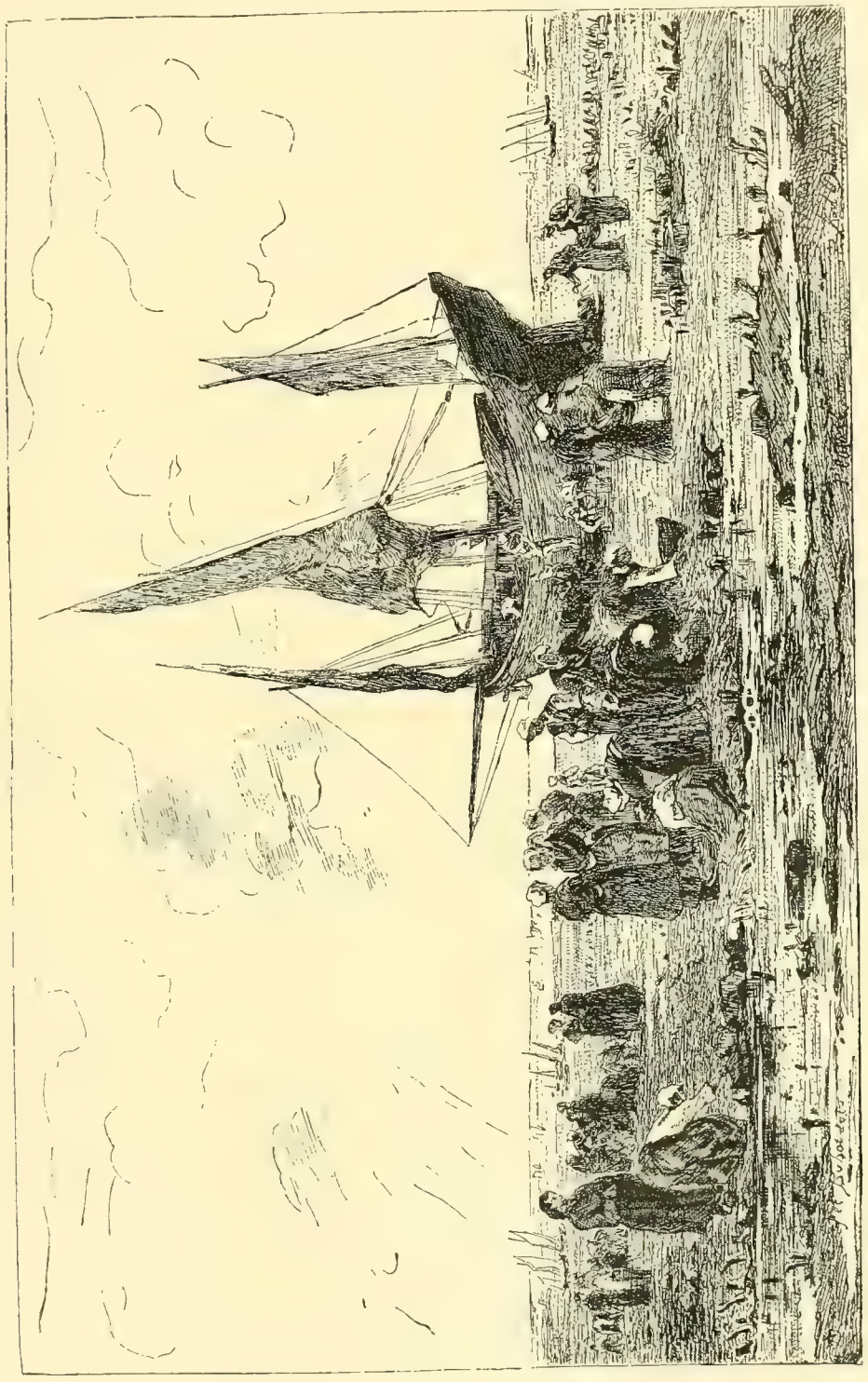
slender stakes that mark the channel of the great lake, and for whom the currents and the slow hours will bring an unforced income. The Italian loves an avocation whose secret, like the business of the fishery, is merely watching and waiting and catching. The condition of an effective net, like that of a strong but languid soul, is mere receptivity. Let the forces of Nature do half

the work, and let man stand ready to hold what they will bring him! That appears to be the genius of Italian life, and the type of the net seems the best mark of character for the populace which to-day covers the western shores of America with ingenious fishers—a populace which has sometimes risen, as with Masaniello, to momentary supremacy, but which ordinarily likes to be strongly governed and regularly fed. Cheery pensioners of ever-bounteous Nature, the Italian *plebs* are the product of their mild skies, their fruitful soil, and their beautiful groves. For the work-day Saxon world, this temperament seems half guilty, half enviable. We let our invalids and our idlers administer to themselves a summer in Italy, like a dose of opiate. Our strong and active producers despise the remedy. Yet let a bustling, busy Anglo-Saxon resolutely dispose of his carking cares for a single season, and without the fatigue of incessant sight-seeing drop into some quiet nest on the shores of old Latium, and the fortitude of another and better and stiller kind of strength will gradually grow upon him; the air of a calmer manhood will bathe his being, the still waters of contentment will well up in his character, the blue peaks of serener purposes will fortify the whole circle of his horizon, and Italy will be justified.

By the same artist is the painting of "Woods in Autumn," or "*Bosco di Faggi in Automno*," of which we present the engraving on page 259. Near the centre of the scene, beneath a large beech-tree, a couple of herd-women are resting, while in the distance, to the right, browse a dozen cows, too far off to be plainly distinguished, but doubtless of that soft mouse-color which Ruskin says makes the hides of Italian cattle more beautiful than all the spotted and painted glories of tropical animals. Over the heads of these peaceful ruminants rises a range of snow-capped mountains. The greater part of the picture is occupied by the spreading boughs of this Italian woodland, where in a warm and spicy air the immemorial trees drop from season to season their brown, dry plumage,

> "Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the glades
> Of Vallambrosa."

We have very little idea, though we hear so much about it, of the real character of Italian foliage. A minute and conscientious study like the present picture is



Shipping Oysters at Cancale.

Karl Daubigny, Pinx.

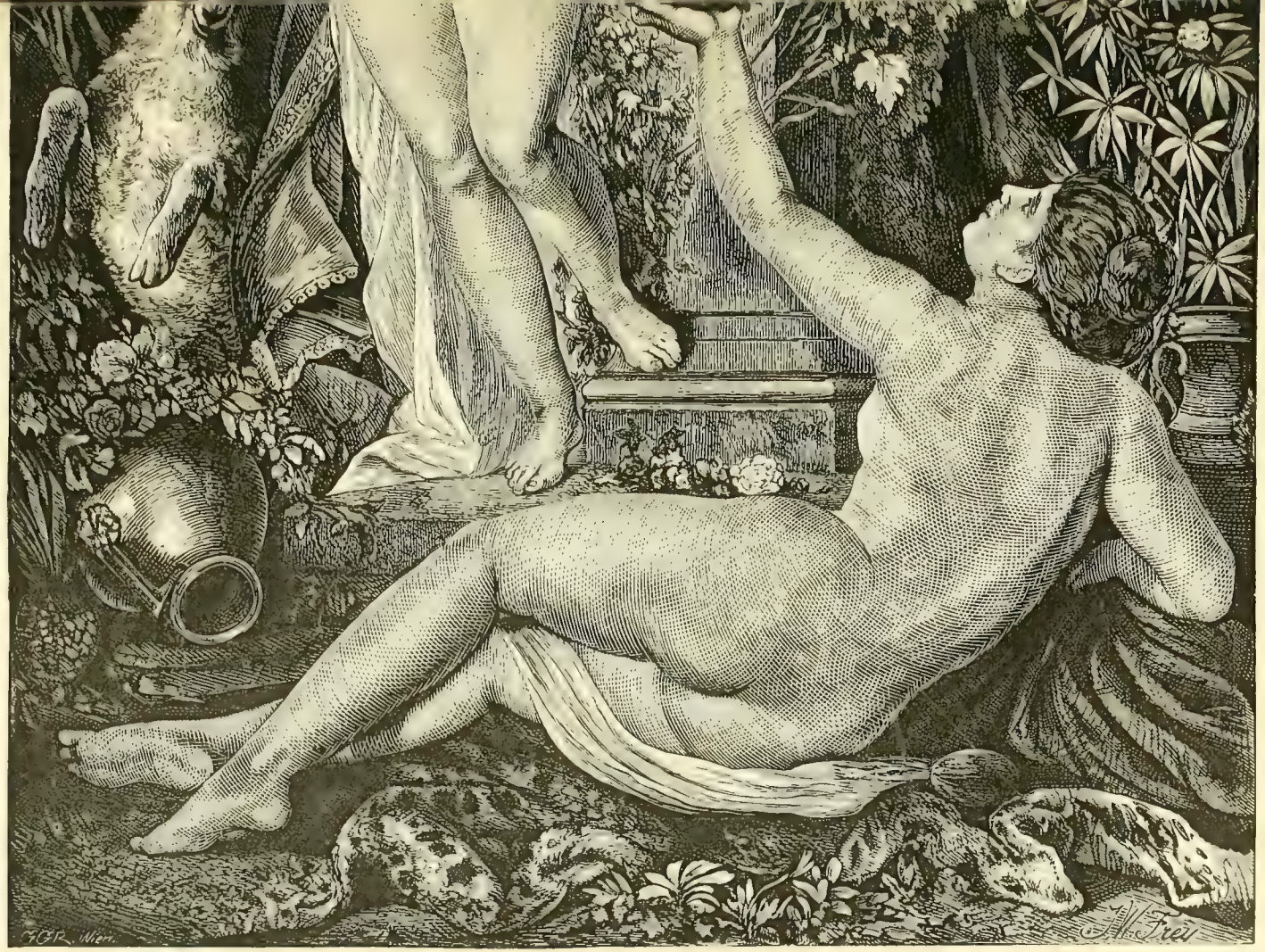
a valuable contribution to our information. The absence of any true winter in Italy makes the foliage for the greater part of the year somewhat sere and

dingy; the blackish green of the ilex and cypress distinguishes the streets, gardens and cemeteries; in summer this already sombre coloring is well powdered with dust; in the spring, the tender and exquisite green of the young leaves is largely mixed with the faded hues of the older leafage, which the light frosts of winter have not been able to disturb. The green of Italian scenery is therefore much tempered with faded browns and dusty grays, yet this very reserve of color makes effects more within the reach of art to portray, and trains the painter to choose the subtler harmonies of his pallette. At sunrise and sunset there are fine golden effects, powdering with sparkles of yellow light this austere vegetation; and no landscape-garden that we know of can excel in impressiveness the Boboli Park on the Altrarno side of Florence, when the long ranks of mighty melancholy patriarchs of the woods are washed with rain and then stricken with the golden rod of some long sunset ray emerging from the storm. The painter of this autumn woodland has allowed his memory and fancy to become thoroughly penetrated with the peculiar character of the leafage of North Italy—the region round about Florence—and we may refer to his work for a reliable image of the very aspect of nature that was in Milton's mind when, old and blind in England, he let his thoughts recur to that youthful visit to Galileo on the height overlooking Florence, and that immortal comparison of the defeated host to the fallen foliage of Vallambrosa woods.

One of Shakespeare's loveliest creations, "Imogen," is perhaps less adapted for delineation on the stage than by the painter's art. Miss Louisa Starr, a talented Englishwoman, was represented at the Centennial by a picture with this subject, the painting having been lent for the purpose by the New York connoisseur, Mr. H. C. Howells, whose property it was. (See cut on pages 262–3.) The plight of distressed damsels wandering about in boys' clothes was a favorite one with Shakespeare and the other Elizabethan dramatists; since female parts were in their time always played by lads, there was something appropriate and obvious in the situation, and no doubt most original and piquant effects were sometimes got by young actors of genius, whose fame is now lost to us, in the equivocal predicament. This desolate lady, who out of the blandishment of courts has wandered to the miserable shelter of a cave and the feast of bare bread, is represented by Miss Starr with grace and sweetness.

Her form is posed in an artistic attitude, and her drapery falls in a sculptural, noble manner. By her side, in the rough cave, reposes the sword, the guardian of honor and respect; but Imogen, folding her bare feet together as if each sought the protection of the other, and broadening out that helpless woman's lap which is one of the most womanly of the features of femininity, and always seems adapted for bounty, while the narrow male loins seem intended for agility in fight, will make but a poor figure in swordswomanship.

No picture in the Centennial Exhibition attracted a greater share of admiration from the art-loving public than the "Pan and Bacchantes" of Eugene Felix, represented on pages 270–271 of this work. Hung in the centre of the wall, immediately opposite the great painting of "Catherine Cornaro," and displaying its nymph-like nudities in the full size of nature, the picture excited a popular, and somewhat equivocal, enthusiasm. It is certainly an intricate, painstaking, academic study. The attitude of the standing form reminds one of an antique statue, and there is ingenuity in the way in which the line of the lifted arm of the reposing figure carries out the curve commenced by the trailing thigh and ankle of the other one. The theme is rather trivial for so large and highly finished a work. A terminal statue of the god of open-air nature, Pan, is caressed by a pair of the feminine followers of Bacchus; the goat-like profile of the image, and the open-lipped laughter of its mouth, lend themselves easily enough to the fancy of the applied cup and offered grape-branch. One laughing Bacchante reaches up and sets the goblet to the lips of Pan, steadying herself meanwhile by throwing her arm lightly around his shoulder. The other, who has sunk upon the ground at the base, lifts up the grape-branch, while a goat capers over the overturned amphora, and a blossoming oleander-tree springs from the urn behind the head of the reclining nymph. The calculated suavity of the combined forms of this group is offset by the pointed and bristling shapes of the foliage all around, and the flesh of the figures relieves itself against darkly-shadowed leafage and the bronze of the idol. Let us judge such a picture not by any exclusive standard applied to its subject, but solely on its merits as a decoration. It is simply an academic copy of the nude, promoted into a picture by the addition of the trees and other accessories. As such it does not exactly satisfy any standard of criticism. The forms of the Bacchantes are conventional. They are studies of the living



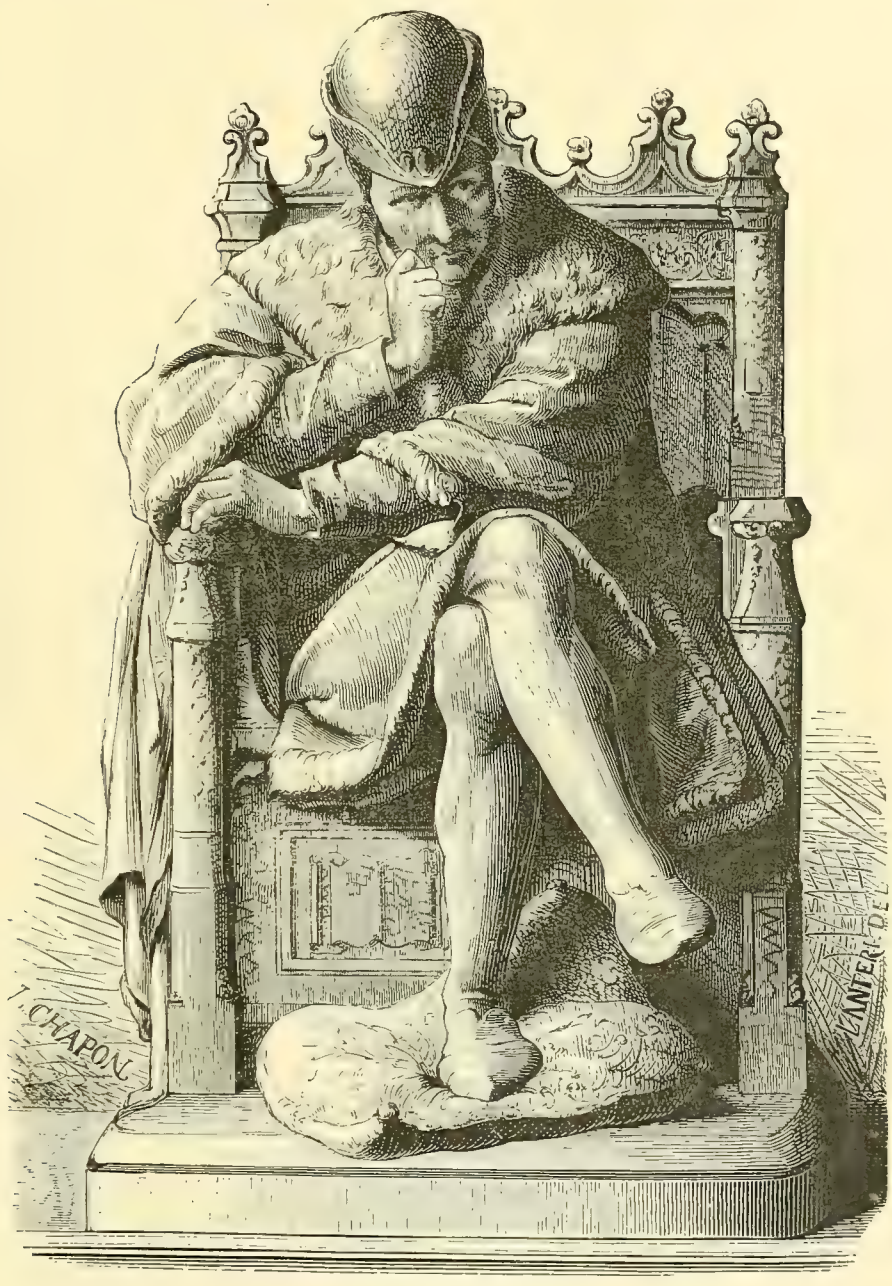
Eugene Felix, Paris

Pan and Bacchantes.

Pan and Bacchantes.

female model mended out by reminiscences of Raphael and the antique; but they add nothing to the trophies bequeathed to art by the old masters—they are not only far beneath the style of Raphael and the Venetians, but they are below the eclectics and the satellites of those old painters, below the Carracchi and the Albanos of a time of decline. The accumulation of pictures of just about this degree of merit is a bane of art—they have no reason for existence. The nature-study is not first-rate nature-study, and the objections of the rigid and self-denying ascetic cannot be met by the plea of that close and instructive discernment of the beauties of nature which in some works of genius is of the nature of a higher revelation, and carries with it its own *morale* and line of duty. We would assign a decidedly secondary place to the "Pan and Bacchantes." Yet, to reach even that secondary place in the achievements of art, how much study has had to be undergone!—how much patience exercised!—how much the hand has had to be limbered and the eye trained! Art has had to culminate with the Greeks, rise again with the Italian painters, and be painfully reconstructed by modern experiment, before the common attainment of the craft and the every-day trick of trade could give us a conventional success like this. The most elegant and noble Egyptian sculptor, carving a goddess for a queen, could not have invented one of these poses; the cunningest Phœnician workman of Solomon's, the ablest Etruscan carver, could not have reached that commonplace grace which stamps these nymphs, and is by this time the easy attainment of every drawing-school. But there is a responsibility which goes with an age of intelligence. In painting as in literature, it is not permissible to trade on the discoveries of our predecessors. It is not permissible for a newspaper poet to rise into fame by writing a few songs which have the smoothness of the smoother songs of Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher: that smoothness was with them the result of an immense strain of the ear, a profound research into the mysteries of a language in a state of formation. There is no glory in writing smoothly now, when smooth periods are ready-made to everybody's tongue. In art, there is no glory in making conventional beauty; without there is something of real piercing insight in our copies from nature, they had better not be published. Unless the painter can get at some seldom-observed and essential characteristic of his model—something that strikes the trained critic as he is struck by some sudden touch, straight from the heart

to the heart, in a drama—there is nothing gained, the world does not become the richer by the contribution. But let him once express, with insight and



Felix Martin, Sculp.

Louis XI at Peronne.

authority, a subtle natural fact; let him indicate the pearly reflection and blood-fed quality of human flesh in light or shadow; let him remind us of the value

of natural lights and darks in objects seen against the sky; let him touch us with the reminiscence of his own personal discoveries in the aspects of nature, and we recognize him immediately, and forgive a deal of puerility or haste. It is the academic, official painters who are hard to forgive—those who are to pictorial what a calculating, uninspired author is to literary art—the Bulwers of the brush. As for the present painter, he has committed one sin that academic art loves dearly and repeats forever: his figures are illuminated by studio light, and not by that of the open air in which they are placed. The gradations on their limbs and bodies are the gradations observed in a room with a window. Around these forms, thus shaded, a landscape is coldly and heartlessly painted in. The human beings receive no lights, no reflected colors, from the accessories; and the illumination upon them is the tempered illumination of interiors, not the bold square impinging of external daylight.

There are two painters of the name of Daubigny whose reputations are well known to American picture-buyers. The father, Charles, who possesses a truly remarkable talent for representing the placid river-scenery of France, was not represented by any contribution at the Centennial festival; the son, who distinctively signs his name Karl, and who belongs to the class of rising and ambitious artists, contributed, *inter alia*, the landscape entitled "Shipping Oysters at Cancale." We are enabled to give, on page 267, a memorandum of this picture that has a higher interest than would belong to the smoothest engraving we could furnish: it is a fac-simile of the artist's own pen-and-ink sketch for the picture; his signature will be observed in the right-hand corner. A weather-stained old oyster-boat, in M. Daubigny's painting, was seen stranded on the beach at low tide, and a whole population of oyster-gatherers, consisting of robust girls and women with warm stuff dresses and white caps, were distributed in every conceivable attitude and order of grouping, engaged in the business of loading in the shell-fish. Even in the hasty indication given by our sketch, the life of the postures, as the hard-working fish-wives carry between them the heavy baskets, leaning forward as they advance with them from the water's edge, or clinging together, half entangled with their wet skirts, is obvious enough; but the truth of sky and water, in front of which these clever figures were set, is left to our reader's imagination—or, if he saw the picture, to his memory. M. Daubigny *fils*, educated in the soundest traditions of art, and

Albert Maignan, Pinx.

The Sentinel.

already able to boast of some legitimate successes, has, we feel sure, a bright future before him. His contributions of a "Landscape" (No. 135 at the Centennial) and "The Valley of Pourville in Normandy" (No. 175) added to the favorable impression made by the more important work which we select.

The life-size statue of Berenice, by Renato Peduzzi, of Milan, was one of the finest examples of imitative technic that the whole Italian exhibit afforded. We give an illustration on page 257. The spectator in this case is not to look for a severe ideal, nor for a close historical treatment. Signor Peduzzi concerns himself but little with the date and place, the probable appearance of this Macedonian heroine transplanted into Egypt. Like a true decorative artist, he makes it his unique concern to represent in stone that glitter of sunny hair which was feigned to have become a constellation. Everything in the composition is subordinated to this most difficult of textures, and if the hard marble does not suggest the lightness, the crispness, the fleecy sheen of that divine *chevelure*, his work of daring, the challenge of his chisel, has come to naught. We think the gage has not been thrown in vain. Of all the Italian statues, which represented by many different devices the gossamer grace and separable quality of curling hair, his masterpiece is the boldest. Piled in sunlit rings upon the lightly-poised head, flowing like a rivulet down the back, and lying in straying heaps upon the uplifted arms, the hair of Berenice, in his statue, becomes a sort of marble constellation. In flossy lightness, in capricious flow from the roots to the extremities, in suggestion of golden color, the locks of this singular statue are a wonder. Never has chisel more haughtily insulted the marble: under its touches the inert stone loses its weight and massiveness, and is trained to gambol, to fly, to scatter, and tangle itself like silk. The ancients never attempted any such *painting treatment* in marble: preferring to respect the limitations of the material they worked in; they were content to treat the hair of their stone statues in a distantly suggestive manner; when they wrought in bronze they made a different line of attempts, and freely used wires or the most vigorous undercutting to imitate the separate strands of the locks. Signor Peduzzi has not only adapted the painting method to the hair, but to the drapery; the finely-striped folds of the latter, its clinging softness, and the drooping draggle of its fringes, are singular and refined; delicate as the painted draperies of Hébert or Cabanel. The subject of this statue was

a real personage, who died 221 B. C. She was one of those descendants of the Macedonian conquerors of Egypt who introduced Greek customs and Greek civilization into the land of the Pharaohs, and the sculptor represents her in her grand historic act of piety, worshiping a Greek divinity. In the fane of

Angelo Romagnoli, Pinx.

Meditation.

Aphrodite, while Evergetes, at once her brother and her husband, was starting on a dangerous expedition, she vowed all her hair to the goddess in case he returned, and emerged shorn from the temple. He came back in due time victorious, and soon after the queen's hair disappeared from the altar; upon this the report of a special miracle was raised, and a complaisant priest, one

Conon, was found to declare that the locks had been seized by Jupiter and turned into a constellation. In this form we see even now the begemmed hair of Berenice, as when the multitudes of Alexandria first worshipped it on the announcement of the prodigy. Poor Berenice, while the humble crowd were still paying divine honors to this part of her person, could not save herself from the horrible pain of a violent death: she was assassinated by her own son. The statue which represents her in her flush of youth and in her moment of dedication and ardent piety, was the most important work exhibited by the sculptor; his other contributions were of ornamental garden-statuary, distinguished by singular brilliancy and skill in the cutting, but hopelessly *baroques*.

The statue of Aronte, by Guarnerio, is connected by its subject with that supposed settlement of Italy by Æneas, which is still a favorite legend with the modern Italians, as it was with Augustus, for whom Virgil put the story into shape. We present a cut of the figure on page 265. Among the opponents of Æneas on the soil of his adoption were the king of the Rutuli, Turnus, and Camilla, the beautiful queen of the Volsci. This lovely Amazon, who could run over the sea without wetting her feet, and "fly o'er th' unbending corn," distinguished herself in the war of her ally, Turnus, against Æneas, by the numbers who fell under her hand. Aronte, one of Æneas' soldiers, killed the dangerous beauty with his arrow, and perhaps decided the triumph of civilization in Italy. Guarnerio, the most versatile of the Italian artists, has handled this classic theme like a true disciple of Canova. The statue is in the purest classic taste. We do not recognize in its treatment the gusty energy of the same artist's "Washington," nor the epigrammatic relish of his "Forced Prayer." We have before pointed out this singular versatility of a single chisel, which opens out strange views of the purpose and end of art. Is the artist to be a being of some consistency and some convictions, or is he to change his style radically like an actor, and wear with equal readiness the robe of the buffo or the tragedian?

Recurring to the department of English paintings, we illustrate on page 285, the only contribution sent by a rising London artist, Mr. Laslet John Pott. This painter, who has not yet received Academic honors, seems destined to a high place in his country's art-roll, from the ability with which he arranges his groups, the propriety of action and expression in his individual figures, and the

Adolph Guillon, Pinx.

Landscape.

care with which he confers the historic imprint of a scene. Mr. Pott's contribution at Philadelphia, represented "Charles I leaving Westminster Hall after his Trial." There is nothing in English history which lends itself so favorably, not only to the patriotic choice of the Britons themselves but to the selection of foreign painters, as the episode of Charles' history; not only has Vandyke left us his portraits of matchless and melancholy grace, but Delaroche has painted "Charles I Insulted in the Guard-Room," and "Cromwell Viewing the Body of Charles I." The present painting shows Charles marching with resigned and princely step out of the Hall where his final condemnation has been pronounced. Three times did the self-appointed judges of the Stuart prince require his presence before them; and each time the approaches and outward chambers of the Hall of Parliament were carefully filled with a rabble, admitted for the express purpose of harassing him. In going through the Hall the soldiers were instigated to cry out, "Justice and Execution!" Every indignity of tongue and gesture was visited upon the royal victim, and it is recorded that a wretch having spit in his face, Charles patiently remarked, "Poor souls, they would treat their generals in the same manner for sixpence." The martyr-king walks, guarded by a few Parliamentary soldiers, who, however, are evidently in sympathy, not with their charge, but with his accusers and insulters. In the foreground, a lusty smith, with the pincers still in his blackened hand, has left his work to persecute his monarch with the coarsest jests of the smithy. The picture tells its story well, and arouses a lively sympathy for the elegant and patient victim. Unfortunately, the reverse of the medal is less adapted to artistic purposes, and we have few pictures representing the wrongs and tyrannies that goaded an overwrought people to revolution. Mr. L. J. Pott, the painter, was born in 1837, at Newark, a pretty town of Nottinghamshire. At the age of sixteen, he was articled to a provincial architect, where he laid the foundation for that excellent arrangement of architectural backgrounds which now distinguishes many of his compositions. Tiring of the bonds of apprenticeship, he persuaded his friends to let him study painting, in London, and presently entered the art-school of Mr. Corey. He next became a pupil of Mr. Alexander Johnstone. His first Academy picture was one of "Effie Deans." With many more years of work probably before him, with good judgment and sound methods, Mr. Pott, doubtless, is destined to an honorable career in his chosen vocation.

Equally true in historic sentiment, though not otherwise allied to the work last cited, is the portrait-statue of Louis XI, by Felix Martin, which attracted considerable attention in the French Department of the Art-Annex. Here is,

Ambrozio Borghi, Sc.

The Mother's Treasure.

indeed, the deep, subtle, treacherous soul of Louis XI, done into imperishable bronze—the same monarch, whom we have shown in Comte's picture, amusing his sickness with dancing pigs. Here is the wily, calculating intriguer, whose weak credulity worshipped the leaden amulets fastened upon his hat, and whose

strong will broke the power of his nobles, sending Charles the Bold to his bloody grave, at Nancy, and reserving for France only two recognized powers, the King and the People. M. Martin has perfectly caught the feeble attitude of the valetudinarian, the lean legs embracing each other as they cross, the droop of the figure that hugs itself in its own selfishness. The grand plans coursing through the sick man's brain—the energy and patriotism that changed a group of warring provinces into a grand and united France—could hardly be told in a work of parlor statuary. Louis XI is one of the most strongly-marked characters in history. He presents just that mixture of foible and strength, of eccentricity and strongly-held purpose, which furnish the light and shade necessary for an artistic presentment. He has accordingly been the subject of various works in romance, the drama and the fine arts. M. Martin represents him gathered up in a huge Gothic chair, his left foot resting on a cushion, and the other dangling as it is thrown over the opposite knee. His head is settled deeply into the ermine of his robe, and rests upon his right hand, the other being stretched quite across to grasp the opposite arm of the chair; this unconventional posture is full of character and originality. The conception and finish of this small figure, are alike manly, vigorous and artistic. We engrave this figure on page 273.

The beautiful girlish head of which we present an engraving on page 277, was painted by Angelo Romagnoli, a Florentine artist. A dark-eyed maiden is leaning back in a chair of antique shape, and looking vaguely into space, while a large rose is held in the hand, as if just plucked and lifted for the purpose of inhailing its fragrance. This patrician girl might be Juliet, debating the import of family names, and deciding that

"that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

The elegant creature represented by Signor Romagnoli, is dressed in silk, with ruffs of gauze at the wrist and neck; the costume is one of those to which it is hard to assign a date, being a mode of some antiquity or a modern one imitating, as modern ones so capriciously do, the graces and ornaments of a bygone time.

The marble group called "The Mother's Treasure," by Ambrozio Borghi, of Milan, was placed in that central axis of the Art-Annex, so crowded with statues, which immediately caught the visitor's eye from the door of entrance, by

Jan Verhas, Pinx. *W. Brooke, Engr.*

The Sea-Shore at Blankenberghe.

its long vista of snow-white forms. We give an engraving of Signor Borghi's composition on page 281. It is a fashionable lady whom the artist represents as yielding to the universal instinct of maternity. Half-undressed, in *peignoir* and *pantoufles*, with hair in a mixed state, combined of fashionable scrambling and midnight "coming down," the young mother poises, light as a bird, on the cradle's edge, and lifts the little nude boy-baby for a kiss. The *abandon* with which she sits on the rocking crib of her infant, is childlike and pretty; the child's pose, straining up for the kiss, has a bold directness. The pair of figures, too strongly marked with the superficial graces of "boudoir art" to be much better than the plates in a "Book of Beauty," are redeemed from absolute commonplace by that sentiment of mother's love, which, common as humanity, is never vulgar.

Let the reader contrast this with another treatment of the same subject, by a Belgian artist of a higher distinction than Signor Borghi can lay claim to. Charles Auguste Fraikin, of Brussels, is a sculptor of settled reputation; casts of his beautiful child-subjects have been favorite models for the young artists of the Pennsylvania Academy for nearly a score of years; and he sent to the Centennial Exposition a pair of subjects in marble, one of which we engrave on page 249. This, like Signor Borghi's group, delineates a young mother looking at her first-born with the ineffable thrill of perfect love. But it is rustically simple and chaste in design, whereas the Italian work fritters itself away in a host of fluttering ornaments, that conflict with the central idea. We do not mean to maintain for an instant, that rustic mothers love their children better than society mothers do. Of all the affected nonsense that is talked in this age of many affectations, the most unloyal and shameful, is perhaps that which perpetually goes beyond the bounds of our own class, to find a purity of love and height of feeling which do not exist, it is pretended, within it. The assumption is in fact a very cheap dramatic trick: the assertor wants to secure the glow of contrast by representing ideal scenes outside the limits of his own and his hearers' experience. A little reflection will convince the average reader that city parents—society parents—constantly make sacrifices, and reveal heroism, in favor of their children, that to the boorish rustic, governing by repression and exacting hard duty, is unknown. It is not, then, because a country mother is represented, that M. Fraikin's group is severe and candid; but it has an elevated simplicity

of its own that lifts it quite outside of social spheres and class distribution—it belongs to maternity pure and simple, the maternity that puts forward its claim to make sacrifices and undergo care alike in the primitive ages of the world

Charles I Leaving Westminster Hall.

Butterworth & Heath, Engs.

L. F. Poll, Pinx.

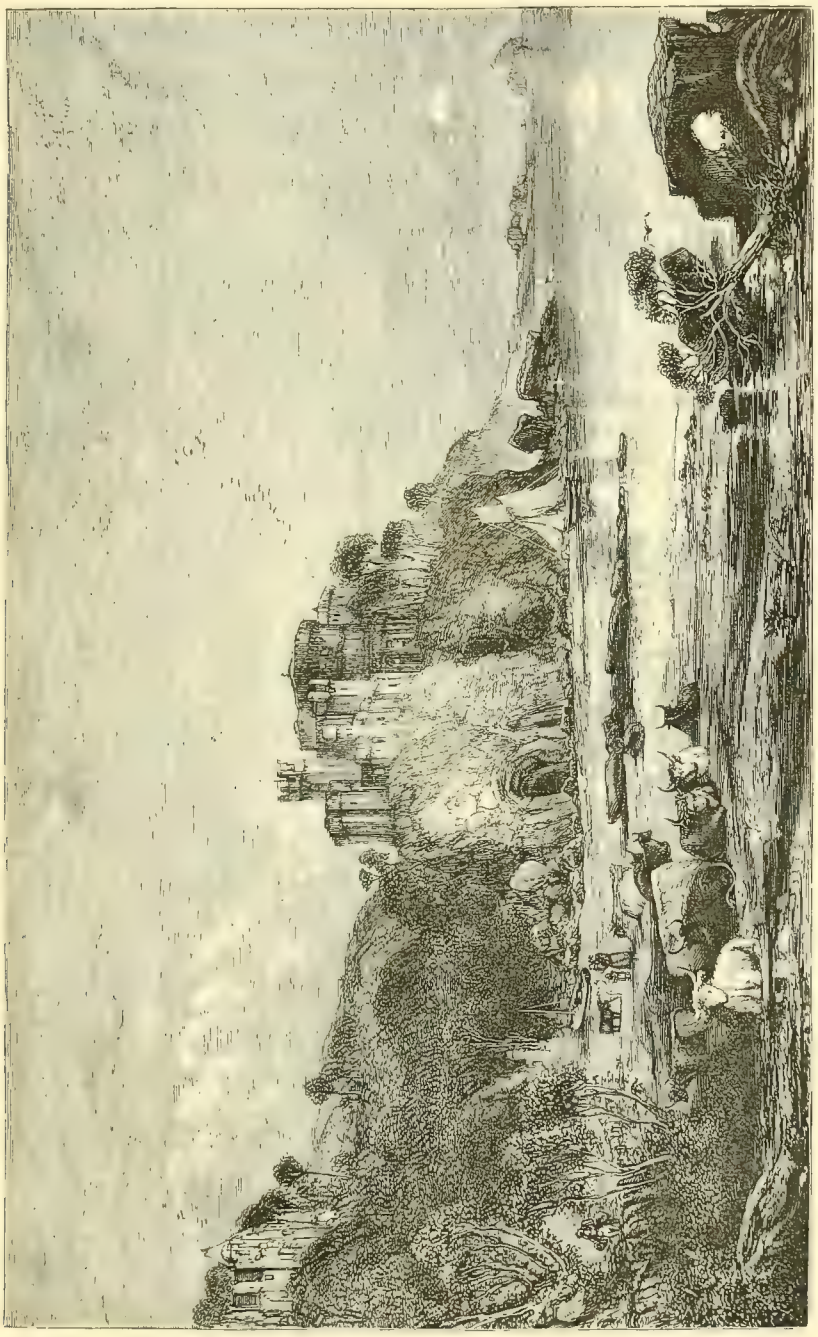
and now. The Belgian artist shows us, in Belgian close *coif* and coil of blonde plaits, a smiling peasant-mother regarding her offspring. The child almost nude, excepting the external cap, which, on the Continent, seems to be the one fixed

fact of infantine existence, and *never* comes off. The mother, too, has been undressing; certain unsheathings and irregularities of her costume—irregularities in an evidently modest woman—have the effect, not of loose suggestiveness, but of defining, marking, and laying stress on a supposed condition of absolute privacy. Supported on one bare knee, the youthful mother holds her babe, and gazes directly into its face; and the little one, no longer hungry, or sleepy, or tired, returns the look with that intelligence which mothers always find so extreme and precocious. That is the whole composition; but the details and general taste of the group are of a kind that give it a high rank among works of *genre* sculpture. The curve of the woman's neck, the poise of her head, are perfect grace; the harmony of the lines into which the limbs are thrown, tending here and there to a seemly and monumental perpendicular, satisfies and rests the eye. There is not only the complete absence of meretricious trickery; there is the presence of beauties that charm by their delicacy and give lasting satisfaction by their sterling sweetness. The figure of the mother is pure, large and sculptural, with something of the free and careless animalism of a primitive nymph. The babe has somewhat of that piquant, whimsical charm which distinguished the artist's other contribution, the "Drone-Bee."

Peasant life in its comedy-aspect is illustrated by the Düsseldorf painting, whose copy we give on page 250. "In the Park" is the title of a picture by F. Hiddemann, a gentleman of the "Düsseldorf School" and Düsseldorf nativity. It is a striking picture, and may be called a favorite one; since the artist, after the custom of German studios, has executed more than one replica, and gratified a circle of possessors instead of a single connoisseur. The theme is an anecdote. A rustic beau and his inamorata out for a holiday, have strayed into the park of a grandee of their locality. Here, enwreathed with blossoming roses, is a globular mirror, of the kind so often found in European gardens. These convex looking-glasses distort the faces of beholders in a very ludicrous manner, and the country gallant is laughing, between the whiffs of his pipe, at the caricature presented as the reflection of his pretty companion. The gentle girl, on the contrary, secure in a liberal endowment of village beauty, looks at the grimacing image with placid calmness, secure in the knowledge that no distortion can quite rob the red from her cheeks and the blue from her eyes.

A Brussels painter, Jean Verhas, contributed the "Sea-shore at Blankenberghe,"

which we illustrate on page 283. Two children, a boy and a girl, watch a third, a sturdy little workwoman, at her task of digging a trench in the sand. One



Carrick Shore.

carries a flag, which will be planted on the fort, when completed: one has introduced a hostile man-of-war, which would occupy a very menacing position

in front of the stronghold, but that it is laid over on its side, high and dry, in a total deficiency of water. How many of us are taken by this pretty scene back at once to childhood and innocence! How many in days of infancy, have

> "Built their castles of dissolving sand
> To watch them overflowed, or following up
> And chasing the white breakers, daily left
> The little footprint daily washed away!"

The style of painting practiced by M. Verhas in this example was very clever: it was broad in the extreme, with great spaces of sunny light and restricted shadow. This distribution does not always make a picture luminous; but M. Verhas gave us a composition that seemed bathed in real sunshine.

"The End of the Game," by J. Beaufain Irving, is a painting that attracted much notice in the large American room of Memorial Hall. We present an excellent engraving of this subject. Seldom has pictorial art explained itself more perspicuously than in this composition, where the eye takes in at a glance the whole story and the miserable consequences that must follow. The chess-board is set for a bout; liquors, which heat the blood, are discerned on the chimney-piece and on the side-table; it is the epoch of duels, as defined by the dress characteristic of our grandfathers' day. The younger player has started up from the game, and has challenged his adversary, on some accusation of cheating or other ungentlemanly conduct; his fine silken coat lies on the over-turned chair, and he fights in his laced shirt-sleeves. This "stripping for action" has not saved him at the hands of his older and cooler opponent, who has stabbed him to the heart, upon which his hand is pressed, as if to restrain the drops of life-blood, that come "like the first of a thunder-shower." He is caught in the arms of an elderly spectator, possibly his father. At the other side of the room, the cold and dangerous-looking winner of this ugly game glances round, the traces of rage just passing from his face in a look of malignity, tempered with watchful self-control. He lifts the darkened blade of his sword, which he is just about to return to its scabbard, as his adviser—a cool hand who thinks of the laws against dueling—points to the door and counsels him to fly the neighborhood. In another moment, stepping over the rash boy's scabbard which lies at his feet, he will stride from the room, and proceed to place a safe distance between himself and the scene of combat. There are a couple of little poems

T. Furmoss. Pinx

The Mill.

by Browning, which perfectly convey the heat and the after-chill of a duel; that entitled "Before" begins with the line

"Let them fight it out, friend! Things have gone too far."

The other, penetrated with the sentiment of a terrible and ineffaceable regret, concludes:

"I would we were boys as of old,
In the field, by the fold—
His outrage—God's patience—man's scorn
Were so easily borne!"

Mr. Irving, who reads us this impressive lesson on so-called "Chivalry," has passed away from among men since the Exhibition, where his work was so conspicuous. He was a Southerner by birth, but had lived in New York since the war of the Rebellion. He excelled in a line of highly-finished, brilliantly-costumed pictures, small in scale and illustrating heroic or chivalric life—coming nearer in this kind of painting to the style of Meissonier or Zamacois than any American artist. His works sold very readily, at high prices; some were owned by Mr. August Belmont, of New York, who upon his decease organized an exhibition of his own magnificent gallery for the benefit of the artist's family. Among the items of this beneficiary display were several of Mr. Irving's works, including his last, a crowded composition representing the curse-scene from "Richelieu," the property of ex-governor Stamford of San Francisco.

Mr. Toby Rosenthal, an artist of San Francisco, contributed the painting of "Elaine," which forms the subject of one of our steel plates. It is a noble and tragic composition, but so distinctly a representative of the Munich school of painting that it neither seems like a picture to be rightly called a work of American art, nor an illustration of the legendary epoch of Great Britain. The dead girl, with her blonde massiveness, her powerful frame and large jaws, would do very well for a character from the Nibelungen Lied, but is less suitable for an illustration of British loveliness. She is depicted floating down the river in the barge, rowed by the dumb serving-man, to be brought into the presence of Sir Lancelot, whom she had loved without return. The legend relates how, when dying, Elaine prepared her farewell missive to the knight, while the thought lay all the while in her gentle breast that by means of a tender stratagem she could deliver him her own love-letter in her own hand,

even after the breath had left her fair body. This hapless testamentary arrangement is carefully described in the "Morte d'Arthur" of the fifteenth-century writer, Mallory. He makes the maid say: "And while my body is hot, let this

L. E. Barrias, Sculp.

Spinning-Girl of Megarâ.

letter be put in my right hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until that I be cold, and let me be put in a fair bed, with all the richest clothes that I have about me, and so let my bed, and all my richest clothes, be laid with

me in a chariot unto the next place where Thames is, and there let me be put within a barget, and but one man with me, such as ye trust to steer me thither, and that my barget be covered with black samite over and over." The dying wish of the fair maid of Astolat was carried out, and she arrived with her letter where the king and court and Lancelot were. "And there he saw the fairest woman lie in a rich bed, covered unto her middle with many rich clothes, and all was of cloth of gold, and she lay as though she had smiled." A lovely story, worthy the most inspired effort of the painter. We are aware of no interpretation of the scene which can compare with Mr. Rosenthal's. With all its imperfection, as a conception of British legend, it is far superior to M. Doré's, in his illustration of Tennyson's Idyl on the subject. The general cast of the subject, the funereal-majesty of the black-draped barge, the solemn mournfulness of the servitor, compose one of the few paintings which completely fill the conditions of the grand style, without a false note in any part.

The theme of our steel plate entitled "The Bather," after Perrault, is one that might at first shock that most ticklish of human organs entitled "thé cheek of the young person." It is a tropic maid reclining after her bath in a hammock that is slung across the stream; her arms, thrown up over her head, make an ivory cradle for one of the sweetest faces that ever entered a painter's dreams, and her foot swings down so as just to graze the warm current. It is, in all openness, a study of the nude. The subject would exclude M. Perrault's picture from any English or American Academy-exhibition, but it and its similarly-sinning rivals—the other "bathers" by Courbet and Garnier, the "Echo" of Tortez, the "Salammbô" of Cetner, the "Venus" of Faivre-Duffer, the "Angelica" of Chartrin, and the "Cassandra" we have already illustrated after Camorré—were not amenable to rejection here since they had passed the criticism of M. du Sommerard. The motive of young French painters in exhibiting nudities is quite misunderstood. It is not from an immodest love of carrying out voluptuous thoughts that Alphonse and Anatole send their nude subjects to the expositions; for them, years of study have made the contemplation of the bare form as business-like a matter as the physician's anatomy of the muscles. It is simply because "flesh" is the most difficult thing to paint. A professor always recommends the pupil in whom he feels a special interest—the pet of the year—to try himself on a nude academic figure and see if they will admit

it in the *Salon*. "Flesh" is the touch-stone of a painter's ability. A figure covered with drapery is comparatively easy. "Learn to paint flesh," Bonnat or Duran or Cabanel or Couture will say to a pupil, "and all the mysteries of art

Enrico Braga, Sculpt.

Il Saltambancio.

will be open to you. Paint flesh, with its beating carnation, its rich creamy furrows and Rembrandt shadows, its gray Veronese high-lights, its unctuous puffs of Rubens fulness, its chiseled firmness, its variety, sympathy and life.

The envelope in which our souls are encased is the masterpiece of the heavenly sculptor on this earth. It follows and translates every mood of our minds. When we love it flushes, when we hate it pales, when we prosper it softens, when we are impoverished it grows dull. It is our index and demonstration. It stands before our will like the dial before the clock, like the algebraist's coefficient before his letters. It is the crucial test of the painter, and the renown of the most famous masters is respectively ranged almost exactly according as they succeded in representing it completely."

We have thought it right to give a representation of these two fine pieces of flesh-painting from the Centennial—the "Cassandra" first, and now this figure of Perrault's. There is no immodesty in the subject, as the painter of "The Bather" conceives it. The nymph is placed in a hushed privacy, canopied with leaves and their shadows, so secretly folded to the heart of the sylvan solitude that no indiscreet sunbeam can steal to pry upon her. There are plenty of immoral subjects among the works of famous painters, but this is not an immoral subject, for if a person may not bathe, all alone, in the heats of summer, then righteousness must consist in dirt. Our task, however, is not so much to vindicate the morals of the artists we illustrate, as to deal with their strictly professional qualities. In this respect "The Bather" is certainly a meritorious work: of the many reclining figures we remember in art, few have the restful sentiment of the posture more delicately indicated. The supine languor of the general frame, as it yields to the concavity and to the swing of the hammock, except where the protrusion of the dabbling foot pulls half the yielding form towards a straight line, is imagined with the daintiest truth. This expressive attitude is set in a dark mystery of leaves and shaded water, like a cameo in some dark and lustrous enamel. Musidora reclines in a happy day-dream, as innocent as her eyes, as untroubled as her white brow.

We would not even seem to forget the abundant and striking display made by our native sculptors; and accordingly we dip, almost at random, into the catalogue of American names, sure of alighting upon some work of merit that has either satisfied the testy critics at home, or has managed to please the capricious, fastidious tribe of traveled Yankees. We give three statues by Americans who, living abroad, have won renown here. Mr. T. R. Gould, with his contributions of "The West Wind," "The Rose," and "The Lily;" Mr. P. F.

F. Cogen, Pinx.

Fisherman's Wife of Zuyder Zee.

Connelly, with his "Ophelia," his "Honor arresting the Triumph of Death," and a large number of other conceptions; Mr. Randolph Rogers, with his "Nydia," "Atala," and "Ruth," were friends already introduced to the Centennial visitor; their productions had achieved success (at least among compatriots) in Europe, and inspired the trumpets of that inky Fame who blows through the lines of the newspaper. Strollers through the Exposition lingered over the works to which names were attached that had long been the burden of the correspondent's budget and the tourist's tale, to see how these samples would bear the experiment of inspection outside the studio and of comparison with the craft of Europe. It was a work of verification. Of this widely-vaunted merit our engravings are the test. On page 127 we spoke of Rogers's figure of "Ruth." Since we inserted that attractive and favorite conception, our engravers have prepared other American compositions, which we will proceed to notice. A short description will suffice.

Mr. T. R. Gould's "West Wind" was lent to the Exposition by its owner, Mr. Powers, of Rochester, N. Y. This smiling apparition, advancing over the land with her soft even step, and the ripple of her flowing skirts, has not the look of a Greek creation. Instead of the progeny of the antique religions, with their carefully-assigned postures and their rigidly-dictated attributes, we see an original illustration of one of the powers of nature, made expressive with all the touches that modern fancy can invent. Some offspring of the famed marriage of Zephyr and Flora may have followed a ship of passage, lightly emigrating on the wings of the air, and set up in our country a new mythology. The "West Wind" is represented as a slender nymph, with hair blowing off from the forehead, catching with one hand her fluttering kirtle, and fleeting on tip-toe over the leafy sward that sleeks its rough herbage at her passing. Careless and American in aspect, her pulse-beats throbbing through a belt of Western stars, the glad incarnation seems to have just cooled in the Pacific the light foot she sets on the shore of an untamed continent. The best quality to be found in Mr. Gould's work we think to be the apparent lightness and elasticity he has contrived to give to a block of so many hundred-weight of marble.

Mr. P. F. Connelly sent to Philadelphia a large number of meritorious works, of which the "Ophelia" occupied the most conspicuous position, being placed in the principal American gallery (C), of Memorial Hall, along with his

N. Zagorsky, Pinx.

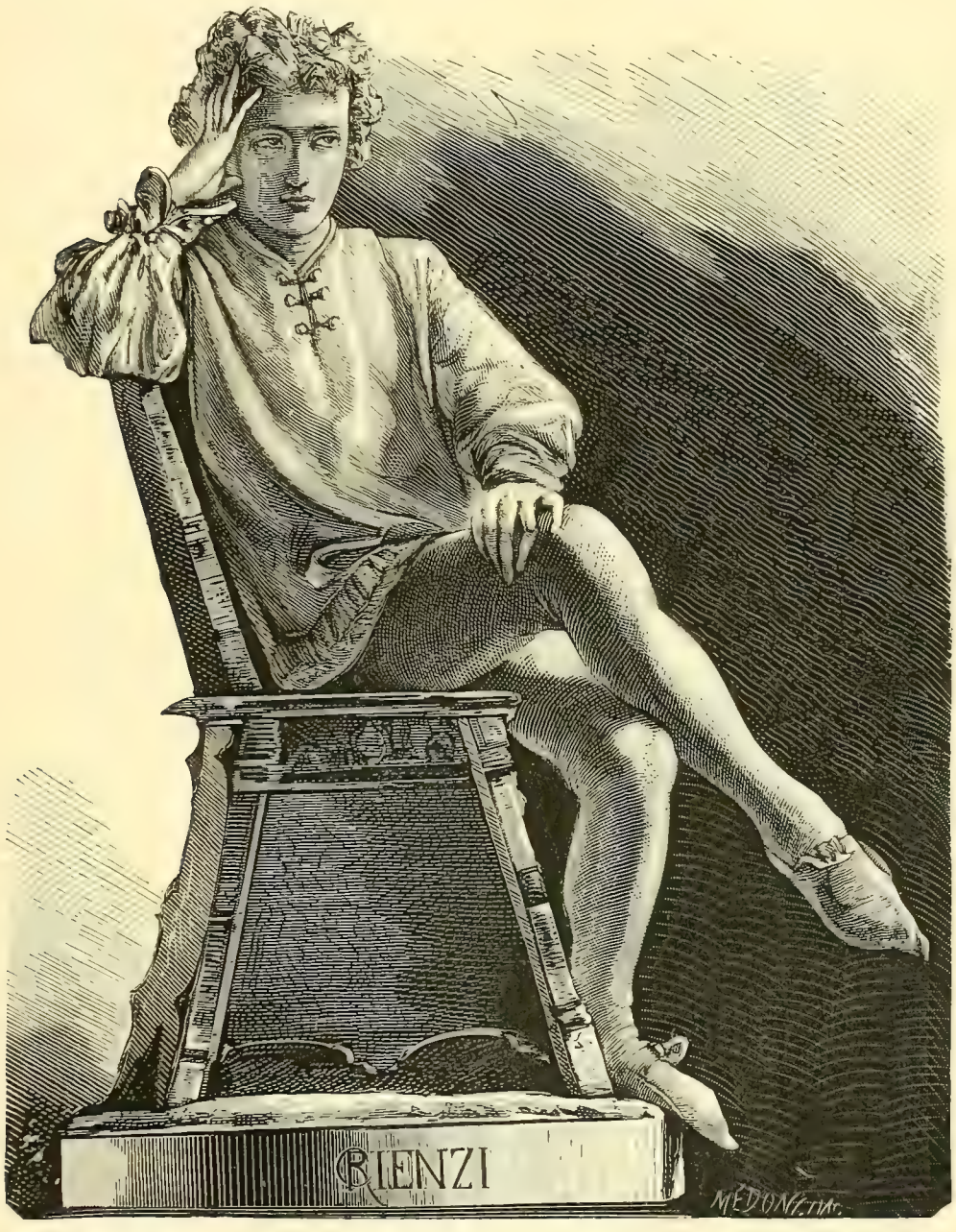
Old Russian Couple.

own group of "Honor and Death," and the "First Pose" of Mr. Howard Roberts. We dedicate a full-page plate to this composition. It is a figure full of shrinking modesty and grace, clothed in a well-imagined mediæval costume—the whole statue elaborate and decorative in its effect, without a trace of mental disorder. We hear of *Hamlets* with the part of "Hamlet" left out. Mr. Connelly's Ophelia is an Ophelia with the madness left out. The incident selected is where the wild maid presents the pansies to her brother. The name of these flowers being French for "thoughts," and the gift being combined with rosemary, the symbol of remembrance, he accepts the token as a reminder of the account due from Hamlet, who has killed the father of this foredoomed brother and sister. The story will soon terminate in Ophelia's death, as well as that of the brother, slain in play by Hamlet's hand with a poisoned weapon provided for his own destruction. The moment when Ophelia distributes her flowers is one of the most affecting in the tragedy. It is recorded of the great Siddons that in the "pray you, love, remember," she gave a curious exhibition of the sudden lapse into intelligence and shrewdness often seen in mad people; she looked at Laertes with a penetrating glance that seemed to dispel for a moment the cloud of her insanity, leaving a very weird and harrowing effect on the minds of her spectators. The sculptor's conception in this statue is entirely different. It is the tenderness and hapless lot of the young noblewoman that he would represent; he shrouds her all about with sadness and beauty and the premonition of doom, and prepares us for her imminent fate, as she will sing and drown among the willows of the brook.

The statue of "Nydia, the Blind Girl of Pompeii," by Randolph Rogers, was contributed by its present owner, Mr. James Douglas, likewise the possessor of the before-mentioned figure of "Ruth," by the same artist. Mr. Rogers is a native of Virginia. Tall, distinguished in appearance, and a delightful companion, he is one of the indispensable members of the American colony at Rome. His "Nydia," which has been so great a favorite with his countrymen that he has had to execute a number of *repliche*, illustrates the heroine of Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." The preface to that work will explain to the reader how the novelist conceived the idea of depicting a blind maiden as a participant in the catastrophe of the Vesuvian city, her habits of activity under her affliction giving her an advantage in the hour of sudden night.

MEDIA THE BLIND GIRL OF POMPEII

Around this thought of the superiority of an intelligent blind person in time of darkness, suggested to the novelist in conversation, he has with incom-



Signor Borghi, Sculp.

Rienzi.

parable constructive ability made to revolve the whole procession of Pompeiian discoveries as we see them, as well as the plot of an ingenious love-tale. In Mr. Rogers' statue we see the sightless slave hurrying through the streets of

Pompeii, never heeding the falling column that the disturbance has hurled at her very feet, and intently listening for every trace that will guide her to her Greek lover. The figure perfectly represents the act of walking by the sense of the ear, not of the sight. Mr. Rogers has been a very successful practitioner in his beautiful art. He is the designer of the bronze doors (cast at Munich) of the new extension of the capitol, at Washington, representing the life of Columbus. He was selected to carry out the designs by Crawford of the Washington Monument at Richmond, Virginia. His "Angel of Resurrection" decorates the Colt Monument, at Hartford, Connecticut. He is likewise the sculptor of the monument to Lincoln in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; the Michigan Soldiers' Monument, and the Soldiers' Monument in Providence, Rhode Island. It may be mentioned as a curious juxtaposition, showing how high an order of talent can be found stooping to a subordinate position in impoverished Italy, that Mr. Rogers had with him for a long time, as assistant, the sculptor of the "Telegram of Love" and "Africaine" (see pages 32 and 40)—Professor Caroni.

Thackeray, in "The Newcomes," praises "Sir Bulwer Lytton's delightful story, which has become the history of Pompeii"—thus atoning in his latter days for the unmerciful ridicule he heaped on "Bulwig" in his youth. But Thackeray sees a comic side to the tragedy of the town. "What would be a better figure than Pliny's mother, whom the historian describes as exceedingly corpulent, and walking away from the catastrophe with slaves holding cushions behind her, to shield her plump person from the cinders?" This deriding notice of the misfortunes of a historical family is merely quoted for the grain of actuality it contains, in instancing the only available defences which in that day of peril were found convenient. The bewildered inhabitants of Pompeii, fleeing from their homes, seized the pillows from the bed-room and the cushions from the triclinium, as the obvious protection against a shower of cinders. These homely shields could not well be represented in art, but Guarnerio has suggested something of the kind in the figure of the cowering Pompeiian girl who draws her tunic over her head, and who may be followed by attendants carrying the cushions really employed. The statue illustrating "The Last Day of Pompeii" (page 305)—by Guarnerio, whose contributions we have so liberally and with so much justice cited—forms a fitting *pendant* to that of Mr. Rogers, as showing

WEST WIND

U. S. International Exhibition 1876.

A Feyen-Perrin, Pinx.

Fisherman's Wife and Son.

another phase of the calamity. While the "Nydia" expresses above all the darkness and the perplexity in finding one's way throughout a city overwhelmed, the statue of the Italian sculptor expresses the suffocation and the lethargy. His figure of the terrified victim is huddled as if in a corner, crouching, hesitating and afraid to move. If she steps, it is with the shifting and doubling pace of the hunted creature, who feels the toil closing around her.

Dedicated to the illustration of a corresponding epoch, though of widely different feeling, is "The Amulet Seller," a large and brilliant painting by the Russian artist, Henry Semiradsky. Our etcher has been uncommonly successful in the plate. Semiradsky is one of the young painters who have established themselves in Rome, and support that new, brilliant "Roman School" of painting which subsists on the traditions and example of Fortuny. "The Amulet Seller" was the largest and most important work of this dazzling clique contributed to the Centennial Exposition. Indeed, there has not been seen in America any other example in life-size of that rich mode of coloring, practised by Fortuny, and of which the style is continued in the little masterpieces of Alvares, and Boldini, and Simonetti. Our painter has cemented together, like the bird that makes its nest out of the gayest materials it can steal, a sort of rich hotch-potch of every kind of lustrous and shining marble, gorgeous tissue, and glittering jewel. In front, we see a flashing heap of *bijoux*—ropes of pearl, onyx boxes, and enamels set in gold; then, two fair Roman women, in the rich Eastern tissues introduced by the emperors who succeeded the Cæsars; in the hand of one of them is a dark peacock fan; these figures are relieved against the polished variegated marbles of a Roman atrium, whose fountain is decorated by the beautiful group of the Fawn and Infant Bacchus, now at Naples. In the midst, like a bronze statue, crouches a Nubian peddler, who has traveled all the way from the Nile to sell these haughty dames the talismans and amulets of the Egyptian mythology. It was under the Flavian emperors,—*parvenus* of base extraction,—that the taste for oriental religions was especially developed in Rome. Under these—under Vespasian, Titus and Domitian—the Eastern faiths, including Judaism, struck firm root in the Latin soil, notwithstanding the Roman conquests and persecutions in Syria. The prevalence of our own faith in Europe is directly connected with this Roman yearning for religious mysteries, more subtle and subjective than the gross

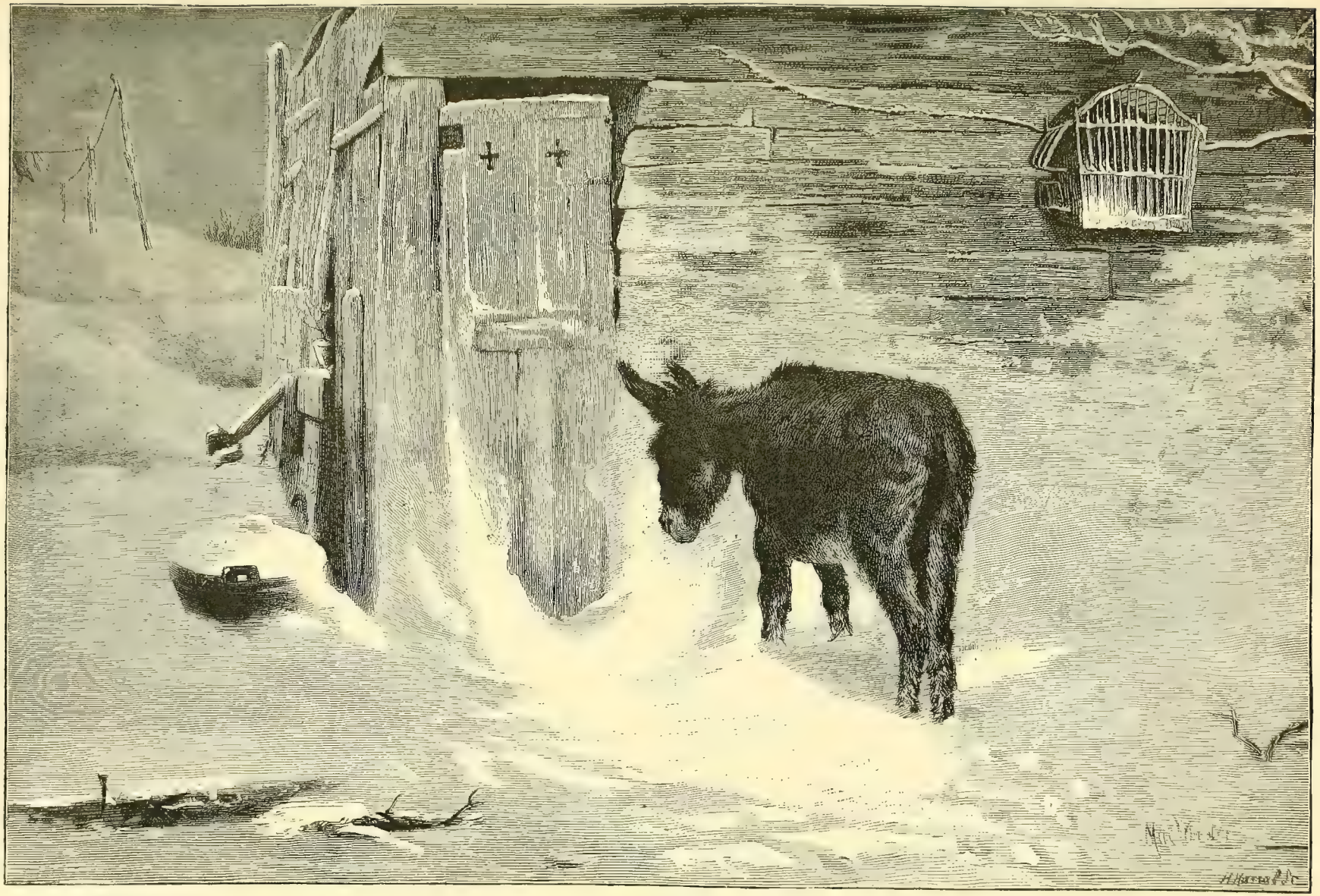
Emile Laporte, Pinx.

Harvest Scene.

idol-worship of the heathen priests. The Imperial City, wearied with its excesses, was turning away from its teachers, and asking for wisdom from the East. Juvenal had represented the "sly Jewess," pouring the hints of her religion into the mistress's ear while occupied about the toilet. By the "Jewess," Juvenal, to whom such distinctions were unknown, may have meant the Christian; and even the dusky African of this picture, intently whispering some charm above the gem he is showing to these stately dames, is not a figure to be wholly despised in the providential succession of historical influences. He and his like played their part in stirring a current of mysticism and reverie, deep down under the exterior hardness of the Roman mind, which was ultimately to lead to the worship of the One,—and then to Christianity.

The last school of artists which we would voluntarily seem to neglect would be the small and select band of contributors from Russia. No other set of exhibitors conferred on the Art Department a more striking and individual set of works. We have described one of these Russian paintings—Semiradsky's. We now wish to call attention to another work from a subject of the Czar, the "Old Russian Couple," by Nicolas Zagorsky (page 297). We are now wafted to the interior of an *izba*, or Russian peasant's habitation. The peasant of the country, or *moujik*, is here seen, not drunk, as in the sculpture by Godebsky illustrated on page 217, but in his right mind and clothed; his boots are so huge that he may be said to be interred in them; and his flowing shirt-sleeves are of a peculiar cut. He is occupied in breaking loaf-sugar, from the original mass of it on the floor by his side; for this he uses the pincers, with prongs terminating in balls, ordinarily employed for the purpose. At his elbow his good wife sits at the *samovar*, whence she draws the family tea, not into cups, but into tumblers. The cat waits expectant, with a vigilance that would almost seem to be unspoiled by selfish aims, for the tea and sugar will not do her much good. It is a pretty piece of Darby and Joan life from the banks of the Neva.

Mr. Nordenberg transports us to Sweden, with his "Wedding in a Country Church" (pages 246–7). It is a homely, pleasant scene, with the peculiar innocuousness of the village type plainly stamped on every countenance. In this rustic temple,—so different from our Fifth Avenue congregations,—all the congregation know each other, and all will presently adjourn to dance at the



J. MacWhirter, Pinx.

Out in the Cold.

feast. The kneeling couple receive the benediction of the clergyman, whose mind is already running, it may be, on the chosen slice of fat goose that will presently be his portion at the wedding-table. The hobbledehoy who holds up the evergreen is already practising the glances of courtship on the innocent gawk of a school-girl whose large hand is decorated with an unaccustomed glove and a bouquet. A very charming group, in this region, is the pair of pleased and sober-sided parents, by no means without a kind of unpretending dignity, who guard between their knees the little demure maiden who sits on the kneeling-cushion and attends to her nosegay of sweet country flowers. Mr. Nordenburg's work, somewhat defective in color, rather gains by our large and careful engraving.

M. Auguste Bartholdi is a craftsman born to petrify the world of men with astonishment, and turn them into a world of statues. With true Alsatian energy (he is a native of Colmar) he flies about the globe in a predestinated way, dropping colossi from his pockets as he hovers, affixing bas-reliefs to the top of a church-steeple in Boston, planting a lion as big as a hill on the rock at Belfort in the Vosges, gratifying New York with a statue of Lafayette, and offering to Fairmount Park that titanic Hand of Liberty whose tremendous finger-nails were reflected in the shuddering waters of the Lake. Unable to do justice to the alarming versatility of this inexhaustible producer, who formed an Exposition within an Exposition by the variety of his contributions at Philadelphia, we content ourselves with representing one of his quieter subjects, more pleasing perhaps because more unpretending. His "Young Vine-Grower," a bronze design for a fountain (see engraving on page 243) was exhibited in the middle of the principal French room in Memorial Hall. It is too simple to need explanation. The strapping young vintner, fatigued with his work of treading out the grapes, sits down panting on a stump, his dog beside him, and drinks from a keg of new wine, which he lifts with a free action in his hands. In the fountain when complete, a stream would run from the bung-hole of the keg directly into the open mouth of the figure: this was represented in the specimen on exhibition by a slender thread of glass. It is a graceful thought gracefully expressed. This is not the place to speak of M. Bartholdi's intentions and performances in detail,—of his projected Washington Monument, of his projected Statue of Liberty, of his public fountains, his oil-paintings, his

H. S. Mork., Finx.

The Ornithologist.

plaster-casts. The disconcerting thing about him is that, so prolific, so Protean, his works are yet full of merit in every instance.

The skill of French painters in delineating the figure is shown even in a subject so overpoweringly o'ershadowed with landscape as Guillon's Monastery-Garden, engraved on page 279. Here, among these colossal, sponge-like trees, solid with years of tufted growth in the balmy *Midi*, the interest of the scene they overshadow is immensely enhanced by the presence, at first hardly discovered, of the stealing figures of the monks. You pick them out by ones and twos and threes at a time, wherever the sylvan shadow is darkest and vaguest; here descending a solitary path, lonely as Dante in the by-ways of Florence; here loitering near a bench; here grouped beside the narrow monastery-wall, over which they look with irrepressible longing, upon that world whose fields are whitening to the harvest. The whole sentiment of this very able picture depends upon the skill which is thrown into the minute human figures; in part, upon the very minuteness of those figures, for it is important to the solemnity of the trees that they should look gigantic. These cherry-stone carvings of statuesque monks are done with a purpose and with expression: and no wonder they succeed; for M. Guillon, before making himself a landscapist, studied human anatomy and figure-painting with all care, under the great painter of *Le Soir*, M. Gleyre.

The Eastern group called "The Sentinel," engraved on page 275, is by Albert Maignan, who sent besides to the Exposition a "Helen at the Fountain," and "The God of the Woods." Like Gérôme's "Muezzin," this composition gains in originality by its singular outlook from the roof of a building. On the summit of some fortress, such a stronghold as has been manned and watched with equal anxiety many a day by the soldiers of the Turk during the present invasion of the Russians, the Sentinel and a pair of soldiers are turning their heads towards the bay that washes their citadel. The group, armed to the teeth, gives the artist a welcome opportunity to expatiate on that bric-à-brac which painters love—the helmet with its chain-cape, the yataghan, the inlaid pistols, the shield, the battle-ax. High over the fort rise the horrible poles, set with strong butchers' hooks, upon which are exposed the heads of the enemy. One of these is even now festering there, among the wheeling birds of prey. Amid the lower types and baser natures represented in this

F. E. Hodgson, Pinx.

Returning the Salute.

vivid picture, we are interested in the calm scrutiny and thoughtful mien of the Sentinel. Charged with a higher duty, he outwatches his baser companions. Perhaps his loftier mind is sent out towards the future and towards the North, where a mighty and jealous foe is gathering; and he may calculate the chances of resistance, and the length of days that may be granted to his nation among the peoples of the earth.

Of more serious excellence and graver effort is the "Spinning-Girl of Megarâ" (see page 291), by Louis Ernest Barrias, of Paris—a figure that was cast in silver-bronze, and placed in one of the long galleries of the Art-Annex. Placed upon a beautiful ottoman of silver, which represents oriental inlaid-work, the maiden sits cross-legged upon her low pedestal, her lap covered with fine and semi-classical folds of drapery. Her right hand twirls the spindle, her left is lifted high with the distaff. Something of the old Greek grace and simplicity—the simplicity of the heroines of Homer—must be yet lingering among the villagers of this half-way station between Athens and Corinth. Although she wears Turkish ornaments and sits on a Turkish seat, this damsel addresses herself to her task with the free-limbed elegance of one of Penelope's handmaidens.

"Carrick Shore," of which we give the engraving on page 287, was one of those obliging loans with which the Royal Academy illustrated the history and the evolution, as well as the present development, of British art. The painter of this scene, like several of those upon the English catalogue, is no longer among the living. William Daniell died in 1837, at the age of sixty-four years. For a long time he traveled in India, with another painter—to wit, his uncle—engaged in the preparation of a series of Eastern views, of which, however, our artist executed by far the larger part. The joint work of the nephew and uncle appeared in 1808, in six volumes, under the title of "Oriental Scenery." The agreeable reminiscence of the Scotch coast which we publish, with its picturesque castle and far-stretching ocean distance, is one which will be the more welcome because those who know Daniell at all, know him best as a delineator of tropical scenes.

Théodore Furmois, a Belgian painter of repute, died at Ixelles in 1871. We present on page 289 a copy of his excellent picture of "The Mill," or, as its fuller title has it, "Le Moulin en Campine." It is a peaceful, happy scene—the ancient mill, patched and mended, but good for service yet, and deriving

moral support from the neighboring tuft of oaks that, like itself, were once better thatched and showed fewer bare beams to the sky. Close by the wheel sits a boy, watching the slow system of paddles going round, and wondering how so much work can be really done by all that systematic laziness, that eternal drag of unwilling strength, as exemplified in the heavy following of one huge dripping step after the other. The ducks plash in the pond, the broad fields shine in the sun, and Youth sits lingering and looking, unconscious that the mill-wheel is a gigantic and inexorable clock, slowly turning off his best and happiest hours, to be succeeded by hours of toil, and hardship—and memory.

Pompeii.

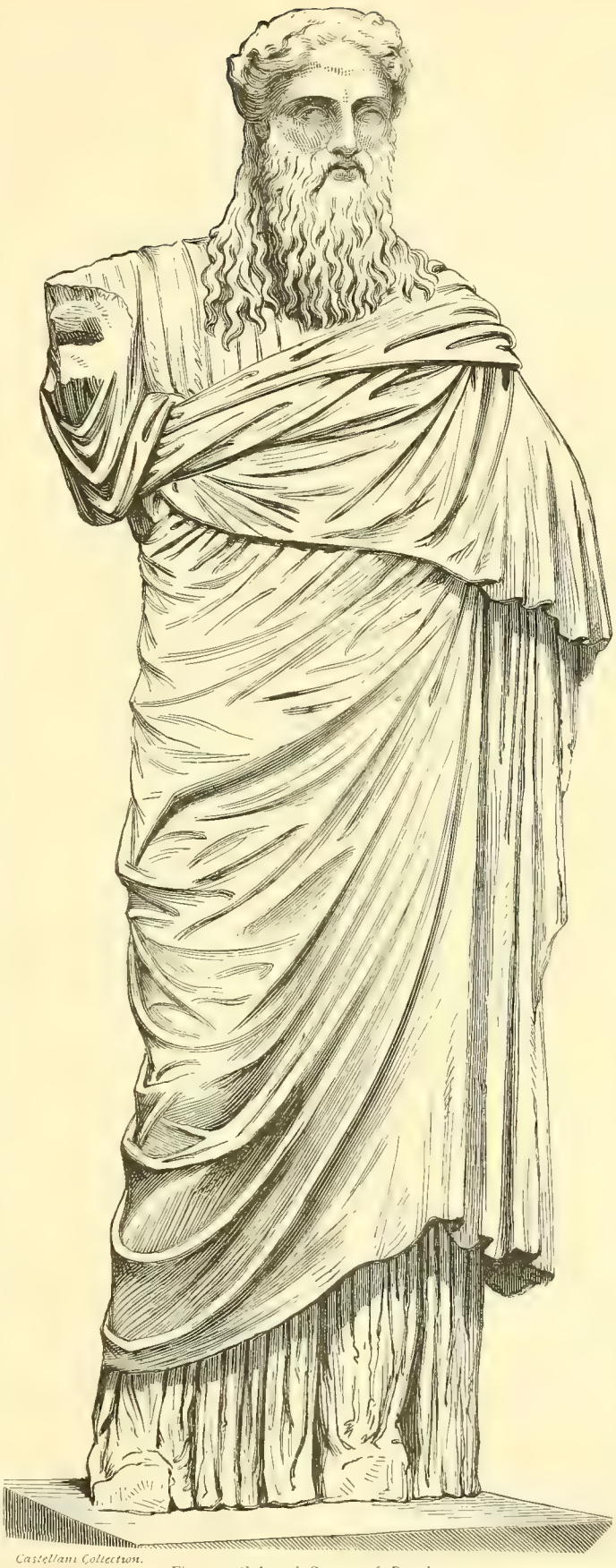
Vive la Bagatelle! is a watchword that has rescued many a victim of indigestion, and we relieve the pressure of our more tragic illustrations by the copy of Signor Enrico Braga's statue of a "Mountebank" (page 293). This figure takes us into the wild folly of the Neapolitan throng on the Marinella. A lively young fellow, in the Italian street-juggler's costume, makes

his trained dog leap over a whip. As the astute creature, with that air of intense repressed excitement peculiar to the trained dog in his hour of business, goes backward and forward over the obstruction, the trainer also starts from side to side without moving his feet, throwing his body almost out of balance, as the clever sculptor has observed and recorded.

A beautiful Holland costume has been studied for us in the picture we engrave on page 295—"Fisherman's Wife of the Zuyder Zee." The artist, Félix Cogen, is a Belgian, born at St. Nicolas, and now residing at Brussels. The painting we illustrate is devoted to the old quiet subject of suspense—the patience that can only linger and yearn, while the horizon is clouded, and the gathering haze prepares a storm that may separate the anxious watcher and her mate for ever. Many a poor fishwife has thus waited, through the lingering hours of evening, while "the blinding mist came down and hid the land," for the glimpse of a sail that has never appeared. Meanwhile the happy sea-birds, whose mates can freely travel with them, come flying out of the impenetrable fog, bringing life but no intelligence. The simple peasant looks at the clustering birds, and thinks it hard that they can pass so easily from her husband's boat, and chirp and chatter, but cannot tell. The women of the coasts of Brittany have a lugubrious song which they sing to the sea-gulls, the *goëlands*: "Oh, *goëlands, goëlands*, bring us back our husbands!" It is a curious thing that, while painters and sculptors are constantly representing the wives and families of fishermen, so few poets have taken them for a theme. There is no more poignant situation for the imagination to work upon than that daily separation of fond bridegroom and bride when the risk is always death. In other crafts, when the good woman sends off her husband to his work, with well packed kit and parting kiss, she can count on a reasonable certainty of meeting again at eventide. But the fisherman's wife dismisses her husband to the elements that hate man openly—the storm that is ever trying to wreck him, and the sea that always wants to drown.

Upon those rocks the waves shall beat
With the same low and murmuring strain,
Across those waves, with glancing feet,
The sunset rays shall seek the main,
But when together shall they meet
Upon that hither shore again?

A softer aspect of the same relation of loving and waiting is shown by M. Feyen-Perrin (see page 301). Here we have two figures—"The Fisherman's Wife and Child." This time the sky is a promise of long-continuing calm, and the sea is glass. The fisher's young wife sits on the quay. In the distance we see the sardine-boats gaily standing in to shore, an argument that soon the boat, the vessel that holds her heart in it, shall grate against the rough granite wharf, and tie to that rusty iron ring that hangs at her feet. Meantime the young mother clasps the head of her child to her bosom, and looks down upon her offspring as if it were an omen of security. *Can* the elements be malignant when such a fine babe is waiting to be dandled by its father? Mothers have an imperious reasoning for such cases of the heart, and surely the heavens will never be so monstrously illogical as to hinder the completing of such a happy group. The canvas of M. Feyen-Perrin is excellently brushed, in a somewhat



Castellani Collection.

Fig. 5.—Colossal Statue of Bacchus.

larger and bolder style than the same artist's picture of "Melancholy" we represented on page 57.

The statue of Cola di Rienzi, by Ambrogio Borghi, of Milan (page 299), represents that "last of Romans" while still a boy, "mewing his mighty youth," to use the words of Milton, and crouching meditatively in his seat, like an eagle ready to swoop upon the prey, or a lion about to spring. This piece of sculpture has a higher purpose and a better style than the one we lately (page 281) introduced by the same artist, "The Mother's Treasure." Modern Rome and its environs are full of localities which the cicerone points out as connected with the great liberator of the fourteenth century. Between the Ghetto and the Temple of Vesta we see the strange house he lived in, and which he stuck over with old statues and bric-à-brac, as Scott did Abbotsford—Rienzi's reminiscences of his studies of antiquities along with Petrarch. In the Lateran Basilica we are shown the ancient Roman font in which he bathed, the night before he showed himself to the Romans in the full insignia of knighthood, and summoned the Pope and the electors of Germany to appear before him. By this sacrilege—for the font had been consecrated by the baptism of Charlemagne—his own soldiers believed that he prepared his downfall. At St. Angelo in Pescheria, about the same time, he passed a night of vigils, to issue thence in armor, with the Pope's vicar in his train. To the door of St. Giorgio in Velabro he nailed the parchment announcing that the Romans were going to return to their "good estate." Going out of the Lateran after his bath, the gilded nostrils of the great equestrian statue we still admire on the Capitol were made to flow with wine and water for the festival of his confirmation as Tribune. At Tivoli we see the public square of St. Lorenzo, where he harangued the people, and at Palestrina the stout old fortress he was unable to take, so ably was it defended by the haughty scion of one of those old Roman patrician families he chiefly warred against, a Colonna of the period. Twice made Tribune, he died "like a rat in a hole" (as Bulwer makes him say) in a popular *émeute*, in 1354. Visitors to the Centennial noticed an impressive picture of the death of Rienzi in Mr. Topham's canvas, in the large room of the British exhibit. Italian sculptors are great revolutionists and liberty-lovers, and the selection of Rienzi for his subject by Signor Borghi is on a par with the various topics, all representing the youth or incipiency of rebellion, of which samples

were seen in the Young Franklin, Young Washington, Moses breaking the Crown of Pharaoh, Young Hannibal, and the maturer portraits of Mazzini and Garibaldi: every one of them contributions to the eloquence of anti-Roman independence, and as full of revolutionary meaning as the editorials of any Communist newspaper. The chisel of Young Italy, until lately one of the last resources of free expression, reveals strange readings between the lines, and knows how to direct its strokes in the way of protest. We recur for another

Castellani Antiques.

Fig. 14.—Boy Extracting a Thorn.

glance to Borghi's statue, reminded that it is not only meant as a work of art, but as a *pamphlet:* we see that an inscription has been carved upon its base—at once a cognomen and a tutelary watchword—

"Then turn we to the latest Tribune's name,
From Rome's ten thousand Tyrants turn to thee,
Redeemer of dark centuries of shame,
The friend of Petrarch, hope of Italy,
Rienzi, last of Romans and their chief,
Her new-born Numa thou, with reign, alas! too brief!"

The simple methods of antiquity, stupid and charming as when men of the Stone Age first struck them out from savagery, still obtain in many parts of

Western France. In Brittany to-day, scythes are sharpened by hammering out the edge upon a little portable anvil; and winnowing is done by emptying out wheat and chaff on a windy morning, after the grain has been trodden by the family cow on a floor of beaten dirt, cemented together by the cow's own contributions, in a style we cannot more particularly describe. From this dirt floor comes the inordinate share of grit which distinguishes the wheat of that part of the country; the miller of Montfermeil, in *Les Misérables*, speaks of "the gravel which abounds in certain grains, especially in Breton grain." These primitive ways of working are always the delight of the artist, and Emile Laporte has made a striking group of his two peasant girls, standing in a breezy open space by the sea-shore, to shake out the grain from the large sieves, which falls all around, enveloping the winnower with the drops of a golden fountain. We present an engraving of this picture on page 303. M. Laporte, a Paris artist, exhibited also at the Centennial Fair a Grape-gathering scene, which was hung near the present painting. He is, we believe, the son of Emile Henri Laporte, painter of a "Faust and Marguerite," who is mentioned as his sole instructor.

We will now pay our duty to certain British artists, whose works did much to excite the interest and sympathy of a home-bred American crowd. In the large Gallery D of Memorial Hall, so imposing to the throng from the weight and mass of its juxtaposed *chefs-d'œuvre*, three whimsical subjects were often dwelt upon with delighted attention by even the careless Gallios of the picture-visitors.

"Returning the Salute" is by J. E. Hodgson, an Associate of the Royal Academy, who also contributed "A Needy Knife-Grinder." The picture we illustrate represents to the life the happy-go-lucky, ramshackle dignities kept up in the ports of the "Porte." Time was when the Moslem navy, comprised under the convenient name of "the Algerines," was the terror of European commerce. The British Female would scarcely trust herself even to make the necessary voyage to India in search of a husband; she had only a precarious choice before her—either to be sunk and drowned with her favorite lap-dog by "the Algerines," or, scarcely better, to become the bride of a Bey, or a Dey, or a Sofi, or some equally vague and uncomfortable dignitary. Now the glory of Islam's navy has departed, and the old war-like port-cities can hardly muster

a sound cannon with which to fire a salute. In Mr. Hodgson's picture a vessel entering the harbor, and politely saluting from its well-cleaned, varnished and sharp-bellowing caronades, makes it necessary that the compliment should be

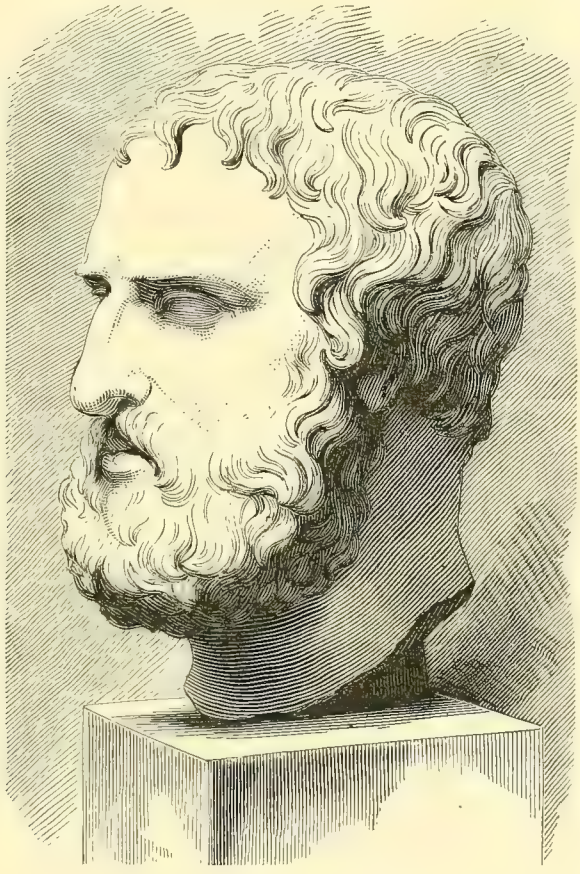


Fig. 10.—Bust of Euripides.

returned. The old crazy cannon is loaded with a heavy charge; the sons of Mohammed look on expectant, from a safe distance;

> "Whiskered and brown their cheeks are;
> Enormous wide their breeks are;"

the military commander pronounces the word "Fire!" or whatever, in the language of the Faithful, corresponds to that incendiary command. The negro who bears the linstock advances, *multum reluctans;* arriving near the piece of

ordnance he hesitates, and will go no farther; then the commander pokes him in the rear with the point of his yataghan; then the gigantic coward crawls step by step to the touch-hole, shielding his face with the palm of his hand, as a cook protects herself from a hot stove. It is a scene of oriental ceremony which appeals to every one by its side of excessive personal prudence. Nobody could help laughing at it. In our opinion, however, the negro is quite right; for the gun will infallibly burst.

Mr. Henry Stacy Marks, another Associate, contributed two pictures of goodly size and of taking subject. One was called "The Ornithologist," and represented the man of profound bird-lore—himself a capital piece of characterization—in the seclusion of his house, surrounded by every kind of winged biped that can be found in the aviaries of the Zoological Garden. The great variety and abundance of the birds introduced into his picture gave Mr. Marks a chance to show his own uncommon erudition in this kind of matters; the ornithologic specimens were carefully discriminated and learnedly drawn. Amongst them all, elated with the study of his latest favorite, the Ornithologist resembled Dominie Samson amid the books. The picture, though chalky and hard, was distinguished by some very skillful designing and fanciful grouping, while in expression and originality it was most conspicuous. Mr. Marks' other subject was called "The Three Jolly Post-Boys." They were sitting at an inn-table, chaffing and being chaffed by the bar-maid. N. P. Willis used to wonder at the eternal youth of post-boys, but these were elderly though well-preserved men, hard of feature and shrunken and chapped and baked by eternally riding in the wind, while some Rabelaisian fund of "smartness" in the soul kept them forever juvenile and downy. We present an engraving of the first-mentioned of Mr. Marks' contributions.

From three subjects sent to Philadelphia by J. MacWhirter, of London, we select that known as "Out in the Cold" because of the appeal it makes—we dare not say the fellow-feeling it creates—within the heart and consciousness of every one. We do not pretend to state just why it is, but people will melt to the pathos of donkey-subjects, in art or literature, sooner than they will to any other. We know a lady whose husband possesses an excellent painting of donkeys by Robbe, the Belgian animalist. When the gentleman is about to go to his business in the morning she kisses him, of course, and then,

without a thought of the paradox, as soon as the parlor is a scene of loneliness she goes and kisses the noses of those donkeys in succession. How much more is the donkey a sympathetic creature when locked out, on the wrong side of the stable, alone with the frost, like Lear with the thunder. Lear's storm, by-the-bye, was a delicious, tepid, enviable sudarium, as proved by the

Castellani Antiques.

Fig. 9.—Head of Bacchus, Greek.

allusions to harvest in the play; it was an august luxury; a Roman epicure would have begrudged it him. But the donkey, as dramatized by MacWhirter, has a much more real grievance than the king of tragedy, for he is out in the cold with no gloves or boots on. Mr. MacWhirter, then, has well chosen a theme, if popularity is his aim. We observe, even in literature, that a pathetic writer who would introduce a masterly episode goes to work and describes a donkey. Look at Sterne. If Sterne had taken a sheep, or a dog, or a mule,

nobody would remember the passage. The donkey is appointed by nature and fate as the model that is to sit to us for our masterpieces. Southey tried to celebrate a pig, Wordsworth a goldfish, and their efforts are hardly remembered. Ruskin somewhere asks if any Christian can explain the trials of a cab-horse. If he had said a donkey, he would have achieved his immortality as a writer—and given us a text for our picture!

The Castellani Antiques.—One of the most fascinating departments of the Paris World's Fair of 1867—that entitled the "History of Labor," and exhibiting the finer results of human ingenuity from the earliest ages,—was not systematically imitated in the Philadelphia Exposition. Its place was approximately filled, however, by the collections of a single exhibitor, Signor Alessandro Castellani, of Rome.

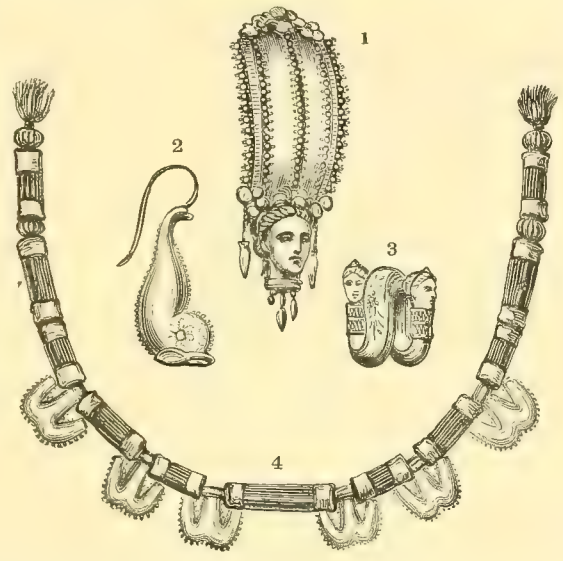
Castellani has long been known as the most artistic of modern jewelers. He is such a classic in Italy, that travelers of education would as soon miss one of the fine galleries of paintings as the magnificent display of antique jewels and their modern imitations spread out in the splendid shop kept by himself and his brother on the Piazza di Spagna. His name has even been immortalized in poetry. Mr. Browning's wonderful story of "The Ring and the Book" opens with the following lines:—

> "You see this Ring? 'Tis Rome work, made to match—
> B. Castellani's best achievement
> Etrurian circlets found, some happy morn,
> After a day's spring April: found alive
> Spark-like 'mid unearthed slope-side fig-tree roots
> That ... of old men's ... Chiusi: soft, you see,
> Yet crisp as jewel-cutting."

Castellani is not only a jeweler; the treasures of "old tombs at Chussi" and other repositories of antique art are interesting to him not alone as models for his clever workmen, but intrinsically for their antiquarian interest. He is a collector and an archæologist as well as a craftsman. In the course of years, advantage being taken of his position in the midst of the excavations and discoveries of Italian treasure-hunters, he has bought and amassed a wonderful collection of relics of undoubted antiquity. The whole of his valuable museum he was generous enough to bring over to America; and no part of the Expo-

sition attracted such solid crowds of admirers as the Castellani collection in Memorial Hall. Etruscan gold-work; Greek and Roman jewelry; engraved gems, seals, cameos, intagli; Byzantine enamels and Papal signets; old bronzes; Greek marble statuary, in a few well-selected specimens; and a splendid ceramic collection, made up the wealth of this splendid horde. We present engravings of several of the specimens, leaving to the recollection of the visitor the vastly larger number of *curios* which our space does not permit us to illustrate.

No. 1 represents a single ear-ring of gold, of which the mate is not in the collection. It is in pure Greek taste, though found in Italy; being either an importation, or manufactured by a Greek artist on Italian soil. The date assigned to it is 350 B.C. It is of enormous size, being about four inches in length, and per-haps was never worn, being found as a votive offering in a Roman tomb. It consists of a curved plate of gold, bearing several stripes of minute rosettes executed in grain-work soldered on to the plate; so admirable is the soldering, that none of these minute beads have been loosened by the action of time. The pendant is a beautiful Greek face, showing the symmetry of the best period, from whose mimic necklace hang the amphoræ or wine-jars. Its size, grace and good preservation make this object exceedingly attractive.



Castellani Antiques.

Fig. 1. Gold Ear-ring, Greek design. *Fig. 3. Helix-shaped Ornament.*
" 2. Dolphin Venus Ear-ring. *" 4. Necklace, B. C. 700.*

No. 2, of which the original is about two inches long, is one of a pair of ear-rings in the collection, representing the dolphins which were emblematic of Venus as a goddess sprung from the sea. The eyes, fins and other details of the figure are executed in the professional materials of the jeweler's art, instead of by engraving or moulding; that is to say, they are sketched upon the smooth surface by lines of rope-work, applied and soldered on. The minute gold cords of which this rope-work consists, so delicate yet so even, and so

firmly soldered as to become quite homogeneous with the body of the object, constitute the grand technical superiority of antique jewelry, in which no modern artisan has even made an approximate approach to the ancients until Castellani's time. The date of this object is about the same as that of the above-mentioned votive ear-ring; the place of its discovery, Tarentum in Calabria.

No. 3 is one of a pair of objects from Metapontum, whose precise application has been a matter of question among the archæologists. These ornaments generally consist of hollow tubes of gold (though specimens of massive gold have been found), filled in with copper so as to be completely solid, and variously ornamented, but always bent around so as to form a helix-shaped coil, like a turn and a half of the thread of a screw. The present examples are decorated at the middle of the bend with pretty floral designs, and each of them is finished at the two ends with very beautiful and refined female heads; these four heads seem to wear, themselves, similar ornaments applied as ear-rings. The coils, however, from their size, could not be run *through* the ears; and it is difficult to imagine just how they could be attached. Signor Castellani himself was wont to declare that he had never been able to solve this difficulty to his satisfaction until he inspected the Phœnician statuary dug up in the island of Cyprus by the American consul, General Cesnola, and by him brought over to this country. Several of these statues wear ear-rings resembling the helix-shaped ornaments represented in No. 3; and Signor Castellani, after inspecting them, became convinced that the ancients, taking advantage of the softness of the metal, simply compressed the lobe of the ear between two turns of the coil, which clung by its own elasticity. Some of the coins of Sicily, and of that part of Italy settled by the early Greeks and called Greater Greece, show finely engraved heads wearing on their ears what appear to be silver pendants. It is not quite certain, however, that this theory of their application is the right one, or even that they are ear-rings. General Cesnola, in speaking of the very same statues which formed the evidence of Signor Castellani (and whose rude workmanship leaves such small details mainly conjectural), argues that the ear-rings of double coil there represented are seen at right-angles to the direction they would assume if applied as his compatriot

Castellani Antiques.

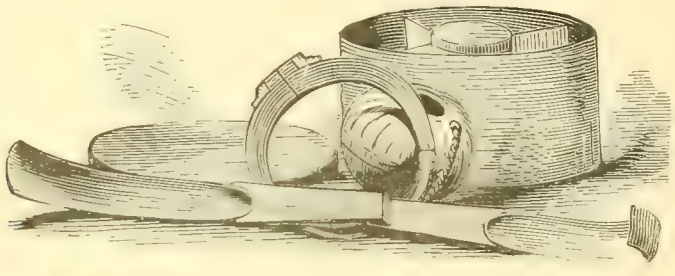
Fig. 6. — Roman Bondsman's Badge of Slavery.

supposes. A great number of similar objects were found in Cyprus by our consul, forming part of the "Curium Treasure." These objects, sometimes plain and sometimes ornamented like our specimen, have attracted the notice of antiquarians, and, as the simplest subject becomes tantalizing so long as it cannot be explained, essays have been written to investigate the purpose of the "helix-coils" General Cesnola, in considering the plainer specimens, imagined that they were "ring-money," from the fact of their being found deposited in large quantities in a treasure-house where no coins of any other kind were found. But this theory is unsatisfactory to a British antiquarian, C. W. King, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, a specialist in antique gems. The latter archæologist reasons that if the coils were ring-money they would be solid, whereas the majority show the copper openly appearing at each end, either from the ornaments having dropped off, or from none having ever existed. "A little light seems thrown on the difficulty," says Mr. King, "by two words of Homer, who in describing the brooch fastening Ulysses' mantle, says it 'was made with *double pipes*, and in front there was a figure in relief.'" He thereupon concludes that the Greeks passed the ends of their draperies through these circlets, as modern gentlemen pass their cravats through a scarf-ring. To our mind, the abundance of projecting filigree-work about many of the specimens precludes this use of them, which would quickly bend and break the fragile ornamentation. Perhaps the best theory is one which Mr. King himself offers as an alternative: the rings may have been used to confine the tresses of hair, which primitive Athenians of both sexes were in the habit of collecting, and fastening with a gold grasshopper or other ornament. For this use the decorated rings would be very serviceable; and there is no difficulty offered by the fact of their being

Fig. 7.—Actor with Comic Mask, in Terra-cotta.

found in pairs, as in the case of the specimen we illustrate, considering that the early Greeks wore matched tresses descending from each temple and falling upon the shoulders.

Fig. 4 is the most ancient object we illustrate. It is a primitive necklace dating from 700 B. C., and found at Cervetri. It is formed of rods of amber, as thick as a common lead-pencil, set in gold at the extremities; the two end-pieces of the amber are separated by four small bullæ or globe-shaped beads. From the portion in front of the neck hang six ornaments in the shape of the antique anchor or boat-cramp. This marine decoration may have been made



Castellani Museum.

Fig. 3.—Exact Article of a Lady of Ancient Rome.

by an Etruscan jeweler in the days before Italy was called Italy, or it may have been given to a beauty of the peninsula by an enamored ship-captain from Phœnicia. Such an amber and gold necklace is mentioned in the Odyssey, where one of the characters tells how the crafty Phœnician seamen captured him in infancy, and led him into bondage. The child, with his mother and her maidens, was securely sheltered in the house while a company of these Asiatic rovers were visiting the place; the foreign gentry had taken everything on board their ships except the little boy they meant to kidnap. At the last moment, just as they were preparing to leave, one of the sailors entered the mansion where the child's mother sat among her maidens, and gave them a necklace "of amber and gold." While the women-folk were gossiping over the beauty of the necklace, he signed to the young lad's Phœnician nurse, who was his confederate; and the traitress carried him off to the fleet of her country-men, leaving him among the slave-catchers.

Fig. 5, page 313, is the largest object in the Castellani collection, being a colossal statue of Bacchus. It was found in the ruins of the villa of Pollio Vedius

at Posilippo, near Naples—the region where Saint Paul landed on his way to Rome; "and after one day the south wind blew and we came the next day to Puteoli." The pleasure-grounds of the old Roman were diligently searched, as well as the country for a mile around, for the missing arm (originally separate) which is alone necessary to complete this fine figure—a treasure found but a few years back. The Papal government, which by law had the first chance, declined to pay the price demanded by the discoverer, and the prize thereupon fell to the next bidder, Signor Castellani. No such imposing antique has ever been

Fig. 11.—Bronze Mirror.

Fig. 12.--Mirror-Case.

brought to America, the headless Ceres on the façade of the Philadelphia Academy alone bearing any comparison with it. The subject of the colossus is that manifestation of Bacchus which the Greeks fabled as connected with his conquest of India—a bloodless victory, with raving priestesses and mischievous satyrs for an army, and for trophies the vineyards he planted, the philosophy of peace and delight he left, and the communion of the grape. This type of Bacchus is the figure of a philosophy that is truly Indian in its equanimity and magnanimous repose. The partakers of Nature's festival are happy and at one with each other. Accordingly the Indian Bacchus is a figure of benevolence and massive calm; the distinction of sex is obliterated in this exaltation of the

idea of universal peace, and he wears female robes and binds his hair in the female knot, while the long beard which sweeps his breast still gives the hint of a mighty wisdom and a patriarchal goodness. The ties that result from feasting, the harmony of the hospitable table, are poetically magnified in the ideal of Bacchus the Reconciler. Our statue represents a Sage-God—a figure of sublime beauty, with the "two-story" forehead noticed in the heads of Olympian Jupiter—the body completely draped like a Ceres, and the hair effeminately bound in a large clump at the back, while it descends from behind the ears in long ringlets. The marble is Greek, and was therefore an importation among the ornaments of the Roman's country-seat. The execution is of a high, though not the very highest, order of merit. The drapery, while it is nobly cast about the figure, is a little hard about the folds. The face, in unusually perfect preservation, is of careful and very elevated workmanship.

Castellani Antiques.

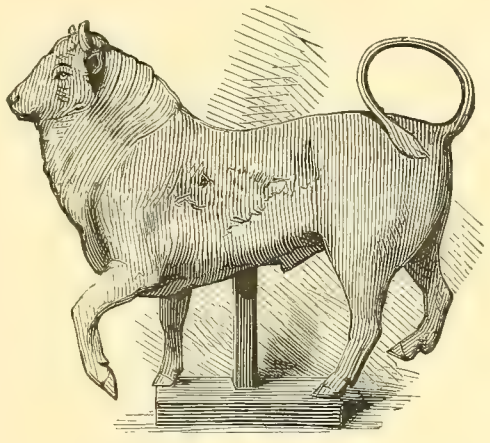
Fig. 13.—Bronze Clasp.

Fig. 6 is a great rarity. It is a Roman bondsman's badge of slavery, and apparently that of a determined lover of freedom, who had twice tried to gain his liberty by the activity of his heels. The original is about twice the diameter of our cut, and as thick as a stout card. This very rare slave's tablet has been illustrated by Prof. De Rossi, of Rome. He informs us that before the time of the Christian emperor Constantine, when an escaped slave was returned to his master, he had the right by law to brand him on his brow with a red-hot stamp, that he might be easily recognized if he tried to repeat his evasion. Constantine passed a law in which he said that, "as on the brow of man was the image of God, no man had a right to touch it; but instead of that, he should rivet a torque around his neck, with a tablet bearing the master's name and residence." On the face of the badge shown in the cut, we read the words, apparently inscribed after a first escape, "Tene me, et revoca me in Foro Martis, ad Maximianum antiquarium." This inscription is placed between two representations of the *Chrismon*, or mark formed of the two first letters of Christ's name, *Chi* and *Rho*. On the reverse we read another inscription, apparently written after he had been sold by Maximianus, and had attempted to escape from a subsequent owner, Elpidius: "Tene me qui afugi, et revoca me in Celimontio, ad domū Elpidüvo Bonoso." We are reminded of the proceeding of Saint Paul, whose beautiful

letter transmitted with the slave Onesimus,—"whom I have sent again,"—and who was perhaps decorated with a similar badge, is a lasting command for masters to welcome their returning domestics, not as culprits, but as brothers in Christianity.

Fig. 7 is a small Roman figure in terra-cotta. An actor has put on a comic mask, at which his little dog barks and leaps upon him. Some Roman theatre-lover has laughed at this toy, even as the modern frequenter enjoys his plaster cast of the Shaughraun and dog Tatters.

The group in Fig. 8 is the *mundus muliebris* or toilet collection of a lady of ancient Rome. The objects are all of silver, but have blackened with time, and Signor Castellani, in the true antiquarian's spirit, prefers to keep them with the evidence of their antiquity upon them, rather than have them polished into commonplace. The pair of spoon-like objects in front are strigils, or scrapers, with which the ancients of both sexes shampooed the skin in the bath; they are both attached, like keys to a ring, to the circular spring seen immediately behind them. Back of the ring is a globular vase for ointment, also of silver; and behind this is a round silver box of four compartments, for cosmetics, with its lid alongside.

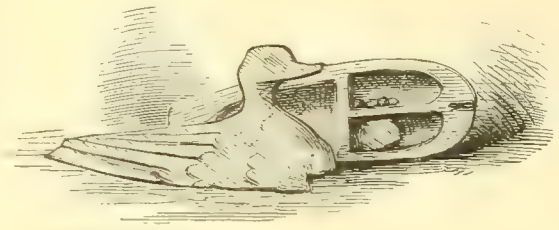


Bronze Bull found at Chiusi.

With Fig. 9 we revert to the collection of antique marbles. It is a Greek head of uncommon beauty, somewhat larger than life, the original scarcely suffering in effect from the fact that, like the best of ancient statues, it has lost the tip of the nose. The subject, like Fig. 5, is Bacchus, as proved from the remains of the ivy-wreath around the hair; yet it is not the Indian, but the *young* Bacchus, divested of all the self-contradicting emblems of mysticism, and represented simply as a lovely youth, at the age when the suavity of the forms approaches most nearly to a feminine aspect. The eyes are hollowed out, to receive those gray or azure gems with which the ancients often counterfeited

the limpidity of the iris, but which, in all such specimens, have fallen out from the disintegrating influence of time.

Fig. 10 is a marble portrait-bust of the tragedian Euripides, of vigorous character and in perfect preservation. It is remarkable for a slight depression at the end of the nose, which does not appear in the portraits engraved by Visconti. Euripides is known among the Greek play-writers for his selection of family topics, revealing a modern spirit of tenderness scarcely known to the other Greek writers whose works have come down to us. His play of Alcestis, especially, embodies an unusual picture of wifely affection, in presenting the feelings of the devoted spouse who gave herself to death for the sake of her husband, but who was brought back from Hades by Hercules, and returned to the arms of Admetus her lord. Browning has modernized this play of Euripides in his poem "Balaustion's Adventure." Elizabeth Browning refers to him as



Castellani Antiques

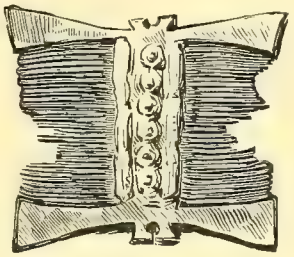
Bronze Box, Duck shape.

"Euripides the human,
With his droppings of warm tears."

His death was unusually horrible; having taken refuge from the jealousies of Athens in the court of Archelaus, he was torn to pieces by the dogs of the Macedonian monarch, 407 B. C. It is Plutarch who gives us that exquisite story of the distant Sicilians, who so loved the muse of Euripides that they restored to liberty those of their war-captives who could repeat his tragedies or even passages from them, so that the poet was afterwards waited upon by bands of enfranchised Greeks who humbly thanked him for their restoration to life and happiness—an incident showing a higher degree of literary civilization than is conceivable in our own times.

Fig. 11, a bronze mirror; Fig. 12, a mirror-case; and Fig. 13, a bronze clasp, need little special description. The mirror, Fig. 11, is a type of a class quite abundant in the Castellani collection, the engraving of bronze with incised lines, forming pictures, the traces being made distinct by a white cement anciently

filled into them, and yet remaining; the decoration on this object represents three young men in Phrygian caps, and a female figure standing in their midst. The mirror-case or cover, Fig. 12, is, however, not ornamented by incision, but in bas-relief, and is selected for illustration because unique in this respect; the figures upon it, in repoussé-work, represent Ganymede carried away by Jupiter in the form of a large eagle, whose head can be distinctly seen just under the handle; his little brothers are crouching on the ground at his feet, and his young sister stands beside them. The mirrors, to the number of twenty, and the cover for one of them, are part of the contents of twelve round bronze cistæ, or chests, resembling small band-boxes, all found in tombs of the Etruscan period at the necropolis of Palestrina, anciently known as Prænestе, at a few miles' distance from Rome. The boxes, still in the Castellani collection, are a foot or more in dimensions each way, and are engraved with the same kind of incised lines as those seen on the mirror, outlining the pictorial scenes which completely cover them, and which bear a general resemblance to the designs found on the vases of the Etruscan tombs. Names in Etruscan letters are found on the boxes, and the scenes sometimes represent Italian legends that passed current before the penetration of Greek literature. They contained the toilet articles of wealthy ladies buried there, such as the mirrors aforesaid, sponges, a child's shoe, combs, and the *discerniculum*, a bodkin sometimes ending in a little comb, with which the hair was parted. Among the treasure, small lumps of bronze, rudely cut into segments, defined the age of the tombs, for they were the *aes rude*, or rough uncoined bronze, which passed in Italy about 300 B. C., before the use of stamped dies was known.



Castellani Antiques.

Fig. 17.—Comb, about twenty-one hundred years old.

Fig. 14 is the most fascinating of the marbles in the cabinet of Signor Castellani, not even excepting the Indian Bacchus. It is a beautiful and nearly perfect ancient replica, found at Rome, of the well-known *Spinario*, or "Boy Extracting a Thorn." Many of the finer antiques were tirelessly reduplicated, in the time of the original artists themselves, the modern sense of the obligations of copyright having been wanting among those generous inventors. Thus there are many antique statues almost precisely in the attitude of the Venus

de Medici, several like the Venus of Milo, etc. The oldest *Spinario* is evidently the bronze of the Capitol at Rome; the slightly archaic character of the long combed-out hair, and of the expressionless face, mark the antiquity of that bronze; the marble copy in the Louvre, and that in the Villa Borghese, are of a later period, while this of Signor Castellani's is just sufficiently removed from the earliest style to acquire the most achieved graphic force, without a hint of the decline of art. The face has a winning expression of boyish trouble and intentness; the hair is in short, curled locks; both expression and hair quite different from the earlier bronze; the flesh parts breathe with life throughout. These characteristics are those of the realistic school of Pergamos, an oriental town where art flourished, for the three first centuries of our era, in a purely picturesque development scarcely trammeled by hieratic traditions. Signor Castellani, who would fain attach everything to his beloved Rome by some lien of association, is fond of relating, àpropos of the Spinario, a pretty story of Mortius, the little shepherd, who ran to the Roman Senate by night to give them news of an incursion of the Latins, never stopping in his course although a great thorn had entered his foot. But the subject of the "boy and thorn," or young Olympian foot-racer impeded by a wounded heel, doubtless took shape in Greek sculpture before the Roman Senate existed.

Fig. 15 is a bronze bull, found at Chiusi in Italy. It is about a foot in length, and entirely admirable. The finish of the head, with its fine curled forehead-locks, is especially in the best style of the Greek workman. It resembles the finely designed bulls seen on the old coins of Thurium. The stiff-looking support and stand are a modern structure of wood.

Figs. 16 and 17 are toilet objects found, like the mirrors, in the toilet-cases of Preneste, and like them, about twenty-one hundred years old. The first is a rouge-box in the form of a duck, carved in cedar, and six inches in length. It still contains the old rouge-pellets, which have not forgotten to blush. The comb, also of cedar, is about four inches across, and the decorated rib in the centre is gilt.

Forty-five different objects of interest are preserved from the dozen dressing-boxes obtained in the tombs of Preneste.

Twenty-one trays are filled with ancient jewelry, of which the ear-rings and necklace of our first engravings are specimens. There are about three hundred

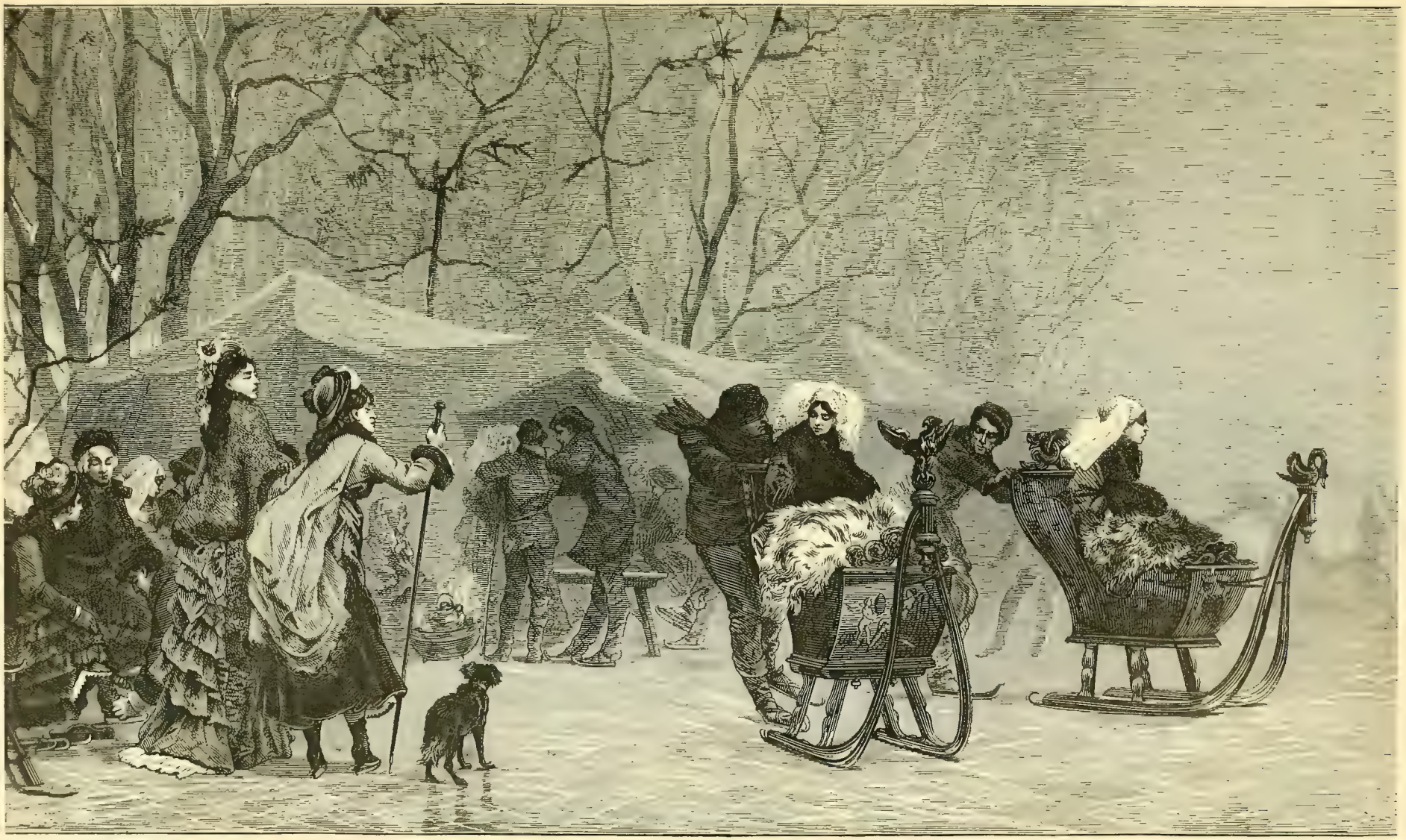
Masterpieces of Photography. *H. Makart, Pinx.*

Romeo and Juliet.

engraved gems, and about three hundred and fifty finger-rings, all antique, in the Castellani cabinets.

In addition to these objects in metal or stone, the plastic triumphs of the ceramic art occupy by themselves a whole division of Signor Castellani's magnificent treasure; three hundred and twenty-one specimens, mostly very rare, of majolica and porcelain are included in it. Besides examples of Hispano and Siculo-Moresque ware, showing the fine "iridescence" which the modern potter tries in vain to imitate, the Castellani collection contains specimens of the tin-glazed ceramic statuary made by Luca Della Robbia, Majolicas from Caffaggiuolo, Siena, Gubbio, Faenza, Pesaro, Urbino, Rome, and Castelli, and rare antique porcelains of European *fabriques*.

Masterpieces of Photography in the Centennial Exposition.—When DAGUERRE, about the year 1835, made public his first experiments in the art of picture-making through the agency of the sun, his experiments were directed towards landscape and architectural subjects. The slowness of the process, as he understood it, made it unsuitable for portraiture. He was immediately assailed, however, by hosts of correspondents, demanding of him that his method should be extended to the representation of human beings. "Can you not realize for us," asked one of the letters he received, "that fantastic idea of the German romancer Hoffmann, that a lover should be able to present to his mistress a magic mirror, in which she would see, whenever she looked, the features of her beloved?" This is the most accurate description possible of the early daguerreotype. But the first experiments were painful to look upon. The time then demanded for a sitting was about four or five minutes. The wretched victim, after taking at first "a graceful position" perforce, found himself fixed as in a vise, without the possibility of budging; the slow minutes, which seemed like years, wore on; shooting pains and cramps began to invade every part of his body; his face soon betrayed the agony of his frame; it contracted and withered with agony; a grin of despair gradually took the place of the good-natured smile he had at first fixed upon his countenance, the perspiration started from the pores of his forehead and streamed down his features, and by insensible changes a hard fixed look of misery began to pierce through the expression he had assumed at the outset, and remained as the distinguishing



Masterpieces of Photography. *M. Kaemmerer, Fnx.*

Winter in Holland.

trait of the likeness. Daguerre and his nephew were soon enabled to exhibit a row of portraits achieved by the new method, but these only frightened the originals and their friends. A series of abject individuals, each wearing the expression of Belisarius demanding alms, were offered as the types of those light-hearted Parisians, so gay, well-mannered and agreeable.

The immense development that has taken place in the sun-graphic or photographic art was well indicated in the large building set up to the eastward of Memorial Hall, with its ample walls and partitions completely papered with innumerable works of art, all executed by the pencil of the sun. Here were pictures from Japan, from Africa, from Russia, from Germany, Italy and France, from Spain and her distant dependencies, from South America, from Great Britain; and here the artists of the United States found themselves more completely on a level with their compeers of the Old World than in the kindred departments of painting and sculpture.

In this place our design is to treat photography not in its scientific so much as in its artistic aspect. It forms a division of our review of the Fine Arts of the Fair, and in the gossip we shall proceed to communicate on the Photography of the Centennial Exposition, we shall touch at will upon those of its masterpieces which have most interested us by their beauty and strangeness, rather than upon those which interest the operator by the difficulties overcome.

As these pages are to form an *Illustrated* Catalogue of Masterpieces, it would have been an anomaly to let the present portion of our criticisms go to the public without illustrations; but the manner of embellishment presented a difficulty; we were unwilling to deface our work with photograph-mounts; and we hope our readers will acknowledge that the best style we could adopt was to present illustrations of some of the most notable and extensive of the art-photographs included in the Exposition, executed in the usual methods selected for the embellishment of other portions of our work. They will understand, then, that the engravings we present in this portion are simply given as likenesses of some of the largest and most artistic photographs displayed.

In this aspect, indeed, one of our earliest engravings may serve a double purpose, and be referred to as illustrating the present portion of our review; the cut of "Catherine Cornaro," on page 4, forms a satisfactory representation of the grand photograph of the painting from a Viennese firm of heliotypic

Masterpieces of Photography *H. Lipinski, Phot.*

Portion of "Market at Cracow."

artists which was hung in Gallery Z of the Art Building, and was so surprising for its sharpness even at the edges, although taken from such a gigantic original. Our picture is a little lighter in tone than the Austrian photograph, that is all.

To gain an idea of the care and tact with which French experts now conduct the business of copying paintings by photography, one should enter the establishment of Bingham, of Paris, who makes a specialty of this process. It is true that American painters often get their pictures photographed by the nearest camera to be had, as a memorandum or souvenir of their work; and it is equally common to see in the shops photographs of the paintings of old masters, whether from Venice, or Munich, or London; but these are generally false and unequal in tone, with a despairing blackness settling down gradually upon them towards the corners—hopeless mis-statements, vulgar things, country copyists, bungling counterfeiters, and not fit to come within a mile of the aristocratic society of the metropolitan photograph-forgery. The latter gives the threads of the canvas, the relief of the impasto, the counterfeit of the general tone, and you have, in all but the color, the precise aspect of the paints laid on by the original artist. In the ateliers of Bingham, there are a multitude of screens, some semi-transparent, some opaque; these can be set so as to temper the light that falls upon the painting, and make it perfectly even over every part. There are quantities of reflectors, which direct a ray of supernumerary light upon those hues in the painting which would "take too black" in the photograph. As to the blues in the picture, which would take *white*, they may be rubbed over with a temporary coat of gray transparent water-color. A great many experiments are made, for the perfect negative is often stubborn, and will not come until a long succession of its predecessors have been tested and rejected. Finally, the good negative is not the result of a few seconds' exposure of a highly sensitive surface, as is the case in portrait-work; it is the slower but surer impression made on a slightly sensitive surface, taking hours to develop. During a great part of a day the picture, like an invalid in his bandages, remains in its elaborate apparatus of screens and reflectors, most artfully applied to produce an exactly equal illumination of all its parts before the lens. After so much patience and good nursing, it is no wonder that the result is such categorical perfection, and that we receive from Paris the exact fac-simile, though in monochrome, of the skillful touches of Meissonier and

ROSA BONHEUR, PINX

P MORAN SCULP

CATTLE PLOUGHING.

Gérome. Nay, the business formerly committed to the engravers is carried into their own territory, and the copying of scarce old prints photographically is so well executed by Amand-Durand in Paris, that we are furnished with counterfeits, only to be detected by an expert, of the rarest originals by Dürer and Mark Antonio.

Our illustration on page 335 will give an idea of the great painting of the "Market at Cracow," painted in that city by Hippolyte Lipinski, in 1875. We see at the right a flock of geese for sale, then *seriatim* all the humors and activities of a crowded market. Long-bearded Jews make change and chaffer; ragged boys play with the stupid pigeons; countrymen cry their produce, at the top of their voices, from the elevation of their wagons; the miller superintends the weighing of his sacks of grain; the newly-married countryman buys a cradle and marches off with it triumphantly at the side of his barefoot bride; the cooper and wood-carver commends his toy horse and cart to the little girl, and his tubs to her mother. Of all this amusing tumult in M. Lipinski's painting, not a particle of the spirit was lost by the mammoth photograph of which our cut may remind the reader.

The representation of figures on page 331 will serve to recall a couple of photographs very ably taken from paintings of Makart, the same artist to whose "Catherine Cornaro" we have just alluded. One has for subject the farewell of Romeo and Juliet, after the former's banishment to Mantua. The other (not illustrated) shows Faust and Marguerite—the latter insane and in prison by his fault. These copies are interesting as betraying an effort on the part of the painter to express more character and individuality in his figures than usual. Juliet is a real Italian, with an intense Lombard physiognomy; Marguerite is a German, with a powerful Teutonic cheek-bone over which the shrunken skin is tensely drawn by misery; in both pictures, however, the breadth of treatment, the able contrasts of light and shade, the costume enriched with some excess, show the decorative painter campaigning in the fields of expression without leaving his baggage of luxury and sumptuousness behind him.

Finally, our snow-scene, page 333, will recall the photograph representing Kaemmerer's painting of "Winter in Holland." M. Kaemmerer is a Hollander, long resident in Paris,—or "long" considering his still youthful time of life. An *élève* of the studio of Gérome, he paints with the minute finish of that

From "Le Tour du Monde."

Mirror Lake, Yo Semite Valley.

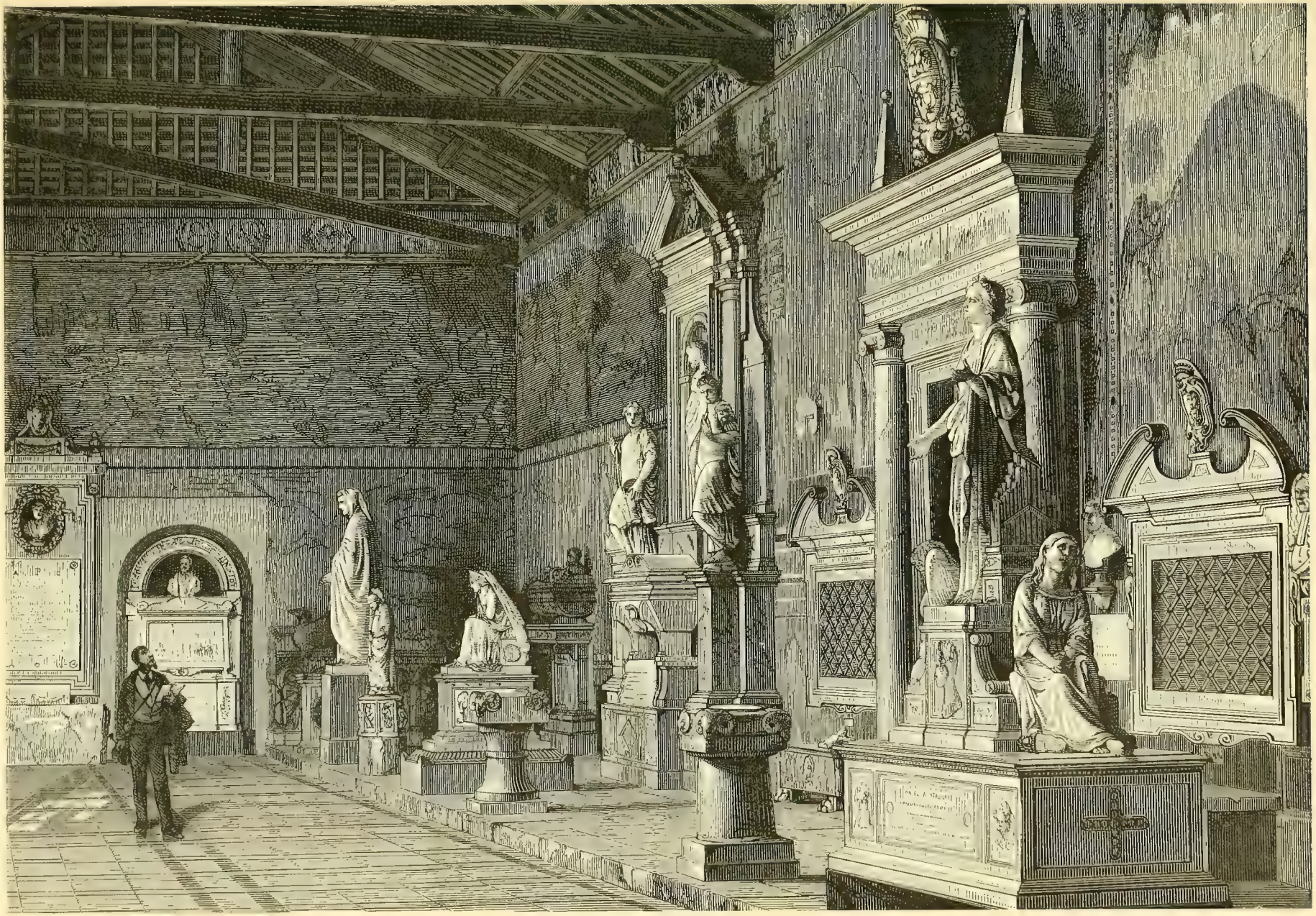
From "Italy"

The Terni Cascade.

master scenes borrowed from the life of his native country. We see some peaceful stretch of the River Scheldt, converted into a polished floor by the frost, and etched all over with the marks of sleighs and skates. Two plainly-noted divisions of society may be discriminated. The ladies to the left are of the fashionable world, who get their dresses and their ideas from Paris, and timidly put on their skates because it is the mode of the day; they make the most of their awkwardness, as is to be seen from their attitudes; they would not be taken for those market-wives who skate under loads of provisions with all the ease of old habit. The pretty girls to the right, who have levied on the supply of quaint old sleighs in the ancestral carriage-house, are of the rich burghers who assume no airs of fashion: they still wear the pretty Dutch cap of lace, under which gleams the lustre of gold; and, provided with lusty admirers to whom skating is second nature, and who are pushing their sleighs over the ice, they are anticipating the joys of a spirited and well-contested race. The prevalence of gray wintry tones in M. Kaemmerer's picture, and a certain glossy coldness which glazes it all over with an appropriate vitreous aspect, have made it an easy prey for the photographer, who has perfectly succeeded in translating its peculiar quality.

Photography, in the matter of the representation of paintings, does not always act as the rival of engraving; it sometimes appears as its ally. In the exhibition of art-publications by the famous house of Goupil, in the Main Building, could be seen a large representation of Fortuny's picture, "The Marriage in the Vicaria." This had the appearance of a steel engraving. It is really a photo-gravure—or print from a plate whereon the design has a photographic basis—heightened to a certain extent by the labor of the burin. The forms and tints are blocked out by the photo-gravure, while the engraver's tool has been used throughout to deepen the effect and cover the plate with a crisp texture; about half the engraver's usual labor is saved by this mixed method; and the publishers are able to supply the print at a much cheaper rate than would be charged for an ordinary engraving of the size. Several similar prints have been issued by the Messrs. Goupil. In the Photographic Hall, also, the Goupils made an exhibit of their admirable reproductions, which were arranged in alcove No. 25.

This Hall, of which the architect was Mr. H. J. Schwarzmann (the same



From "Italy."

The Campo Santo in Pisa.

who designed Memorial Hall), was a simple one-story building, two hundred and forty-two by seventy-seven feet in size, situated to the east of Memorial Hall aforesaid, and north of the Main Building. It consisted of a single room, whose wall-space was indefinitely increased by screens projecting from the sides and forming alcoves for exhibition purposes. In these spacious galleries hung the photographic achievements of all the world.

As most of the exhibitors whose works we shall mention received the award of merit, it is hardly necessary to state that fact in the cursory remarks we shall make. That the medals were distributed without favoritism, there is a pleasing indication: the American exhibitors were rewarded in smaller proportion than those of any of the great nationalities. Thus—

The United States,	with	135	exhibitors,	got	27	awards;
Great Britain,	"	26	"	"	11	"
Germany,	"	24	"	"	7	"
France,	"	10	"	"	6	"

Fine Art Literature of the Exposition.—The illustrated serials, the art-editions of classical authors, the sumptuous works in which the purpose of the description was developed by means of magnificent plates, the travels recorded with pencil as well as with pen, formed altogether the Fine Art Literature of the Centennial Exposition. The surprising wealth of this portion of the display was a full reward for those who underwent the toil necessary to seek it out, distributed as it was through the nooks and corners of the Main Building, the pavilions set up by special publishers, the buildings erected in the Park by different nationalities. A review of this diversified literature would well be worth the space of a separate volume. Constrained as we are to treat it as a mere appendix to our general study of the Fine Arts (with which topic, however, it is so closely and appropriately allied), we must portray it simply in outline; happy indeed if so cursory a treatment shall recall to the reader some fine work which only slightly imprinted itself on the memory in hurrying by, or bring to notice an unknown typographical masterpiece.

Shakspeare, as the greatest genius arisen since the discovery of printing, first claims our attention. Innumerable are the illustrated Shakspeares. Each of the civilized nations has found him the inspiration of its art. Of the various

From "Italy"

Trieste.

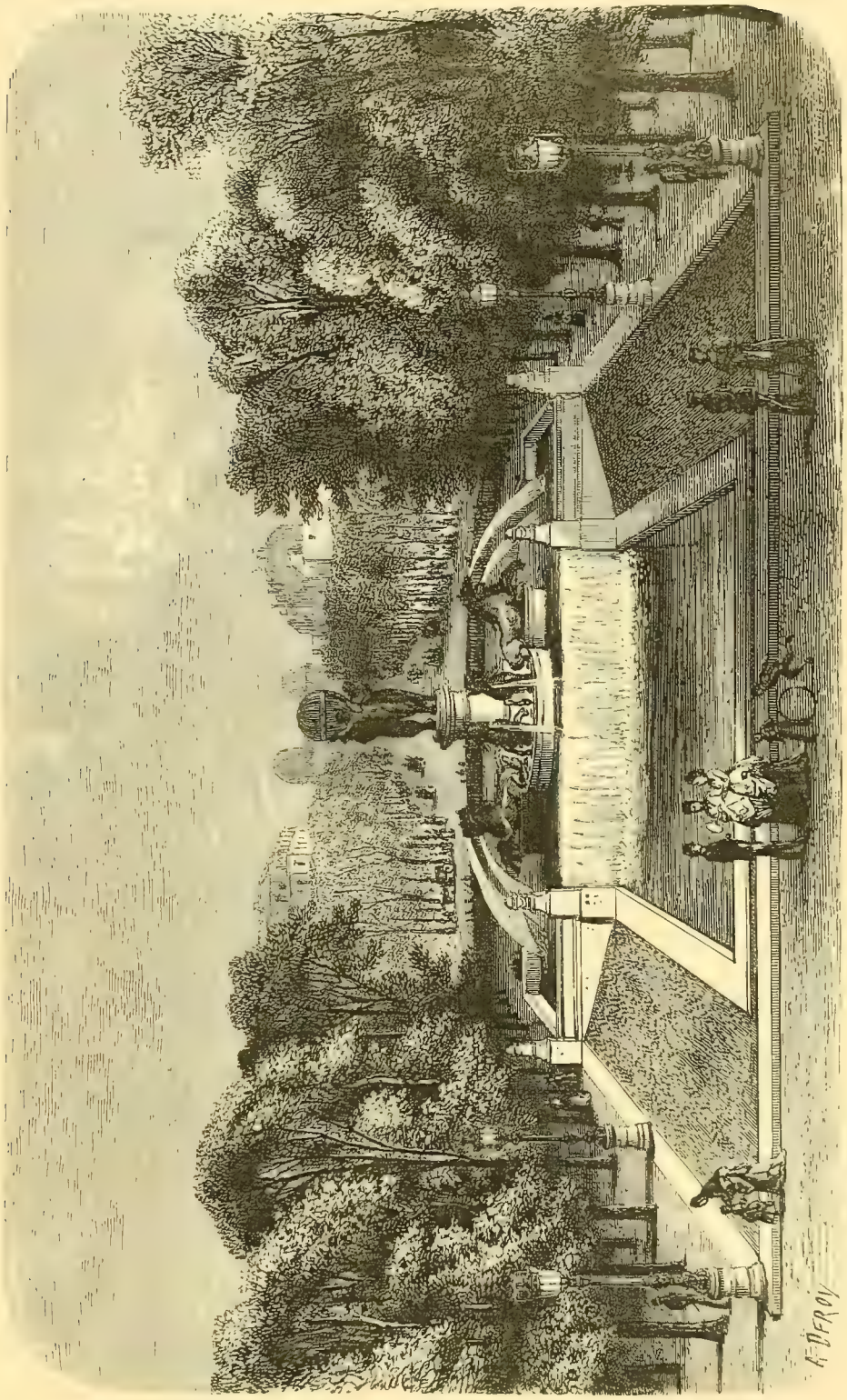
countries that have distinguished themselves by fine pictorial editions of his dramas, England, as is meet, bears the palm with the superb Boydell Shakspeare, embellished by the labors of the best painters and engravers, and, all things considered, the finest expression in this line of works produced by the epoch that gave birth to West, Fuseli and Reynolds. France, it is well known, is preparing a very elaborate pictorial Shakspeare, at the hands of the marvelously-endowed Gustave Doré; but Germany, as the country which, after his native land, most adequately appreciates the Stratford magician, is to be looked to among his most prompt and attentive interpreters in this sort of publication. The favorite outline illustrations of Moritz Retzsch, of Dresden, mannered and inadequate as they are, have introduced into even English and American homes, by the striking and theatral expressiveness of their drama, an interest in Shakspeare often unknown before their acquaintance was made. We select a specimen of a more elaborate series of illustrations.

This series is that which embellishes the fine translation of Shakspeare's works published by Brockhaus, of Leipsic. The translators are the most learned and skillful in Germany, such as Schlegel, Bodenstedt, and Delius. More than one edition is published by the house, whether unembellished, or made attractive with wood-cuts or steel-plates, according to the purse of the purchaser to be tempted. From the richest form in which Brockhaus issues his standard version of Shakspeare, we select an illustration, on steel by W. Schmidt, after the picture of A. Spiers. It represents the scene between Angelo and Isabella, *Measure for Measure*, Act II, Scene 4:—

Angelo. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Isabella. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me
That he shall die for it.
Angelo. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

The gentle "votarist of St. Clare," shocked at the turn the argument is taking as she pleads with the Lord Deputy to have her brother taken out of prison, is repelling his offer with a decided gesture of her white hand. The engraving is finely wrought and well conceived (notwithstanding the ill-advised resemblance between the faces of Isabella and the ruler of Vienna), and the whole edition a credit to Germany's representation at Philadelphia.

From illustrated poetry we turn to illustrated traveling. American readers



Fontaine de l'Avenue d l'Observatoire.

From "Les Promenades de Paris."

have often had occasion to be gratified with the fine sketches of their own native scenery given in the "*Tour du Monde*," an important serial publication

of the Paris house of Hachette & Co. This work, which has been appearing for years, as a sort of pictorial magazine of travel, has been the matrix from which have sprung various notable holiday-books, such as Marcoy's South American rambles, Wey's "Rome," etc.; the Christmas-keepsake is simply a selection from the chapters of the *Tour*, bound together. The most adventurous modern travelers and most vivacious writers, whether French or foreign, have contributed to the series,—now Hepworth Dixon, with his impressions on Russia, now I. I. Hayes, with his notes of polar voyages. The illustrations have levied upon the very best artistic talent of the day; now it is Gustave Doré sketching in Spain, now Valerio with his portfolios filled in the Gipsy camps of Wallachia, now Henri Regnault penciling his way through the streets and lanes of Rome. Very beautiful studies of travel in the United States have from time to time been prepared, such as the embellishments to a paper on the relics of Spanish settlements in Florida, and the picture of "Mirror Lake, Yo Semite Valley," engraved from a photograph to illustrate some passages of California travel.

We extract the "Mirror Lake," and grace with it our 338th page.

The French, however, have latterly been hard pressed by the rivalry of the Germans in the preparation of sumptuous books of travel. Among the splendidly-pictured works of this sort exhibited in the German section, we can hardly pass so noble a volume as the "Italy" exhibited by J. Englehorn, of Stuttgart. This fine repertory of artistic views yields us three pictures with which to adorn our publication. We first extract (page 339) the "Cascade of Terni." Two affluents of the Tiber meet to form the volume of water which here pours down the flanks of the Abruzzi. The traveler takes Terni on his way from Florence to Rome; after reaching Papigno, the road immediately ascends the steep hill above the Falls, so that tourists who wish to visit them *en route* quit the carriage at Papigno, and rejoin it again at the summit. It is glorious to see, in a country whose civilization is so old as Italy's, a piece of uncontaminated nature like Terni, rugged as in the days before the race of Romulus passed into Etruria. Our next selection shows "The Campo Santo at Pisa" (page 341). Every reader knows the vast importance of the relics of Pisa to art. The architecture, of the neighboring Carrara marble, is bright and elegant compared with that of Pisa's old rival, Florence. The cemetery, which

is here exhibited, is surrounded by delicate arcades whose twisted columns are slender like ropes of silver; the earth, brought from Holy Land, is a sheet of lovely turf, studded with massive cypresses; and the gallery surrounding the old graves is a repository of some of the most interesting works of art in

From "Les Promenades de Paris."

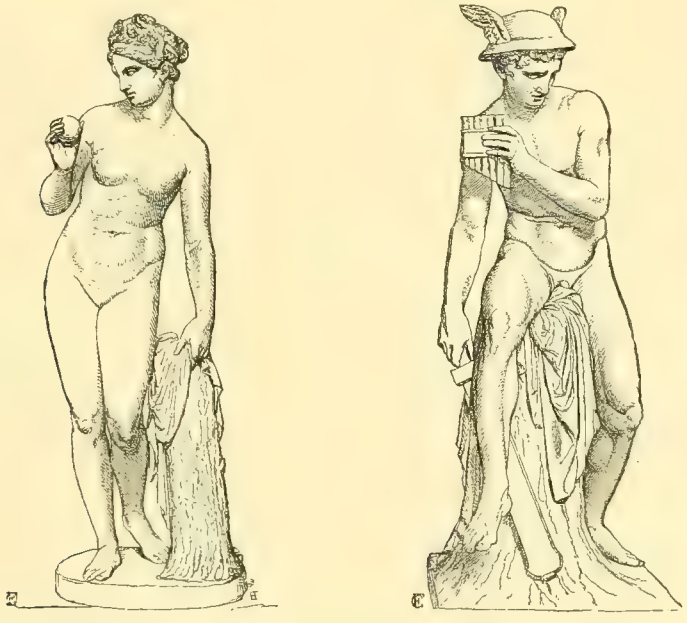
Rivière de Charenton.

Italy. Funereal monuments, like those depicted in the cut, completely surround it. Some are of showy Italian work; some are rare mediæval relics; and now and then an old Roman sarcophagus or capital—kept there because a beauty-loving race has chosen to exhibit its pretty findings in the most public place,

intrudes among the Christian dead. One such relic is the sarcophagus brought from Greece in the eleventh century; it is carved with fine bas-reliefs of Hippolytus, going to the chase, and rejecting Phædra; this Grecian coffin, utilized as the tomb of Matilda of Tuscany, taught Nicolo Pisano the secret of art in 1260, and created the Renaissance. On the walls of the same Campo Santo are preserved the famous frescoes, culminating in the sublime "Triumph of Death" of Orcagna; works noble in purpose, though fettered in expression, for painting was not so quick to find out the Greek carvings as sculpture was, and Orcagna, working in the century after Nicolo, is still rigid and mediæval when the sculptor is quite Hellenized and emancipated. Finally, we show (page 343), as our last extract from Englehorn's "Italy," a view collaterally belonging to the route of the Italian voyager, a panorama of Trieste. Trieste, the great port of Austria, is but seventy miles from Venice, and is Italian in appearance. All the engravings in this work are literal and trustworthy, while they almost entirely avoid hardness, that besetting vice of German wood-cuts.

The above is a fair example of a work for the edification of tourists in a foreign land. To show, however, the pleasures and surprises that may be yielded to the explorer of a single city and its environs, we select the "Promenades de Paris," exhibited at Philadelphia by its publisher, J. Rothschild, of Paris. It is in two fine folio volumes; the first, of nearly four hundred pages, contains the text and wood-cuts; the second, a beautiful album, encloses the steel engravings and chromo-lithographs. Here are pictures of the twenty small Squares of Paris, such as the Châtelet, the Tour St. Jaques, and the Place Royale; and the Woods and Parks, such as the Bois de Boulogne, the Bois de Vincennes, the Garden of the Luxembourg, Champs-Elysées, and Trocadero. We select from among the wood-cuts two views, illustrating that improvement of Paris under Prefect Haussmann which was one of the pacific glories—there were few belligerent ones—of the Second Empire. On page 345 we present a cut from the *Promenades*, exhibiting the new fountain on the Avenue de l'Observatoire, only completed towards the close of Louis Napoleon's reign. The group of sculpture, by the late brilliant artist Carpeaux, represents Europe, Asia, Africa and America sustaining the sphere; each geographical division presented in a figure of great energy. Above their heads is seen the dome of the Observatory, so renownedly connected with the labors of the closing

years of Leverrier. This elaborate fountain now makes the southern part of Paris vie with the more early favored portions in elegance and attractiveness. A smaller cut from the same work, which we show on page 347, of the Rivière or rivulet of Charenton, gives to the tired eyes of dusty citizens a refreshing piece of country wildness. The work published by M. Rothschild illustrates the enormous effect which a few years of intelligent city administration can do in opening the lungs of a great metropolis. The determination to ventilate Paris led to a mighty expense of power and money, and was a new idea within the



From "Thorwaldsen, sa Vie et son Œuvre."

Venus and Mercury.

present half-century. Towards the close of Louis XVIII's reign, the crowding of the capital began to show itself in a manner hurtful to comfort and health. The Champs-Elysées had been invaded with buildings; and favorite gardens, such as those of Tivoli, Beaujon and Marbœuf, had been suppressed. The constant demand for central building-sites, weakly or avariciously yielded by the city in response to perpetual applications, had resulted in encumbering the heart of the metropolis, and rendering the whole capital unhealthy. The transformation of Paris, the creation of Squares, the ruthless opening of new boulevards, will cause a long posterity to thank the twenty pacific years of the now dead and gone Empire. The capital which, first in Europe, had the courage to

devour and digest its proud edifices and transform them into groves, remains as a healthful example, from which not France alone, but Europe and the civilized world will profit. The author of the text in the *Promenades de Paris* is the engineer A. Alphand.

Strictly an art-work is the illustrated life of Thorwaldsen, by Eugene Plon, exhibited in the collection of E. Plon & Co., printers and publishers of Paris. It is a fine homage from France to Denmark, and America also can come in for a share of the tribute through the translation published by Roberts. The two cuts we give, however (page 349), do not appear in the Boston edition. That radiant art-critic, Théophile Gautier, remarks of this work and its embellishments: "The young author has followed up his sources, has traversed Denmark, looking up the traces of his hero, consulting the reminiscences of those who knew him, and begging for those particulars of home and family which throw a light on a physiognomy kept too far off, too statuesque; for we are apt to figure Thorwaldsen as God Thor himself, striking with his hammer a block of marble similar to a lump of polar ice." M. Eugène Plon has composed a full catalogue of the works of the illustrious Danish sculptor, and has added to his text, besides the two beautiful engravings of *Venus* and *Mercury*, a large number of charming wood-cuts, of the purest design, representing single figures, groups, reliefs, and fragments of the master's compositions. We need hardly add our approval of a work which has passed the critical muster of such a judge. Of the two statues indicated, the "Venus" was executed in Rome; Thorwaldsen employed for it more than thirty models. Casting aside a first essay made in 1805, the sculptor began about 1812 to labor assiduously on this figure, which after more than three years of steady labor he finished in 1816, at the age of forty-six. The first three copies were made for Lord Lucan, the Duchess of Devonshire, and Mr. Labouchère. The duchess's purchase was broken in unloading the vessel carrying it, and the fracture in the copy, now at Chatsworth, concealed by a gold bracelet. That of Lord Lucan was shipwrecked, and then, in unloading, a rope broke, and the marble dropped into a cargo of wheat, Ceres thus saving Venus. The "Mercury" belongs to about the same period. Walking one day in the Corso, the artist saw, seated at the curb-stone, a porter, whose attitude was at once so uncommon and so natural that he was immediately impressed; as usual, he made a rapid sketch

From "Voyage autour du Monde"

Scene in Batavia.

of the figure in his note-book, and this Roman boor became the Greek Mercury, finished in 1819. Several copies exist of this beautiful, severe conception: one

in Lord Ashburton's collection, one in Count Potocki's, and one purchased by the Spanish government. Mercury, having just put Argus to sleep by playing on the syrinx, gently moves the instrument from his lips and draws his sword to decapitate the spy; the god is seated, but on the point of rising. Artists examine with more than common interest the slight but accurate drawings that illustrate Plon's Thorwaldsen; they are the work of F. Gaillard, an artist who has lately carried to unprecedented degrees the excess of manipulation in aqua-fortis, and who is now known as the incomparable etcher of Antonello's portrait of the Condottiere, of Van Eyck's "Man holding a Carnation-Flower," and of Michael Angelo's "Twilight."

Published by Henri Plon, same address in the rue Garancière as the last, is the illustrated edition of the Count de Beauvoir's "Voyage autour du Monde," one of the handsomest novelties exhibited at Philadelphia. From among the embellishments we select the torrid-looking picture presented by an "Arroyo" in Bangkok (page 351). The Count de Beauvoir is a young diplomate who about eight years ago circumnavigated the globe on a voyage of exploration, acting as companion to the Duke de Penthièvre, a son of the Prince de Joinville. The record of his travels includes the United States, San Francisco, Yeddo, Pekin, Canton, Siam, Java, and Australia. It is delightful reading; he everywhere shows the tact of a man of the world, and the cheerfulness of a philosopher to which the strongest experiences are welcome. Francisque de Sarcey, speaking of his work, exclaims, "Come, there are still youthful spirits left in France! M. de Beauvoir is a pleasant companion to know. He does the honors of his extreme youthfulness so gracefully, he flashes out with such genuine and contagious mirthfulness!" He gives the most piquant details of the harems where the sultanas of Java are secluded, and of the well-regulated life of the seventy-three princes of Siam, sons of King Mongkut: eats rats and dogs, and pities the seven hundred widows of the second Siamese king, huddled around the golden bowl which preserves for them the person of their defunct lord. The book of M. de Beauvoir has been translated without the illustrations, and the typography is superior in the French original.

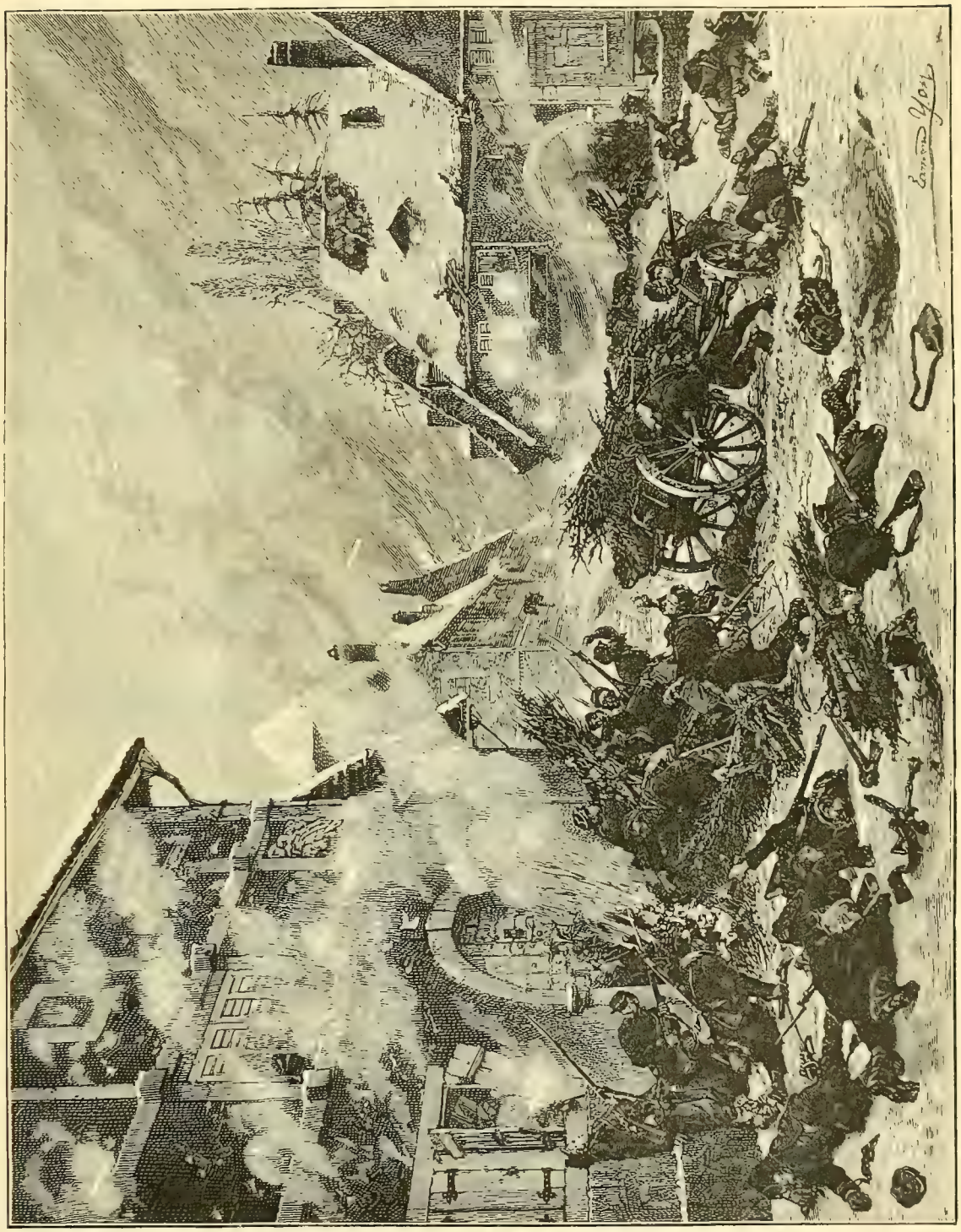
In presenting, with all modesty, a specimen engraving from M. Belloy's "*Christopher Columbus*," the proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE are forced to speak for a moment of themselves. They can but salute their own image,

From "Christophe Colomb et la Decouverte du Nouveau Monde."

The Progress through Barcelona.

as it were, in the glass which the Exposition furnished of their hitherto fortunate enterprises, and in the reflection which this CATALOGUE transmits of them and their illustrious compeers in art publication. Among the noble works made rich by art labors, not the least beautiful, not the least appropriate to the subject of the Centennial, was surely this monumental tribute to Columbus, ably translated by Mr. R. S. Hunter, and enriched by the etchings and designs of the famous Léopold Flameng. On page 353 we print one of Flameng's wood-cuts, representing the procession in Barcelona in honor of the discovery of our dear native country. It is a sumptuous festa, with its train of stout Spanish discoverers in holiday attire, its waving branches of American palm and maize, its tributary troops of naked savages, and the Spanish banners dangling from the eaves of the famous Rambla. We are tempted to quote the sparkling passage referring to this festival, but forbear in time, partly from a careful sense of propriety, partly from a not unnatural desire to send the reader to the volume itself. The medal and diploma awarded to the house for the art publications shown at the Centennial Exposition were for the following, selected by them from among their recently issued books: "*The Masterpieces of European Art*," by Philip T. Sandhurst and James Stothert, with one hundred and two steel plates and nearly two hundred wood engravings; "*The Art Treasures of England*," by J. Vernon Whitaker, with sixteen portraits and one hundred and two steel engravings; and "ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE: THE MASTERPIECES OF THE UNITED STATES INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1876."

Our steel engraving of "The First Step," and our wood-cut on page 355 of "The Attack," are samples of the embellishments of a very sumptuous serial publication, the "*Musée des Deux Mondes*," issued and still issuing from the office of M. Bachelin-Deflorenne, Paris; in each kind of illustration we are willing to show the excellence of this work, for which are engaged both the best designers on wood and the best etchers, and whose list of American subscribers we would willingly increase if we could. "The First Step," etched by Masson, represents Bonnat's picture, full of the most serious excellences, of a contadina teaching her little boy to walk: we need scarcely insist on the unusual merit of the nude figure, which in a telling truthfulness of pose and solidity of modeling is more perfect and real than the finest majolica of Della Robbia's. Bonnat's supremacy in flesh painting is now uncontested. The wood-



The Attack.

From "Musée des Deux Mondes."

engraving on page 355 is after a painting of De Neuville's, himself an experienced designer on the boxwood, but letting himself be copied in this instance by his friend Edmond Yon. It represents an episode in the Franco-

Prussian war: we see the small public squares of a village; the French soldiers, meaning to occupy and fortify the place, and engaged in carrying faggots for *chevaux de frise*, are surprised by a murderous fire from every window that looks upon the *place*, opened by the Germans, who have already taken possession of the town and concealed themselves in the houses. M. de Neuville, known of old as a brilliant designer, is becoming eminent in the more complicated line of oil-painting, in which specialty his subjects inspired by the late war hold a conspicuous place.

The noble steel-plate of "Christ on the Waters" is a representative illustration from what probably ought to be called, after all the worthy publications to which we have alluded, the finest art-book of our generation. It is published by Hachette, from whose display at Philadelphia we have already selected the Yo Semite picture taken from the *Tour du Monde*. But the "*Bida Bible*" is a work of monumental importance, projected and destined to be the standard and glory of the house. This publication gave special employment to many industries. The types used were cut new by Viel-Cazal, from designs by Rossigneux; the printing, which frequently combines the impression of the steel-plate on the same page with the impression of the type, was done under the supervision of Hédouin, the etcher, for the engravings, and of the great printer Clayè for the typography. The vellum paper, for the choicest editions, was made at two different French factories; the Holland paper, for the rest, by the Dutch manufacturer Breet; the ink was specially made by Lorilleux. This carefully distributed responsibility has resulted in one of the masterpieces of printing of all time. The printed page is a picture, and the etchings, we were going to say, are paintings. A talented Hebrew, M. Bida, well known for his travels and studies in the Holy Land, supplied all the illustrations, which were etched for the work by the most prominent artists in aqua-fortis, such as Léopold Flameng, Célestin Nanteuil, Hédouin, Chaplin, Gaucherel, Bodmer, Veyrassat, and Henriette Brown. The Gospels, or "*Evangels*," may be bought separately. The translation of the latter is the fine one of the great Bossuet. Very beautiful, in religious sentiment, in artistic sentiment, in close oriental sentiment, in suggestion of color and painting quality, is the etching we select of "Christ on the Waters." In addition to the etchings, and in function half-way between printers' ornaments and illustrations, are the

From "Les Jardins, Histoire et Description."

A Garden Party in the Fifteenth Century.

numerous tail-pieces, initial letters and titles: these are no common electrotypes, such as decorate ordinary works, but are exquisite steel engravings, from new designs by Rossigneux, forming the most graceful imaginable combinations of palm-branches and willow-leaves with carved scroll-work and shields. The Bible, in this most poetic presentment of M. Hachette's, is seen for the first time illustrated in a vein of perfect unity and harmony, and with its distinctive coloring as an Oriental revelation adequately recognized.

Nothing can so fitly come after the sacred pre-eminence of such a Pictorial Bible, as the noblest work of our age in general Art-Literature. This is *L'Art*, celebrated already as the most expensive periodical anywhere published, and having a merit more than equal to its cost. France possessed, before the rise of this splendid serial work, an admirable art-journal, *La Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, devoted to criticisms on picture-exhibitions and the elucidation of dark passages in art-history; the *Gazette* had such a brilliant reputation that there was something audacious in the announcement, some three years ago, of a new critical organ intended to follow almost the same course. When *L'Art* appeared, however, it was seen to fill a need not provided for by the journal already in the field. The unusual size especially—that of a full folio—gives opportunity for ample and adequate copies of pictures, and never before has the enterprise of preparing large copper-plate reproductions of works freshly exhibited in the Paris *Salon* or the London Royal Academy been carried so far.

L'Art has also represented, among its splendid etchings, fine works by the old masters, among which about a dozen belonging to the valuable American gallery of the late William T. Blodgett have formed master-attractions. The serial in question is the first French journal which has ever given prominence to English work; an English editor has been appointed, and regular reports, with pictures, are rendered of the London exhibitions. *L'Art* appears weekly, but American subscribers, not liking to have their copies rolled, or defaced in the mail, usually wait until the numbers have been collected into quarterly volumes, for which reduced terms can be obtained from the American agent, Mr. Bouton.

The criticaster's diatribes against "newsy illustrations" ought to be silenced by so powerful a work, so broad in its minuteness, so silvery and pure in its

embellishments, so quietly skillful in its composition. *L'Art* was the only work exhibited in Philadelphia by its publisher, A. Ballue.

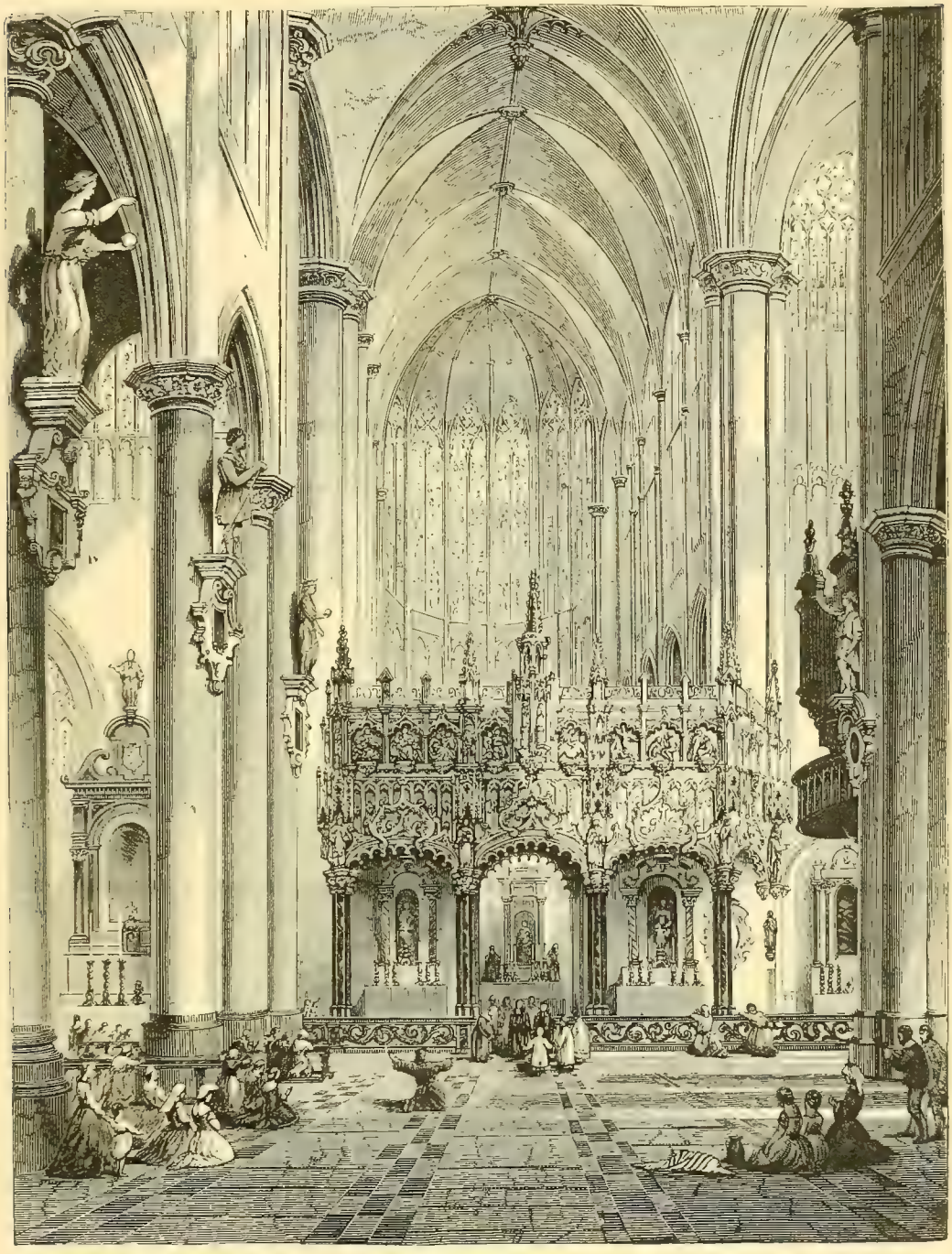
From Blanc's "Histoire des Peintres."

The Wheat-Field.

To show that exquisite French typography, and a system of illustrations quite up to the demands of the time, issue from the provinces as well as from Paris, we give a specimen picture from Arthur Mangin's beautiful work on

"*Les Jardins*," published by Alfred Mame & Son, in what Balzac calls the "laughing, slobbering, amorous, cool, flowery and perfumed city of Tours." The work of M. Mangin treats of the history of gardening, in different nations, from the hanging gardens of Semiramis down to the present time, and gives descriptions and views of modern English gardens, Italian gardens, and gardens in the style of Le Notre. Our cut, "A Garden Party in the Fifteenth Century," (page 357) represents a Flemish enclosed green-house, where the summer light falls through the close steamy atmosphere of the place upon plumes and tiaras, buff-coats and halberds, lords and ladies, in the cumbrous pomp of Albert Dürer's groups.

The publishing house now managed by H. Loones, in the rue de Tournon, Paris, represents a very old establishment of which he is the successor. Antoine-Auguste Renouard, a linguist and bibliophilist, founded the business in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The present representative publishes, in large majority, books dedicated to the fine arts. Among others, the safe and methodical works of Charles Blanc will long have a peculiar value for their careful statement of facts and just criticism. It is not alone for the excellence of the engravings with which it is replete, but for the good judgment of the opinions expressed, that we cite M. Blanc's "Histoire des Peintres." A sounder work of criticism it would be hard to find. It is in fourteen volumes, with three thousand one hundred and eighty engravings, of which we borrow four. Charles Blanc is a brother of Louis Blanc, the political theorist and historian. Our specimen pictures are respectively chosen from the English school, the Dutch school, the Italian school, and the French school. The first represents "The Wheat-Field" (page 359), one of Constable's fine succulent-looking landscapes; the next (page 361), one of Roberts' celebrated church interiors; the next (page 363), the magnificent "Entombment" by Titian, of which the original is in the Louvre; the last (page 365), "The Pointers," by the French animalist, François Desportes. In the English scene we detect the freedom, the motion, the bursting sense of life which, combined with masterly technical skill in relief and atmosphere, made Constable the true father of modern landscape. The trees seem pushing up from the ground with the vigor of the tide of life which animates them. First of landscape painters, Constable put sap into his trees. The incidents are charming—the shepherd-boy in shirt-



From Blanc's "Histoire des Peintres."

Church Interior.

sleeves, flat on his stomach, and dipping his snub nose into the stream as he drinks; his dog, astutely managing the flock in his stead, yet giving a cursory sniff in the direction of his young master, wondering a little what he would

be at; above the dog, so that your attention is guided to him, the farmer, scythe on shoulder, half buried in the tall velvety wheat, and just entered within the gate-posts, whose broken door he cannot find time to mend in this ripe season of harvest; above the farmer, the church. A pleasant combination of probable objects, grandly framed in the elastic and rocking trees. The church interior is as dry as the other is "juicy." All is spic-and-span; the ragged raptures of the "picturesque" have never lacerated this patient, plodding spirit. He loves order, dustlessness, the gradual shading of daylight up the long shafts of gray pillars; his church is in excellent repair, and it is enlivened with well-arranged groups of orderly worshippers. In the "Entombment," Titian seems to unite the merits of the whole Italian body of painters. You do not miss the grace of Raphael, you do not feel the want of the science of Michael Angelo, in this noble work, which seems to gather all the learning of the more classical schools together with that splendor of color and happy looseness of movement of which only Venice got the secret. These three grandiose bearers, relieved against the sunset like Titans burying a god, and watched by female faces of terrible agony, contain all that is majestic in character, movement and religious constancy. Especially fine is the gesture of St. John's head upon his shoulders, giving vent to a world of despair in one broad brusque motion, and shaking out the dark wildness of the hair against the gathering twilight. The dog-picture by Desportes is a good conscientious representation of the breed of Louis XIV's hunting-dogs. The wind must be very strong from the right-hand side of the scene to enable them to get so near the partridges.

It was remarked that in the galleries of Paintings and Sculpture the French made a less imposing exhibit than was expected, and the English a finer one. In the kindred department of Art publications the balance was the other way, and we consider it the more imperative to take up this subject of Fine Art literature on that account, while the opportunity to render some justice to the greatness of the artistic element in France is embraced by us with the more pleasure since it is a necessity for the restoring of a just equilibrium. There was, for instance, in the central quarter of the Main Building, an enclosure dedicated to the exhibit of the "Cercle de la Librairie" of Paris. We have already drawn upon some of the publishers represented in this association, but we ought to mention a few more.

Didier & Co. exhibited a specimen of the "*Trésor de Numismatique*," a most elaborate work illustrated with fac-similes of ancient coins, represented with

The Entombment.

perfect precision by the Collas process. Firmin Didot showed the splendid volumes of Paul Lacroix on the *Middle Ages* and *Renaissance*, Racinet's "*Poly-*

chrome Ornament," Wallon's "*Jeanne D'Arc*," etc. The house of Michel Lévy (now Calmann Lévy) exposed Renan's Journey in *Phœnicia*, with plates, and the illustrated French novelists. Mame & Son, of Tours (besides *Les Jardins*, which we have mentioned), sent *Doré's Bible* and *Grandville's La Fontaine*. Morel & Co. sent a long shelf of expensive pictorial works, such as Le Duc's *Architecture*, a *Dictionary of Furniture*, *L'Art Pour Tous*, De Boutowski's *Russian Ornament*, Bourgoin's *Arab Art*, and others. Plon & Co. exposed (besides the already cited *Voyage autour du Monde* and *Thorwaldsen*) Yriarte's *Goya* and *Patricien de Venise*, and *Bertall's* humorous sketches.

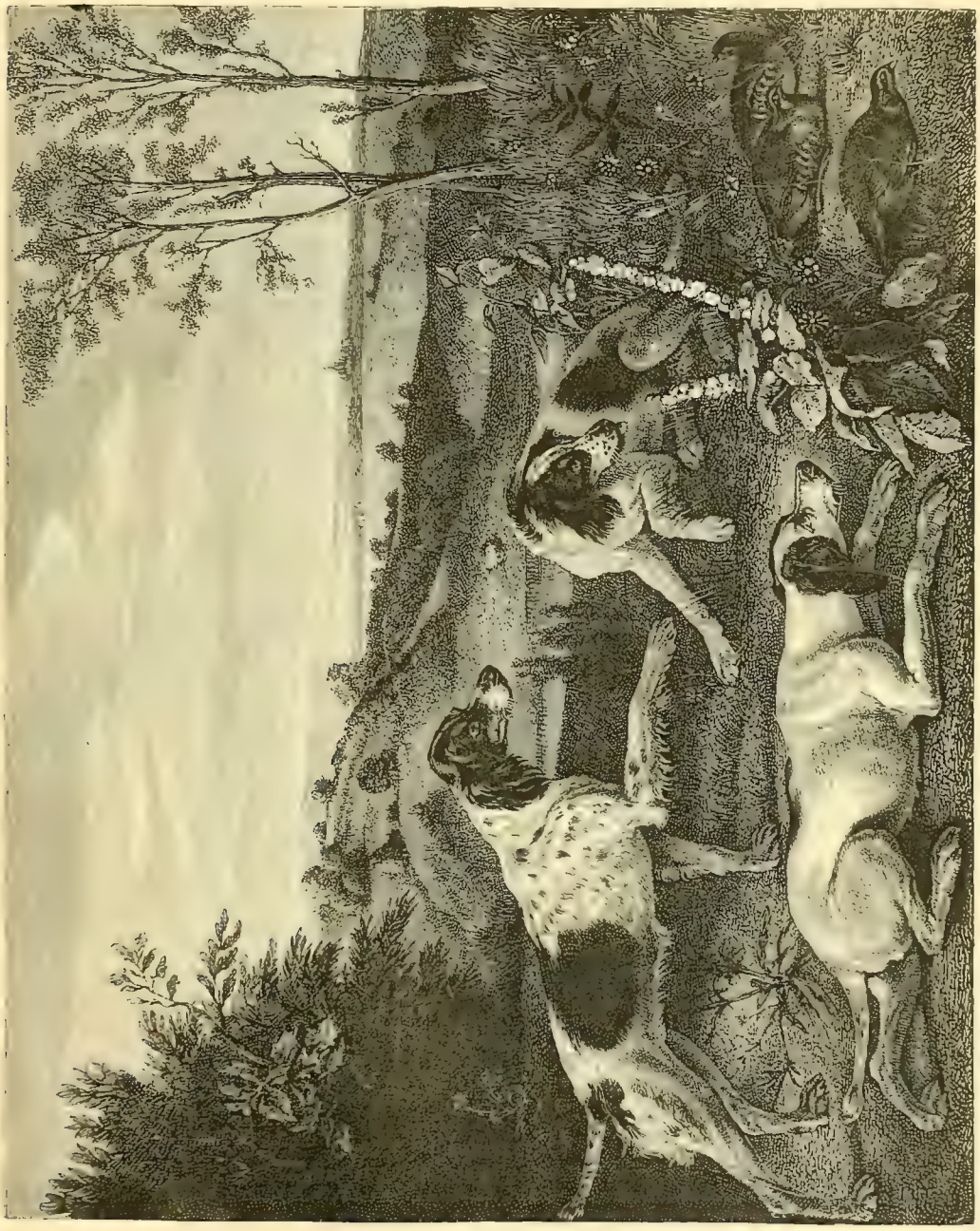
In the English department we must not omit the *Art Journal*, now forming a long series of bound volumes; the case containing the series of *Punch;* the *Illustrated London News*, and the attractive exhibit made by the *Graphic*.

Germany displayed some pictorial works—we have already mentioned two—distinguished frequently by painstaking excellence, but not so often by felicity and lightness of touch. In the separate edifice erected by Spain we noticed, among a rich representation of the Castilian press in general, precious examples of the etchings of *Goya*, gathered in at least three of those often sought, seldom found volumes of his.

America showed plenty of fine editions, and plenty of illustrated editions, but not very many of such a strictly artistic character as would fall within the line we have mentally traced for this department. Appleton's *Picturesque America* should be mentioned as a highly creditable performance, lavishly embellished with cuts of high quality. Scribner's serial publications have developed a new standard of excellence in wood engraving. Those of Harper & Brother contain illustrations, some of which are original and very good. *A Century After*, published by Allen, Lane & Scott, contained a series of cuts rivaling those of *Picturesque America*, with text by Richard Henry Stoddard and Edward Strahan. We can scarcely include in our category the often clever illustrated guide-books to the principal American cities, but we must in justice cite, as coming the nearest to similar European weeklies in the vigor of its illustrations, *Leslie's Newspaper*, many of whose cuts are original.

Our sketchy remarks on the Photography and Fine Art Literature ended, we devote a few words to three more steel plates. "The Scheldt, Texel

Island," is from a fine painting by the late Charles Stanfield, which was lent by the Royal Academy, and hung near Frith's "Marriage of the Prince of Wales."



The Pointers.

From Blanc's "Histoire des Peintres."

It shows that mastery of composition which Stanfield learned from his early trade as theatrical decorator and that neatness, nattiness and over-cleanliness of which Ruskin complains in Stanfield's pictures. It certainly gives that

delicious motion of water dancing in a light wind which nobody ever caught like Stanfield. "Oxen Plowing" is an etching by Peter Moran, of Philadelphia, from Rosa Bonheur's great picture in the Luxembourg entitled "Labourage Nivernais." Mr. Moran exhibited in Gallery 22, Annex, five frames of animal subjects in aqua-fortis, of which this was one. All of Mlle. Bonheur's thoroughly trained draughts-womanship is shown in Mr. Moran's copy, while her imperfect color and *qualité* are discreetly vailed. When the history of American Etching, now an infant, comes to be written, Mr. Moran's name will be famous as that of one of the progenitors. "Roger and Angelica," by Théobald Chartran, a young pupil of Cabanel, is suitable for a *plafond*, or ceiling decoration. The young Parisian has sent to America, in this graceful and elegant theme from Tasso's *Jerusalem*, an exquisite tribute from French art to Italian literature.

What we would have had to say about the display in Memorial Hall, and the relations of Fine Art to Industrial Art and Art Applied, have been so admirably anticipated in the monograph on "Industrial Art," that we can only refer our readers to the 508th and following pages of that well-digested treatise.

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